Hearst's International

combined with

Cosmopolitan

DEC 7 1929

January

This Will
Make it a REAL Happy New Year!

READ —

FABLES in the SLANG of 1930

By GEORGE ADE

EVERYWHERE, motor car buyers ask: "How is it possible for Fisher to build such remarkable quality into Fisher Bodies, at a cost so low?" Many factors combined, result in the superior quality and value so plainly evident in every Fisher Body car. Foremost of these reasons are the following: 1st, Enormous resources, unapproached by any other body manufacturer. 2nd, The fact that Fisher Body is a *vertical* industry; that is, it manufactures its own lumber, hardware, fittings, plate glass, etc. 3rd, Fisher Body's certainty of market—for its market is *all* General Motors cars. (This enables Fisher to hold down transportation expense through locating its plants close to the plants of the car divisions of General Motors.) Other factors might be mentioned; indeed volumes could be devoted to description of the manufacturing economies of Fisher Body. The important thing for every prospective motor car buyer to bear in mind, however, is the fact that these Fisher Body savings are passed on to the public and are a large part of the greater value built into every Fisher Body car. Select your next car, therefore, from the cars in the Fisher Body group, listed below.

LOOK TO THE BODY!

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VICTOR·RADIO

MICRO - SYNCHRONOUS

...gives you these assurances of superiority

"Victor-Radio with Electrola is amazing! It is superb! . . . And never before have I heard my voice reproduced with such clearness. My new records played on this instrument are comparable to nothing except my personal singing before an audience."

Tito Schipa
World-famous operatic tenor

• • •

THOSE who waited for practical radio—and all those who have replaced last year's sets with radio's supreme triumph . . . . have given Victor-Radio the most magnificent testimonial ever awarded a musical instrument! Voluntarily, in a few months, more than 45,000 of the first Victor-Radio owners have written to express their enthusiasm! "We chose Victor-Radio . . . because of its UNRIVALLED TONE QUALITY," they say. And they add: "*Sensitivity* is unmatched . . . *selectivity* unapproached . . . *dependability* beyond question."

In this amazing vote of approval the American public displays rare discernment; for they agree with the unqualified, freely-given endorsement of Victor-Radio by the greatest musicians of our time.

Tito Schipa with the new Victor Radio-Electrola

Here at last is the radio that is really a musical instrument!

The only micro-synchronous radio

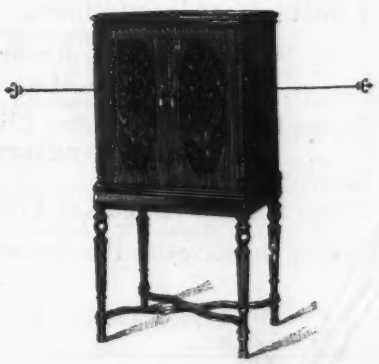
Victor *micro-synchronous* Radio is, by its very nature, *sensitive, sure* and *precise—always realistic.* Victor *micro-synchronous* tuning eliminates guesswork. Victor-Radio is the only radio that has this revolutionary advantage.

For the first time Victor-Radio reproduces the entire range of the musical scale—*without loss of fidelity.* Play at a whisper or with the power of a full orchestra—you hear what the microphone hears. Make every possible test . . . Turn Victor-Radio on *full volume*—listen . . . and compare!

The greatest of all musical instruments

You can have Victor-Radio separately—or with the amazing new Electrola . . . bringing you a thrilling new standard of realism from both air and records—every iota of the drama of music—contagious rhythm, laughter and tears—all that music can give. The music you want when you want it . . . at the mere turn of a knob!

You are going to live with your radio a long time. Be sure you buy one you will want to live with. Only Victor can give you Victor performance—and Victor craftsmanship and dependability are famous in almost every American home. Only unlimited Victor resources could make possible prices so sensationally low—within the reach of every family! A model for every decorative scheme. Victor Talking Machine Division—Radio-Victor Corporation of America, Camden, N. J.



Victor-Radio de luxe R-52. *Wall cabinet of classical design in finest walnut veneers. Radio equipment identical with that of R-32. Inlaid door medallions of matched butt walnut. Blended finish. A luxurious cabinet housing a marvelous radio set.*
List price $215. Less Radiotrons.

Victor-Radio *with Electrola*

VOL. LXXXVIII NO. 1

Hearst's International combined with Cosmopolitan

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Next Month

Beginning

War Nurse

¶ The personal record of an American woman in the Great War.

¶ The adventurous daughter of a staid New York family became a War Nurse.

¶ This is the frank revelation of her life, her love, her suffering on the Western Front, as written from her own record by that fine delineator of human emotions:

Rebecca West

In February

Cosmopolitan

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Ray Long, President. Thomas J. White, Vice-President. Austin W. Clark, Treasurer. Arthur S. Moore, Secretary.

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JANUARY, 1930

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RAY LONG
Editor

A Farewell to Legs

I AM all confused. I thought COSMOPOLITAN was doing a good deed when we published, last month, an article by Dr. Draper advocating that men dress as sensibly as women. Dr. Draper said we were a lot of sheep. We dressed uncomfortably because it was the fashion to dress that way; women had much more courage in dress, and because of that courage they were being comfortable and getting to be so vigorous and healthy that before long men must take a back seat.

¶Lo and behold! just about that time, the Paris dressmakers decreed that women should not be comfortable any longer. They must return to long skirts, long gloves, long hair, big hats, corsets.

¶"They'll never do it," I said.

¶I was wrong. They *are* doing it.

¶As Fannie Hurst says in a vigorous protest in The New Republic, "The woman shopping has not much choice in the matter. Not only are the simple, brief fashions of yesteryear not on view, but if they were, it would be rank impracticability to buy them. It not only takes crusader's strength of purpose to be 'special,' but there are two other fundamental deterrents. It is expensive to be special. It is conspicuous to be special. One swallow does not make a summer and one revolt or two revolts or two hundred revolts, in so mammoth an issue, do not make a revolution.

¶"At the moment, the ridiculous spectacle is seen of millions of women about to climb back into corsets, trains, long gloves and coiffures. True, we are not the only sheep following the bell. Fräuleins, Mademoiselles, Signorinas are also being led to slaughter, but that does not lessen our plight. Here is one of the most important emancipations of woman in the past twelve years, about to go for naught."

¶I am told that the women who haven't good-looking legs and the women who had to diet to maintain the slender figures that went with the frocks they've been wearing are enthusiastically behind the new fashions, and that they far outnumber their sisters to whom Nature gave shapely legs and slim lines. I can't believe that. So far as I have been able to observe—and I have looked carefully—there are more pretty legs in the world than the other kind. And if I were young again and in my courting days, I'd much rather hug one of the lithesome, uncorseted figures of 1929 than gather an armful of whalebone as we did in 1899.

¶The idea of Helen Wills or Amelia Earhart, Glenna Collett or Maureen Orcutt, with hair done pompadour and built up with "rats," with skirts sweeping the dust, in hats like Mother used to wear—frankly, it appalls me.

¶But, I suppose all that is just around the corner, and we might as well accept it gracefully.

¶There's one consolation: It was great while it lasted.

R. L.

P.S. Perhaps we men wouldn't have got very far with our reform anyway. Read what Odd McIntyre says on page 58.

Fables *in the* Slang *of*

The Fable *of the* Tilt *Between the* Geological Specimen *and the* Whoopee Up-to-Daters

A DAISY, A DUMPLING AND A LAMB

ONCE there was a Household containing a Relic and Hold-Over known as Uncle Philo. If he had been led out and shot in 1895 the general Current of the World's History would not have been changed by as much as a Ripple.

He was living on his Income and dwelling in the Past. He believed that Rutherford B. Hayes was President and that "The Black Crook" was a darn sight more snappy than Georgie White's "Scandals."

He thought that the 1876 Centennial at Philadelphia was a niftier Show than anything that can be put on at Chicago in 1933. He rubbed oil into what was left of his Hair and parted it behind, the same as a first-class Bird Dog. If you had asked him to name the fastest Harness Nags on the Big Circuit, he would have replied, "Dexter and Maud S."

Yes, he was like that—sleeping in a Nightie instead of Pajamas. He had laid out in front of each Ear a luxuriant Bed of Trailing Arbutus because he wished to preserve for Posterity one of the glorious hirsute Traditions established by William H. Vanderbilt.

He wore a Derby which was flat on top, like a New Mexican Table-Land, and box-toed Boots. He owned the only Bootjack in the World outside of a Museum and the only Prince Albert Coat owned by any Human Being except those elderly Baptist Preachers who still believed in the Old Testament.

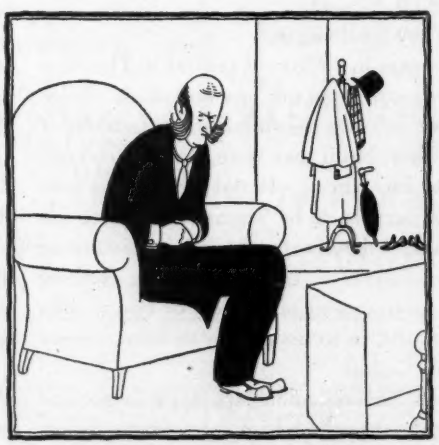
He broke Crackers into his Oyster Soup and had a Watch Chain made out of Human Hair and thought that Fairbanks was the name of a Lakeside resort.

He never had heard of the World War because he stopped reading after the New York Ledger, with Continued Stories by Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, went out of Existence.

He was just as Antique as one of those Dinosaur Eggs brought back from the Gobi Desert by Roy Chapman Andrews. He dated back to the Peak of Mid-Victorian Boobery when an Ankle was a Thrill, a Calf was a Romantic Experience, and a Kneecap was an Orgy.

He disapproved of Everything that had happened since the Death of Ward McAllister. He refused to Dance because the Lancers and the Schottish were no longer on the Card. He still believed in Chaperons and had been practicing on the Flute for over Forty Years and wore Wristlets in the Winter Time.

Mrs. Upton had plucked him from a Hotel and given him Refuge for a couple of Reasons. One was that he was her only Brother and the other was that he had mowed away quite a Bundle of Jack. It was said that he still had the Shinplasters he earned by selling Newspapers after the



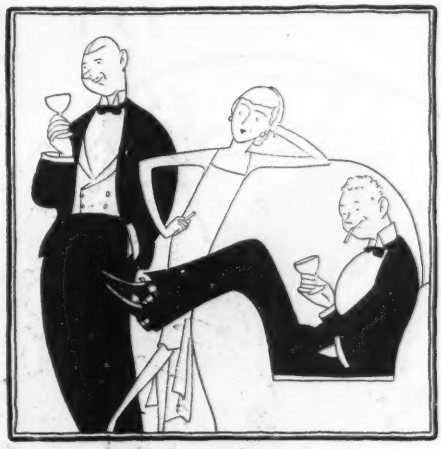
THE DECREPIT FOSSIL

1930

By GEORGE ADE

who made Slang *a* Vital Part *of* Our Language

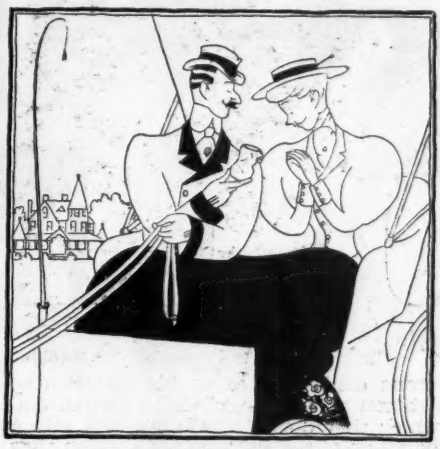
Illustrations by
Gluyas Williams



THE THREE OLIVE BRANCHES

Fall of Richmond and also a sockful of Iron Dollars which went out of Circulation just before McKinley was elected.

How true it is that one who lugs a Mess of the good old Mazume will never want for a Home, even if those who are nearest and dearest often feel tempted to slip about an Ounce of Strychnine into the Coffee.



A BAG OF PEPPERMINT DROPS

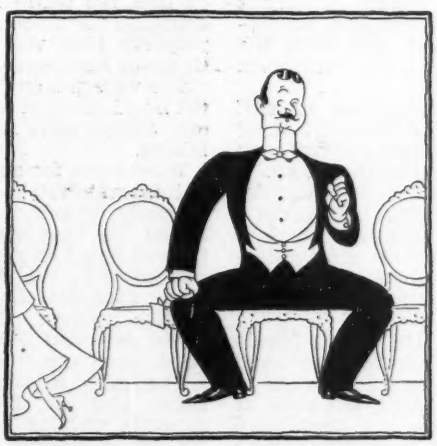
All Members of the Household had their Orders to humor the Grouch. The Relatives did not wish to have him leave Everything to a Hospital, and they figured that he could not change his Will while they held him in Captivity and kept Tab on him.

So there he was, just as welcome as Tonsillitis and just as jovial as a Police Dog, but having his own Way about everything and looking for a Battle every Minute. The only Time he didn't Crab was when he was asleep.

It happened that Mr. and Mrs. Upton had three Olive Branches, if you don't care what you say, because they were more like Poison Ivy. They were the Kind that most of the Books and Movies have been written about since the War—and all to no Purpose.

One was Herbie, aged twenty-two, and therefore old enough to buy it legally from a Bootlegger. Freddie was only eighteen but he had seen more Life than Uncle Philo, who was just two years younger than the Pyramid of Cheops. In between came Virgie, Junior Champion Smoke-Inhaler and Jazz-Wiggler of the entire World. She was built like the Running Gears of a Wasp and always looked as if she needed a couple of Nights of Good Sleep, but when it came to staying out and holding up and putting down, she had Marathon Class, even if she was two pounds lighter than a Straw Hat and walked as if she had just been dried out over a Barrel.

Here was a Trio that proved more than a Handful for Pa and Ma Upton. Uncle Philo was always sitting back in a leather-covered Chair gibbering about Parental Authority, but the Elders had just as much Authority over the Nighthawks as the Anti-Saloon League has over H. L. Mencken.



THE THRILL

Bertie and Freddie and Virgie believed in Daylight Saving. They saved it for Purposes of Slumber so that they would be on their Toes by Evening and all Set to rush into the Night Air and swig Synthetic Varnish and devote themselves to any Pastimes which were unlawful and riotous; (*Continued on p. 130*)

By FANNIE

CARROUSEL

THERE was no belfry to the house. Had there been, bats would have beaten around in it. It was that kind of lugubrious-looking place. As a matter of fact, back in the days before the invasion of the amusement park, an occasional bat used to wing, in slow fashion on summer nights, in and out of the wooden veranda, causing the then Mrs. Marleycrone to cover her abundant reddish hair with the evening newspaper, of which she was an omnivorous reader.

For all its unsmiling graystone squareness, its stiff high windows that were to the floor, its Norman-looking tower which gave a parlor, a bedroom and a garret each a bay window, it was a house with a benign history.

A master stonemason had built it in the late 'eighties out of a quarry that was on the property, had reared a family there and finally sold it, with eighteen acres, to Abel Marleycrone, who had brought a bride and a sister-in-law to it, and had lived there with them a subsequent eighteen years, until he ran into a normal death-in-bed of kidney complaint.

Routine lives had been lived in it. The orderly family of the master stonemason had prospered, scattered and moved on. The Marleycrones, toward the close of Abel's life, had not, it is true, prospered, but some of their same trials and financial burden and stress were probably being lived, in one fashion or another, under almost every roof in town.

Abel Marleycrone died defeated in his ambition to break up his eighteen acres of woodland, waterfall and lake into lots which should convert his property into a fashionable subdivision of the thriving town which they skirted. What he did accomplish, just two months before his death, was the fantastic negotiation of selling all but his somber house and a fifty-foot of lot surrounding it to a promoter, who was taken with the lay of that particular land, for an amusement park, leaving to his wife, after a quick but painful death from uræmic poisoning, the house with a bark that was worse than its bite, the paltry footage around it, and a purchase mortgage for fifteen thousand five hundred dollars on property that was ultimately to become known as Cataract Amusement Park.

The waterfall on the property was what had captured the imagination of one Howard Scardon, once his mind's eye, always alert for investment, had spied its possibilities.

What a site for an amusement park! There was that natural waterfall plunging into a small lake that could so easily be enlarged. Neither Magic City nor Coney Island, for that matter, could boast anything like it. Colored lights on such a waterfall! A shoot-the-chutes also could be contrived out of it. Swan boats on the lake. Fine stretches of open space for scenic railway, captive airships, flying boats, roller coaster, Ferris wheel, carrousel, midway, street of concessions, and beyond, birch and maple woods, inviting picnickers.

The town needed such a playground, within easy reach, and yet skirting woodland. The Marleycrone property was just beyond the end of the trolley line. Practically the only place of open-air amusement which the town boasted at that time was Linden Grove, which

HURST

Illustrations by
Saul Tepper

was inaccessible except to motor-car owners, and which was rigged up with only a few long tables, benches and a soda-pop and frankfurter stand. Strange that in the thriving community of ninety thousand, no one had thought of the Scardon idea before.

Thus did the incongruous situation come about, that skirting the stern gray house, so that the Ferris wheel revolved almost within touch of a bedroom window, should spring up the razzle-dazzle of the playground known as Cataract Amusement Park.

It was conducted along the lines of a concession Scardon had once promoted in Chicago. Twenty cents general admission, or a fifty-cent strip of tickets entitling the purchaser not only to behold, but to participate in the excitements of the various devices for accelerated means of motion, such as the Ferris wheel, the flying boats, the razzle-dazzle, the ocean waves and the shoot-the-chutes.

As Mrs. Marleycrone was given to remark, in her rather grim acceptance of the prankish environment that had befallen her home, there was now about as much privacy to the house as a goldfish has a right to expect in his bowl.

The carrousel spun within view of the kitchen; the zigzag of the scenic railway was visible from practically every window in the house and with an arm's length, abetted by the addition of a curtain rod, you could reach out of the turret bedroom and touch the rim of the Ferris wheel.

Once indeed that contraption, flashing its intermittent bursts of light against those windows, had become stalled in its rounds, and there, in mid-air, held hoisted before the bedroom window, so that Mrs. Marleycrone, who had been sitting disrobed on the side of her bed, in the act of peeling off her stockings for the night, had been obliged to rush half nude into the bathroom, the derisive screams of the marooned joy-seekers following her.

It had been a horrible experience, the Ferris-wheel apparatus giving down that way and swinging those gaping faces against her privacy, particularly since it had appeared to Mrs. Marleycrone, in her one horrified glimpse, that Howard Scardon himself had been in the particular little wooden ship which had hung stalled outside her window.

As a matter of fact, that had been illusion on her part, because when the slight accident to the machinery had taken place, he had been down at the carrousel helping to boost onto wooden horses and centaurs the members and children of a local Bull Moose lodge which was enjoying its annual outing at the park.

Cybella, Mrs. Marleycrone's younger sister by eight years, had testified to that. But just the same, Mrs. Marleycrone had insisted that Cybella go down into the park to make sure that Scardon had not been in the humiliating episode of that inopportune paralysis of the Ferris wheel.

That was the first night that the reality of what had long been her suspicions smote Cybella, as she skirted the neat hedge that separated Cataract Amusement Park from the staid premises of the Marleycrone house.

Those first suspicions of Cybella concerning the state of the affections of her sister, Mrs. Marleycrone, for Howard Scardon were justified, but scarcely in the way she anticipated.

Apparently the mind of Mrs. Marleycrone worked something like this: Was it possible that the younger-by-five-years Howard Scardon would marry her to escape the sinister combination of the amusement park's failing to live up to financial expectations and the purchase mortgage of fifteen thousand five hundred dollars falling due?

Be that as it may, Mrs. Marleycrone refused the offer of marriage which came from Scardon two weeks before his hour of payment struck, foreclosed, and then, three months later, after making him general manager of Cataract Amusement Park, married him.

Even the tormented Cybella, to whom Mrs. Marleycrone had innocently confided every step of the wintry romance, and whose heart was wrung in her body as if someone were twisting it like an old dishcloth, was forced to recognition of this master stroke of her elder sister, mistress now of her own properties, her name secure on the dotted line of every deed and document. The Howard Scardon who married Mrs. Marleycrone inherited only a wife, and in spite of her strange precautions, a wife who adored him.

And Cybella, to whom this elder sister had been all things at all times, who had been mothered by her through childhood, through the tragedy of a dismally wrong marriage and thence on into widowhood, knew the tight tentacles of adoration which Mrs. Marleycrone wound around the person and personality of Howard Scardon, and more and more the heart that was wrung in her writhed in secret.

Howard, married to Mrs. Marleycrone, loved Cybella. During every hour, day and year of their marriage, Cybella knew that, and knowing it, despised what she adored.

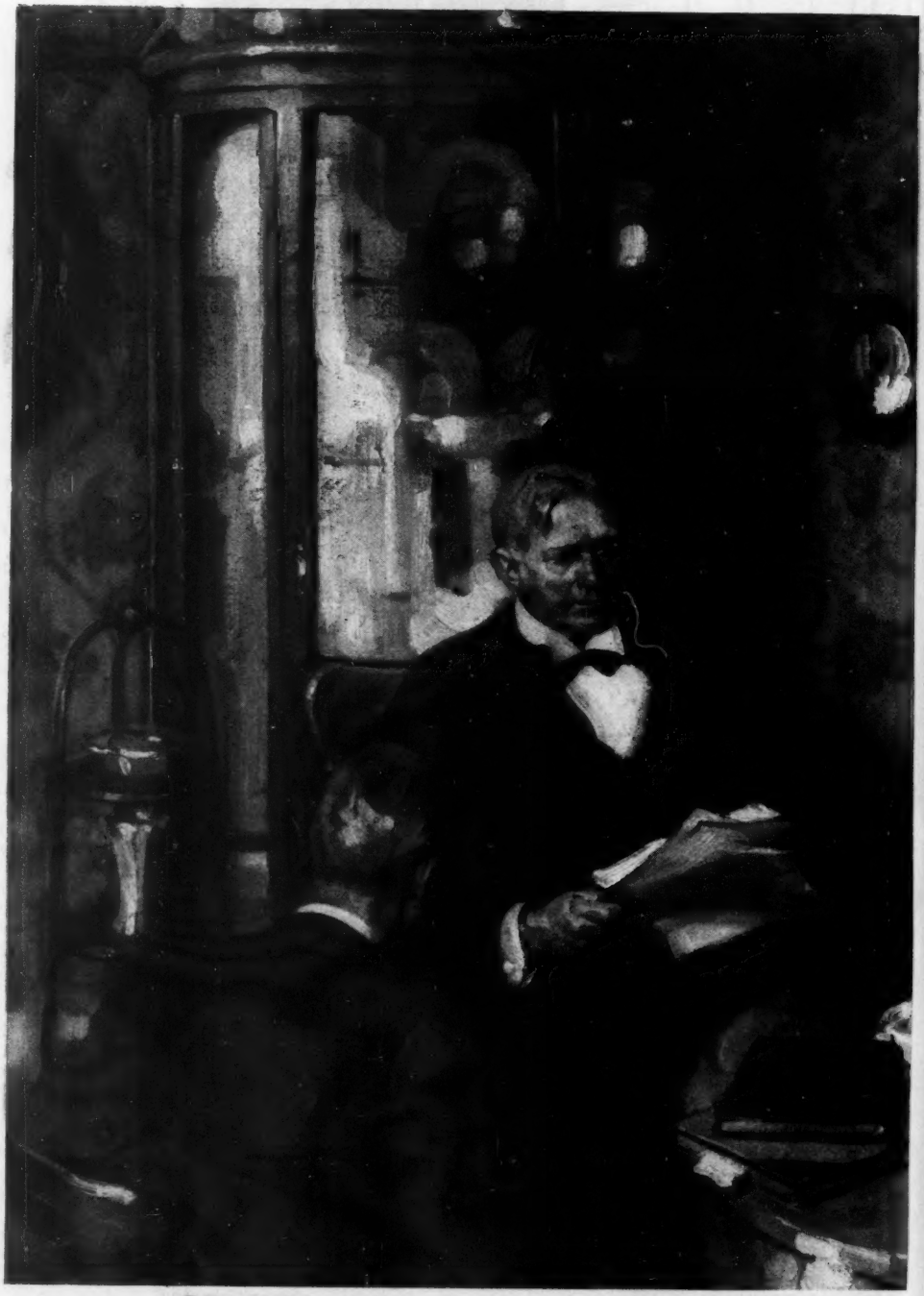
This the life, then, as it was lived by the three who inhabited, in its neat little geometry of isolation from the amusement park, the square gray house that looked, by contrast, more morose than ever, now that nightly streamers of laughter wound around its turret and the circling of the Ferris wheel cast its intermittent glare into the bay-windowed bedroom.

In the years since her marriage to Scardon, who was personable, the former Mrs. Marleycrone had dyed the gray out of her heavy hair until it now framed her face like a stiff copper wig. It made her countenance, which was large-boned, as austere as if it too were of a composition as stiff as the copper wig.

To Cybella, who knew that large face so well and so dearly, none of these things was apparent. To Cybella, it was a compassionate, tender face that had always stood between her and the dangers of life. It was a face loved by Cybella. Then, too, it was the face that was married to Howard Scardon.

When Howard was forty-three and the former Mrs Marleycrone forty-eight, the rigidity of her features, as compared with his fair ones, was now even more apparent than at the time of their marriage.

He was the sort of man who ages slowly. The tall,



Grimly, three were bent upon salvaging the gayety that swung itself about the

lean, apparently boneless type that sits down in a chair with an extraordinarily sustained doubling-under of legs; crosses those legs by winding one almost twice around the other, and then rises negligently, with a prodigious unwinding of spare, graceful body. The man who ages almost imperceptibly behind his small hedge of blond mustache. The man who is not susceptible to the dilemmas of locomotor ataxia or to hardening of arteries.

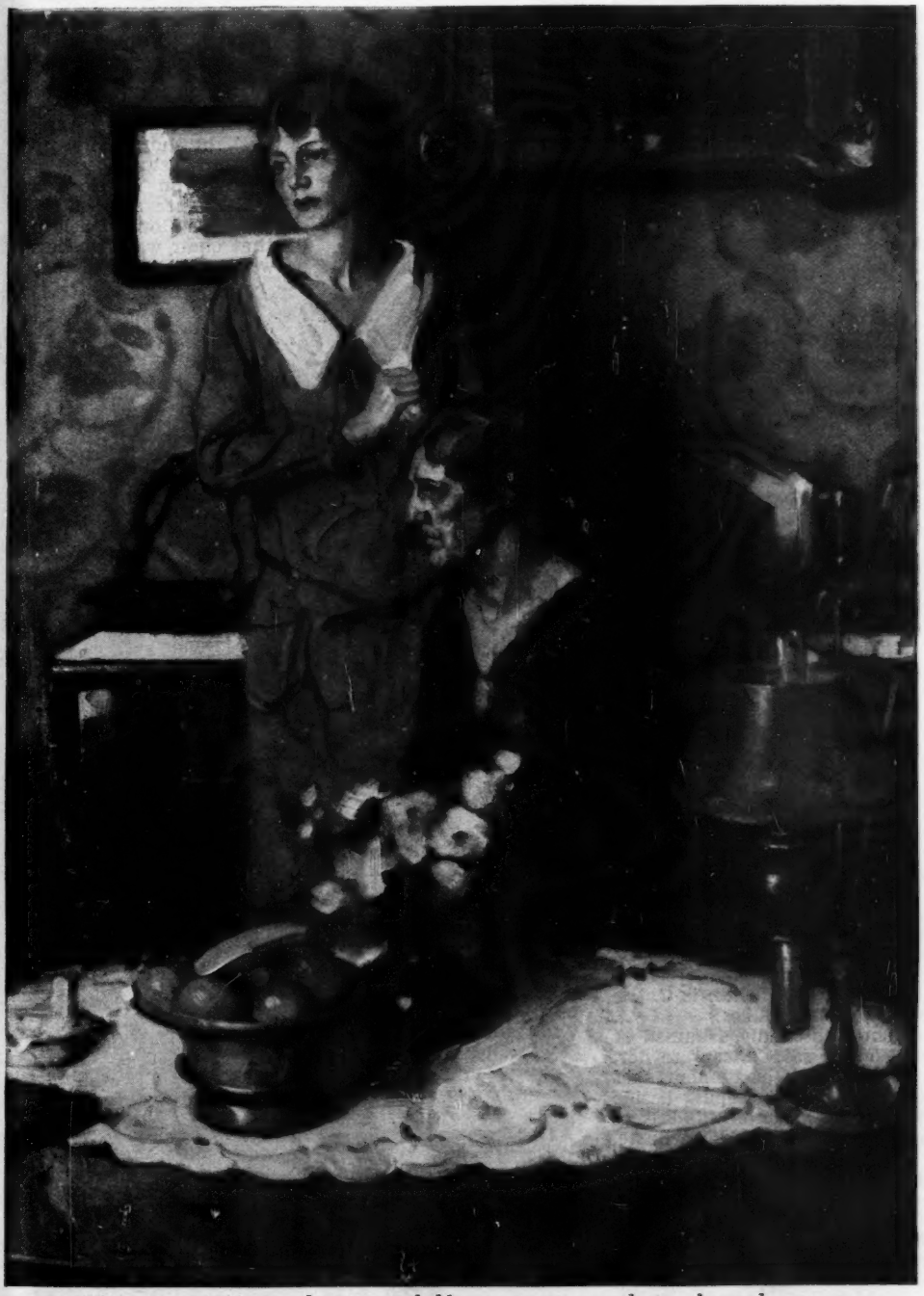
At forty-three and forty-eight, they looked very far apart, Marthe Marleycrone that was, and Howard Scardon.

And yet to Cybella, who knew every nook and cranny, every mood and circumstance, every blight and every gratification that pertained to this marriage, it was apparent that the man, as open to her suspicions as to her secret love, was regarding his marriage as his contract.

Deadly his lack of interest, yes. Cybella became conscious one day that during all the years of his marriage she never could remember his having looked straight into his wife's kind brown eyes. For that matter, he did not look much at Cybella either, except with a conscious, slithering glance.

During those years of his marriage, it must be said of him that his major interest lay in the by-no-means inconsiderable task of making a paying project of his wife's property.

Cataract Park was the sort of proposition that looks sound; is sound; and yet for some devilish subcutaneous reason not apparent to the naked eye refuses to accelerate to the degree of success so logically expected of it.



unsmiling house. McMurtrie, bringing probable succor, was treated as an honored guest.

Hours on end, evenings on end, Marthe Scardon and her husband used to sit around the dining-room table, once Cybella in her light-handed, sure-handed way had cleared it, figuring, speculating over the shortcoming that lay somewhere embedded in their enterprise. Cybella, after her part in the kitchen chores, helping the one general housemaid which the establishment afforded, used to ponder too, but not actively, merely drawing up a chair beside the elbow of her sister and peering. She was one of those slim, narrow-handed, sedative-eyed women whose minds men like to think they must keep unmussed by the problems of a mundane male world.

Figuratively and literally, Cybella usually sat on the edge of these discussions, dim-eyed in a lovely way she had of seeming so near to tears and yet seldom indulging in them. She was beautiful. At least her sister Marthe always held her up as the prototype of Mona Lisa, which she was not.

Cybella's smooth hair was the rust-color of her sister's, only much brighter. Her eyes the dark-gold, shotted ones that rightly go with such hair. If her smile seemed enigmatic, it was because she was one of those people who can chuckle, even laugh, through closed lips. She was an oval sort of person, which may have accounted for

the sister's reiterated comparison, her face almost egg-shaped, with quite a point of chin.

"You are just beautiful, Cybella," Mrs. Marleycrone-Scardon was always telling her. "If anything could condone a man for committing bigamy, it would be your beauty; not that I am exonerating the scoundrel."

Scorching red would flay the face of Cybella. The shameful fact was that Clarence Barthe, who had fallen in love with her ten years before on a railroad train, when she was riding from her town to Chicago, had been found guilty of bigamy two years before his death.

The shadow of that lay heavily in Cybella's heavy eyes. Curiously, it made her seem desirable to the few men who had since crossed her path.

Something else that gave Cybella her queer little aroma was the fact that she was a confirmed, if not a prodigious, sleepwalker. There was nothing consistent about the habit. Sometimes a year would pass without so much as a toe peeping from Cybella's bed as she slept. Then again, every few weeks, pitter-patter, Cybella was walking in her sleep!

Scardon, himself a heavy sleeper, usually would hear of these escapades the day after, but several times he had wakened on them himself. He had started out of sleep one morning at two o'clock, from the single bed he occupied in the turret room with Marthe, to behold the slim nightgowned figure of his sister-in-law in the act of removing from Marthe's dresser a vase of wilted cosmos which had been the subject of discussion that afternoon.

He had leaped from bed, wanting to forestall his wife who had awakened also, and, too quick for him, was already leading the narrow white figure, still sleeping, back to her bedroom. Marthe, always alert to the exigency of Cybella sleepwalking, had been ahead of him.

Once, too, Cybella had sleepwalked in an adorable little round-necked nightgown through which her body flashed, right into the dining room where he was having a bit of cake and sherry after a strenuous convention-evening in the park. Again, Marthe, who had already retired, had mysteriously sprung to the elbow of the walking Cybella.

Next day there was invariably laughter and amused explanation to an embarrassed and absolutely unaware Cybella, but nevertheless it made her a little special, in an innocent way.

Sometimes Scardon chaffed her: "Well, how is C. the little S. W.?" (Cybella the little sleepwalker.)

She replied in kind, but she was deadly ashamed of it, though somehow when Howard said "Sleep" to her, slurring it slightly on a lisp, darts of excitement shot through her. Howard asleep. Cybella sleeping beside Howard, with her arm lightly thrown across his breast. Howard breathing softly against her face. Unchaste, shaming thoughts!

Occasionally Cybella did an absurd thing for which she was also invariably ashamed immediately after. It had come to be Howard's habit, following a hard day, to sit of an evening after Marthe had retired in the alcove made by the turret, and there muse upon his park.

From his lookout, he could see beyond the Ferris wheel, revolving in flashes of black and white before his very eyes, on to the cataract under its colored lights, hear the pit-of-the-stomach yells of the shoot-the-chuters and behold the ocean-waves concession, which was composed of small motor-driven tubs trying their best to navigate on a floor of undulating rubber.

There was plenty to occupy the concern of the bone-tired man, who more usually than not fell asleep of exhaustion in his chair, there to remain until Marthe, after the park had darkened and the night grew chill, dragged herself out of bed to pilot him into his. The wear and tear on the frail little wooden city appallingly heavy; the electric plant itself needing to be cast out and a new one installed; a broken shaft on the carrousel; leakage; seepage; dry-rot. Yes, there was plenty in the scene before him to keep Howard troubled as he gazed . . .

It pleased Cybella, along about twelve-thirty, just before the park closed down for the night, to steal out to the Ferris wheel for a couple of rounds. It thrilled her, in the delicious forbidden way, to catch the fleeting glimpses of Howard asleep in his chair, as the passing white light showed him up for the briefest moment.

He took on in sleep a grave, delicate sort of reserve. The Howard asleep in that chair was Cybella's Howard. The Howard that

Scardon had started out of sleep, to behold the slim nightgowned figure of his sister-in-law. Marthe, always alert to the exigency of Cybella sleepwalking, was ahead of him.

Marthe never in a thousand years could find. The Howard that gave Cybella shameful, disloyal thoughts.

Howard asleep!

The fifth year of the marriage, as the same fatigue that was Howard's formed in shells under Marthe's eyes, it began to look as if the park, which Marthe, each time a fresh mortgage had been plastered upon it, had succeeded in holding gently but firmly in her own name, must inevitably succumb to bankruptcy and foreclosure unless the drastic or the providential happened. The project was slipping. Somehow, although there were no rival attractions, the people of the large and thriving town would not be educated to Cataract Amusement Park. They patronized it fairly well but not in sufficiently large numbers to warrant its upkeep.

Radio, said the wiseacres, motion pictures, motor cars, speak-easies, were all nails in the coffin of the old-fashioned summer garden.

Be that as it may, the hint of lean times hung about the wolf-gray house.

It made Cybella, who practically all her life had enjoyed her sister's largess, feel it suddenly incumbent upon her to justify the support which Marthe, and for that matter Howard, so freely accorded her.

As Marthe began to exercise new economies that were without precedent in her household, small ones such as the turning of bed sheets, the use of tub-butter at table and replacing the warm fur collarette of her coat with plush caracal, Cybella swung, too, into practice of an entirely new little régime which hurt Marthe infinitely more than the practice of her own.

It was no longer a matter of choice that Marthe accede to Cybella's insistence that the house servant be dispensed with. The sixty dollars a month for those wages were simply not there to squeeze from the budget. Lightly, however, Cybella took over those functions.

Unlike Marthe, who was heavy-handed at household chores, Cybella was deft at them and Howard loud in his applause of her entry into the kitchen. Meats, broiled under Cybella's fine touch, flowed their best juices. She was the kind who can fluff up a batch of hot biscuit in a jiffy, season to a queen's taste, and garnish for a queen's eye.

Wherever the shoe might have pinched when it became necessary to sacrifice the services of a cook, certainly it was on the foot neither of Howard nor of Marthe. In her new rôle, Cybella excelled and gloried that now at last, in a household where so long she had been recipient, she could dole out service.

Then, as the hours which Marthe and Howard spent over ledgers that would not show yield began to lengthen into entire evenings, Cybella took to accomplishing by night certain household chores from which, in light of day, her instinct shrank. The washing of windows, the scrubbing of the graystone front steps. For one week, of evenings, she laundered a pair of blankets after every dinner hour, hanging them on a line in the dubious privacy of a back yard lighted vicariously by the carrousel.

Long after the light was out in the dining room, where Marthe and Howard kept account, Cybella would slip into one of the swinging boats for her ride or two around the wheel. Usually Howard was in the chair, either gazing out, or more frequently, now that the fatigue and the depression of threat of failure were upon him, sound asleep, with his head thrown back, graven, white, and so shamefully exciting to her.

Howard asleep. Click, click, click, click, click, click. There were six rounds to the Ferris-wheel trip. Six precious glimpses . . .

Whatever of change Marthe, terrified, had begun to notice in Howard, as lean times hung low over them, was never to manifest itself in her manner. But now that she was to be as stripped of possession as he, what then, what then? Never by word had Howard intimated to what extent he chafed under her control by signature; a control which she seldom exercised without conferring with him, but which rankled in his eyes deeply, unforgivingly—sometimes, it seemed to her, hatingly.

What power that she had hitherto exercised in keeping close to her side this long blond man whom she loved, was in danger of flowing out of her hands as the moneybags which she held began to flatten? That frightened question ran along the aisles of her mind, like a rat seeking egress.

Now what! He had, after all, married her after she had foreclosed. That had been a test of sorts! Knowing that none of her worldly goods was to be in his name, he had walked into things, not astute enough to realize that she would have married him just the same, in the face of his demand that she sign back the foreclosed property to him. He never had known his own strength. But now?

Oh, I couldn't live without him! Even this way is better than not to have him at all. I love him.

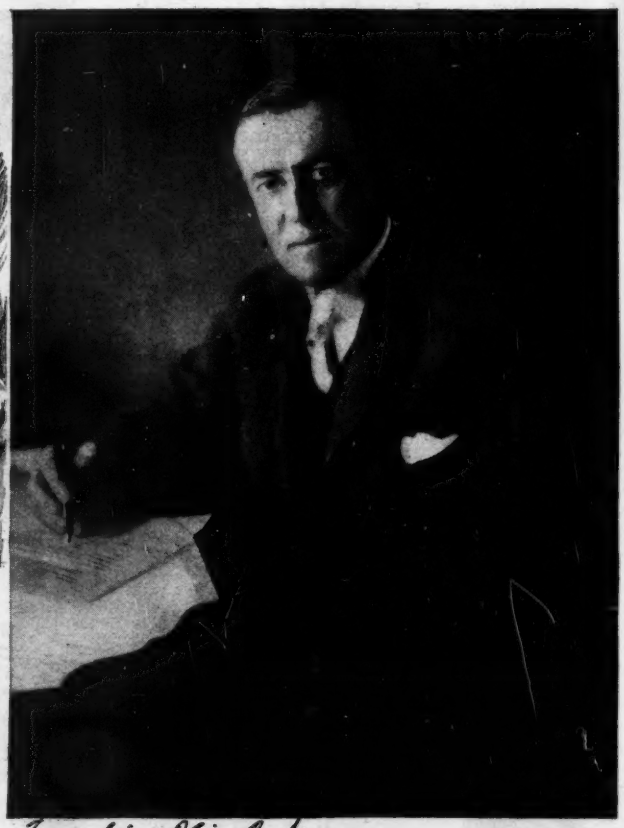
Cybella, never doubting that it was she who was loved, loathing herself for that lack of doubt, desiring him with a passion that made the nights spent under the same roof with him shameful with shameful thoughts, found herself, as she saw the same thing coming, filled with the fear of her ecstasy and the ecstasy of her fear.

What now for Marthe, whose painted hair held her face more sternly than ever in its copperlike vise; whose hands, which she kept beautifully manicured, were knotted with rheumatism? What now that bankruptcy hovered?

God, Marthe is good, I am bad. Punish me. Help her. Help me, God, to be good . . .

The summer of the impending (*Continued on page 163*)

What Woodrow Wilson



To my friend Oliver P. Newman
Woodrow Wilson

THE date was December fourteenth, 1918. The hour was eleven-thirty P.M. That was the night of the day Woodrow Wilson arrived in Paris, to write the treaty of peace which was to make the world safe for democracy.

Europe was at his feet. Paris was insane. One million people churned through the Place de la Concorde and up and down the Champs-Elysées. The emotional French were fired to joyous exaltation by the presence in their midst of the man whom they credited, that night, with having won the war—the man who had already restored to them their lost provinces, Alsace and Lorraine, and who had now come across the ocean to preserve them forever from the thousand-year-old menace on their northeastern border.

Not only Paris but all Europe hung on the word of the great American President. The very air seemed to be charged with tense expectancy; all swirling about the house, just around the corner from the Arc de Triomphe, where Woodrow Wilson sat waiting for the hour, on the following day, when the actual work of restoring peace should begin.

What were his thoughts that night? What was he doing? With whom was he in deep conference, considering the tremendous problems which confronted him and his colleagues at the Peace Conference? Was he weighed down by the huge responsibility which humanity had placed upon him? Was he frightened at the thought that he held the destinies of millions of trusting people in his hand?

I can answer some of these questions because I saw him that night, while Paris wept for joy and the heartbeats of the civilized world throbbed against the windows of Prince Murat's palace, where he was quartered. It was the character of these answers—and one other curious, amazing thing—which makes this story a dramatic epic.

I had been out in the seething crowds with a member of Mr. Wilson's household with whom I had strolled back to the palace. Although it was eleven-thirty he suggested that I come in.

"If the President and Mrs. Wilson have not retired," he said, "maybe you can see them for a few minutes and it might be the only chance you'll have, for he'll be awfully busy, beginning tomorrow. I hardly think they have gone to bed yet."

This surprised me. I had known Woodrow Wilson well for several years, having traveled through the 1912 campaign with him for the United Press. I knew that he required not less than nine and preferably ten hours of sleep every night. If he dropped much below nine hours for two or three nights he felt weary and showed it.

However, I was overjoyed at the prospect of seeing him, as I had said good-by to him nearly a year before when sailing with my regiment for France.

Sure enough, I was in luck. We found Mr. and Mrs. Wilson in one of the parlors. He was seated in a straight-backed chair at an oval, marble-topped table. He had pushed the lamp over to the edge of the table and had taken everything else off it.

BRIC-A-BRAC, magazines and books were neatly piled on the floor beside his chair. Spread before him was a large sheet of plain white paper, accurately ruled and cross-ruled in ink. He had apparently been working on it when we entered. (More—much, much more—about that sheet of ruled paper, which was destined to make me gasp with astonishment before my visit ended.)

"I asked Major Newman to come in," said my friend, "because I thought he might not have another chance to see you. I told him I thought you'd be up yet."

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Wilson, after we had all shaken hands, "we're up yet. You know, Edith never wants to

really did that Night *in* Paris

By Major Oliver P. Newman

go to bed, but along about this time I begin to get drowsy. When we retire from the White House we are going into vaudeville as 'Dopey Dan and Midnight Mary.'"

We chatted a few minutes more in a joking vein, just as he had always chatted with the members of his party in our private car during his first Presidential campaign. I enjoyed it, but I couldn't keep my mind off the interesting-looking document spread out on the table. The President ignored my curious glances in that direction, however, so we talked of other things. Finally I said:

"Well, governor"—I had never got used to calling him Mr. President—"I suppose you'll be going up to see the devastated regions in a few days."

Mr. Wilson turned to me with an expression of mock sorrow in his face, held up one hand with the palm out, in a protesting gesture, and replied:

"Et tu, Brute?"

My face must have showed that I did not understand his remark, for he immediately became serious. An expression of sadness spread over his countenance.

"I haven't heard anything but 'devastated regions' since I got off the boat in Brest yesterday morning. Everybody I've seen has wanted to rush me off to see the devastated regions. Well, Newman, let me tell you something: I'm not going. I don't *want* to see the devastated regions.

"I was reared, as a boy, in a devastated region—right in the heart of the region through which Mr. Sherman marched to the sea. I grew up on the bitterness, the hatreds, the animosities and the prejudices caused by that devastation, and I don't want to see another one."

Mr. Wilson half turned away and laid his hand on the mysterious ruled paper. He glanced at it for an instant and I thought to myself, "Now I'll see what that thing is. It must have something to do with the devastated regions." Instead of picking it up, however, he turned back to me and resumed the thread of his remarks.

"You know, the reason I'm not going to the devastated regions," he said, "is that I don't want to get mad. I think there should be *one* man at this peace table who hasn't lost his temper. In fact, if I had *my* way, the first motion I would make would be to adjourn this conference for a year and give everybody a chance to go home and get the bile out of his system."

Woodrow Wilson knew that I had been a newspaper man. He could not have been insensible to the fact that his words, which cracked like torpedoes in the quiet room, constituted a news story which, had I been indiscreet, would have turned the ministries of the world upside down. Yet he talked without the slightest restraint or any suggestion that he was speaking confidentially.

And here we find an interesting insight into his unusual mind. He was often accused of being exclusive, especially in the White House, where it had always been customary for Presidents to have politicians to luncheon or dinner for the purpose of influencing their votes by such social attentions.

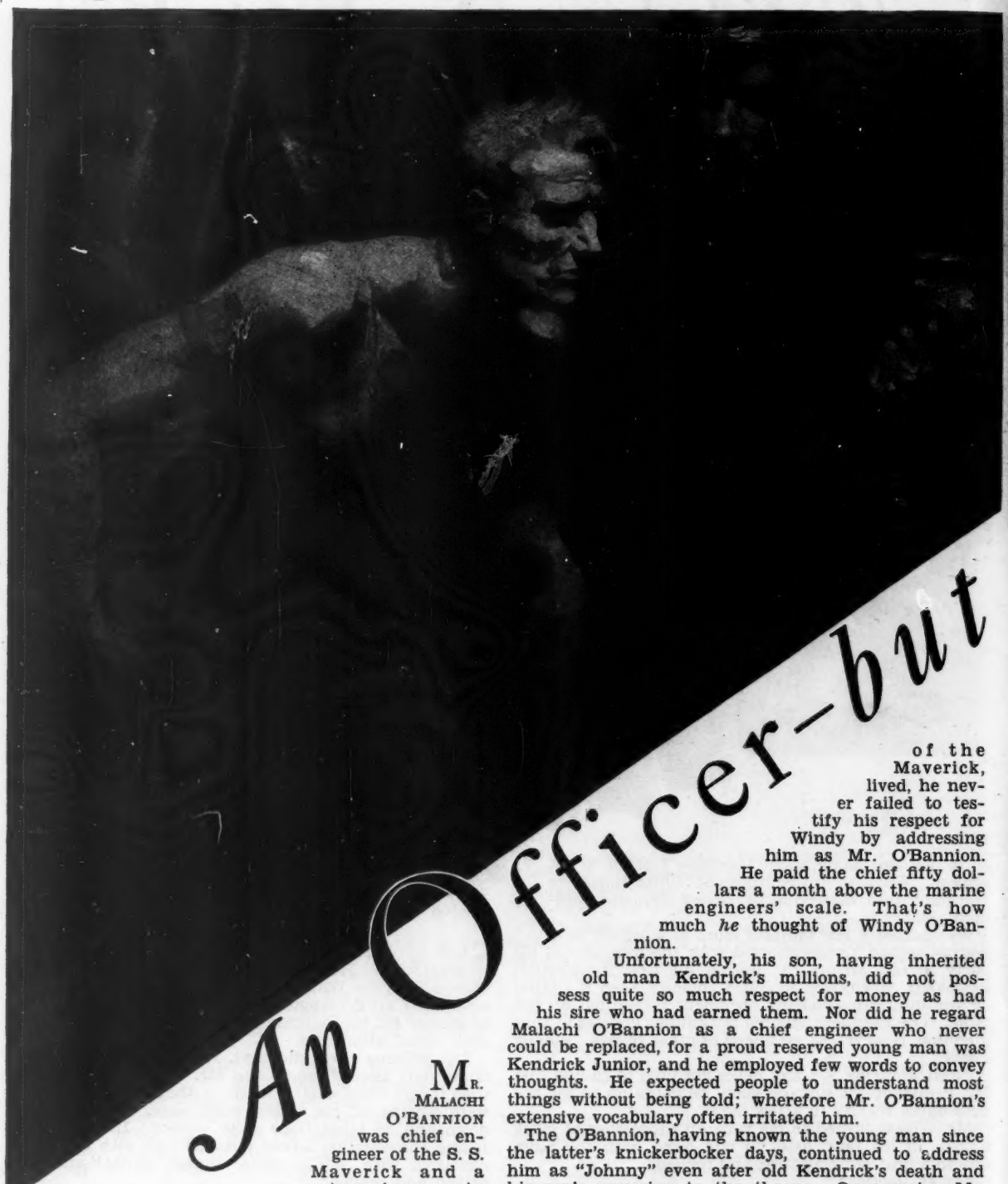
The Wilsons never did that. They invited into their home only their friends, and Mr. Wilson's theory was that if you were worthy to sit in the family circle you were worthy of his fullest confidence, with the bars down and no injunctions as to secrecy. In a friendly, joking conversation I once charged him with being too exclusive with White House dinner invitations. He smiled and replied:

"We're not exclusive; we're just particular."

But let's get back to that night in Paris and to that fascinating cross-ruled paper. After we talked of the devastated regions, the conversation turned to different incidents which indicated that hatreds, animosities, prejudices and selfish desires were uppermost in the minds of the peacemakers. I called attention to Lloyd George's speech of a few days before, in which he had said that "freedom of the seas" meant a British navy big enough to guarantee that freedom.

"Yes, I saw that," said Mr. Wilson, "but it doesn't worry me very much. If Mr. Lloyd George isn't reasonable about naval armaments, (*Continued on page 157*)

A Story of a FIGHTING IRISHMAN *by*



An Officer—but

MR. MALACHI O'BANNION was chief engineer of the S. S. Maverick and a great nuisance to everybody connected with him, with the possible exception of Mrs. O'Bannion and half a dozen little O'Bannions. In maritime circles he was known as Windy O'Bannion.

As a chief engineer Mr. O'Bannion believed he had no equal. He had the customary amount of self-esteem of his race. His owners also believed he had no equal, which was the sole reason they bore patiently with his idiosyncrasies.

He had a passion, amounting to a madness, for keeping his ship out of the shop, and while old man Kendrick of Kendrick and Son, managing owners of the Maverick, lived, he never failed to testify his respect for Windy by addressing him as Mr. O'Bannion. He paid the chief fifty dollars a month above the marine engineers' scale. That's how much *he* thought of Windy O'Bannion.

Unfortunately, his son, having inherited old man Kendrick's millions, did not possess quite so much respect for money as had his sire who had earned them. Nor did he regard Malachi O'Bannion as a chief engineer who never could be replaced, for a proud reserved young man was Kendrick Junior, and he employed few words to convey thoughts. He expected people to understand most things without being told; wherefore Mr. O'Bannion's extensive vocabulary often irritated him.

The O'Bannion, having known the young man since the latter's knickerbocker days, continued to address him as "Johnny" even after old Kendrick's death and his son's accession to the throne. On occasion Mr. O'Bannion even employed the Gaelic affectionate diminutive of "Johneen." For that alone young Kendrick would have discharged the chief, had not old Kendrick, in the process of attending to the last few details of his business an hour before he died, extracted from his son a promise never to part with Windy O'Bannion.

Mr. O'Bannion's mortal sins were disobedience and pugnacity; his loquacity and incurable though kindly impulse to butt into other people's affairs were merely venial. Hence, when the Great War came along and young Kendrick saw an

Illustrations by

that Fighting Irishman, PETER B. KYNE

not a Gentleman

opportunity to get Windy off the pay roll without inviting a visitation from his father's ghost, he proceeded to do so.

Indeed, Windy furnished the opportunity. He came into his owner's private office unannounced (another offensive habit of his), threw his greasy old cap on a two-thousand-dollar rug, sighed and said:

"Well, Johneen, 'tis the divil an' all av a fix I'm in, so 'tis."

Mr. Kendrick raised his eyebrows in polite interrogation, for he knew Mr. O'Bannion would do all the talking and expect none from him.

"A laddybuck from the Navy Departmint has been down to see me," Mr. O'Bannion continued. "He wants me to take a job as chief ingineer in the navy. He says 'tis me djooty to me adopted counthry to take it."

"Undoubtedly," Mr. Kendrick replied, "he is right. The navy has taken over the Maverick and would like to take over her officers. The captain has been offered a commission as lieutenant commander."

"So've I, Johnny." Mr. O'Bannion winked comically. "'Tis betther pay in the navy than the mercantile marine—an' I'll rate a salute from me inferiors, which is something I've niver had. A currse, more belike."

He sat gazing out the window for several minutes and Kendrick knew he was thinking of eight things at once—a torpedoed engine room, Mrs. O'Bannion and the six little O'Bannions. Then: "'Tis me djooty to take the commission an' 'tis me djooty to me wife an' childer to shtay in trade."

Douglas Duer

"I understand perfectly, chief." Young Kendrick was suddenly loquacious. "However, I must inform you that if you decline the commission you will have to hunt a new job, and for this reason. The navy has taken over all four of our combination freight and passenger ships for use as troop transports and as a civilian you will be unable to hold your old job aboard the Maverick.

"Of course we have half a dozen freighters, but I know you would be the last man to expect me to discharge a good chief out of one of them to make a new berth for you. Besides, chief, such a berth would be a distinct reduction in rank and pay for you.

"I'm going to charter all the freighters on a bareboat charter, which means that the charterers will furnish the crews with the exception of the captains and chief engineers, and pay all operating expenses. So if I did give you a berth in a freighter, you wouldn't be working for Kendrick and Son and, for cause, the charterers could request your dismissal and force me to substitute another chief engineer.'

"Hum-hum-m-m! Sure, ye'll be afther chartherin' yerself out av a job, at that rate, Johneen."

"I'm through. I'm going to the war myself, chief I've been an ensign in the Naval Reserve this past five years and I know my navigation. So I'm to be commissioned a lieutenant, junior grade."

Mr. O'Bannion was naturally and inevitably loyal to his salt. "Where the masther goes I'll follow," he said with simple dignity. "Hivin grant we're assigned to the same ship, where I can kape an eye on ye, for yer father's sake; although niver forgit, Johnny, that I'll be Loot'nint Commander O'Bannion an' not Malachi or Windy, an' whin, in the exe'cise av yer djooty, ye have occasion to addhress me, see that ye call me 'sir,' shtand to attintion an' give me a s'lute like a Dutch windmill.

"SHTILL, for ould sake's sake an' wit' wan eye on me job in the Maverick whin this crool war do be over, I'll grant ye wan privilege. Ye need not knock at me shtateroom dhure before entherin', an' wanst the dhure has closed behind ye, ye may be yerself."

He proffered his owner a paw that nothing ever would make clean again, save an acid that would remove cuticle and epidermis. Then he collected his wages to date, shook hands with everybody, appeared on the verge of tears at the parting and went out crooning:

"I'm off to the war,
To the war I must go,
To fight for me counthry an' you, dear."

As the door closed behind him young Mr. Kendrick chuckled softly. "What an awakening old Windy has coming to him in the United States Navy!" he declared. "He's probably forgotten more about marine engines than any graduate of the Naval Academy is likely to know, but what Malachi O'Bannion doesn't know—yet—is that he will *not* be a chief engineer in the navy!

"He'll be first assistant, and some Naval Academy graduate about twenty-eight years old, who has got a war promotion to lieutenant commander, will rank him. Poor old Malachi is going to discover that in the navy it's rank first and ability afterward; that he may be a capable officer but the regular navy will never accept him as a gentleman. Poor old Windy!"

The first shock Malachi O'Bannion was called upon to assimilate from the navy occurred when he went up to be physically examined for his commission, and the doctors discovered he lacked the molars in his upper jaw.

They were for disqualifying him for that, so Mr. O'Bannion explained patiently that he had lost them in honorable combat with a third assistant twenty years his junior, though he had emerged from the battle victorious. Then he called the attention of the medical board to the shop teeth he had had fitted into the vacancies at a cost of four hundred dollars and profanely demanded to be informed what in this and that his back teeth had to do with reciprocating engines anyhow.

As the board knew nothing of reciprocating engines but did know that chief engineers, even slightly shopworn, were eminently desirable, they waived what they were pleased to term his disability. That word irked the sturdy O'Bannion and he departed after demanding, in vain, an answer as to what the devil the said doctors would do if they found themselves with a disability in mid-ocean—a broken tail shaft, for example. Would they fix it with their teeth, the Sassenachs! No, decidedly not.

He was short two months' pay he hadn't earned

An ash can was about to roll infernal machines lashed along out high above the shriek of the

overboard! There were a dozen of these each rail. Mr. O'Bannion's battle cry rang gale: "Hel-l-lp! Mur-r-rther! Po-lee-eece!"

when he had his uniforms delivered, and a few days later he received orders from the Twelfth Naval District assigning him to duty aboard the U. S. S. Maverick. Like her late chief engineer the old box had acquired a new title.

Mr. O'Bannion kissed his family farewell and departed for the dock; and as he started up the gangplank with a suitcase in each hand a bluejacket relieved him of them. Mr. O'Bannion stared at the fellow. "I'm not a cripple, young man," he proclaimed. "I can carry me own baggage, thankin' ye kindly."

"An officer of the navy," the enlisted man replied respectfully, "never carries anything aboard or off the ship." He had measured Mr. O'Bannion accurately at once. "It is the custom of the service for an enlisted man to relieve him of such impedimenta."

"So 'tis, so 'tis. I'd forgot." Mr. O'Bannion was a trifle embarrassed at this exhibition of his ignorance.

The obliging bluejacket dutifully followed him to Mr. O'Bannion's old quarters. Strangely, there was a lot of baggage in the stateroom. "Who does this belong to, I dunno," the O'Bannion announced, "but this much I do know. I'm the chief ingineer av this ship an' these quarthers are mine. Throw that shtuff out on deck, there's a good lad, an' let the unmannerly ba-boon that owns it take it elsewhere."

He shucked his uniform, got into a suit of old freshly washed dungarees and a pair of oil-soaked shoes and slid down into the engine room. From force of habit he opened the furnace doors and looked at the oil burners.

"Who's on watch?" he howled. A total stranger replied that he was. "Hah-hah! So the inspecthors give the likes av ye a ticket, did they? Take a look at thim ile burrners. The mixthure's not right an' ye're wastin' fuel. An' take a look at that shteam gauge. 'Twill bust in a minute. Lyin' at the dock wit' a full head av shteam up. Have ye no sinse at all, at all?"

"Who the blazes are you?" the other queried.

"I'm Malachi O'Bannion, the chief ingineer av this ould box, an' have been this tin year past. What's it to ye an' how dare ye use such language to me? Out o' me sight or I'll flatten ye," and Mr. O'Bannion drew back his fist. Then, without waiting for an answer (he hadn't the slightest intention of striking the man), he resumed his inspection of his engine room.

Seemingly everything had gone to the devil since the navy had taken the Maverick over. Number two boiler was leaking slightly and there was a noise in the intermediate cylinder which nobody but Mr. O'Bannion possibly could have heard.

"A fine lot av beach combers they've give me," he growled aloud. "The vagabones! I'll haze thim!"

A young man came up and touched him on the shoulder. "Mr. Orcutt tells me you have stated that you are the chief engineer of this packet," he informed Mr. O'Bannion. "Furthermore, he informs me that you have employed toward him language and actions not customary on the part of officers and gentlemen. He says you threatened to flatten him."

Mr. O'Bannion leered at the stranger horribly. "An' who," he queried with scorn supernal, "might ye be whin breakfast is ready?"

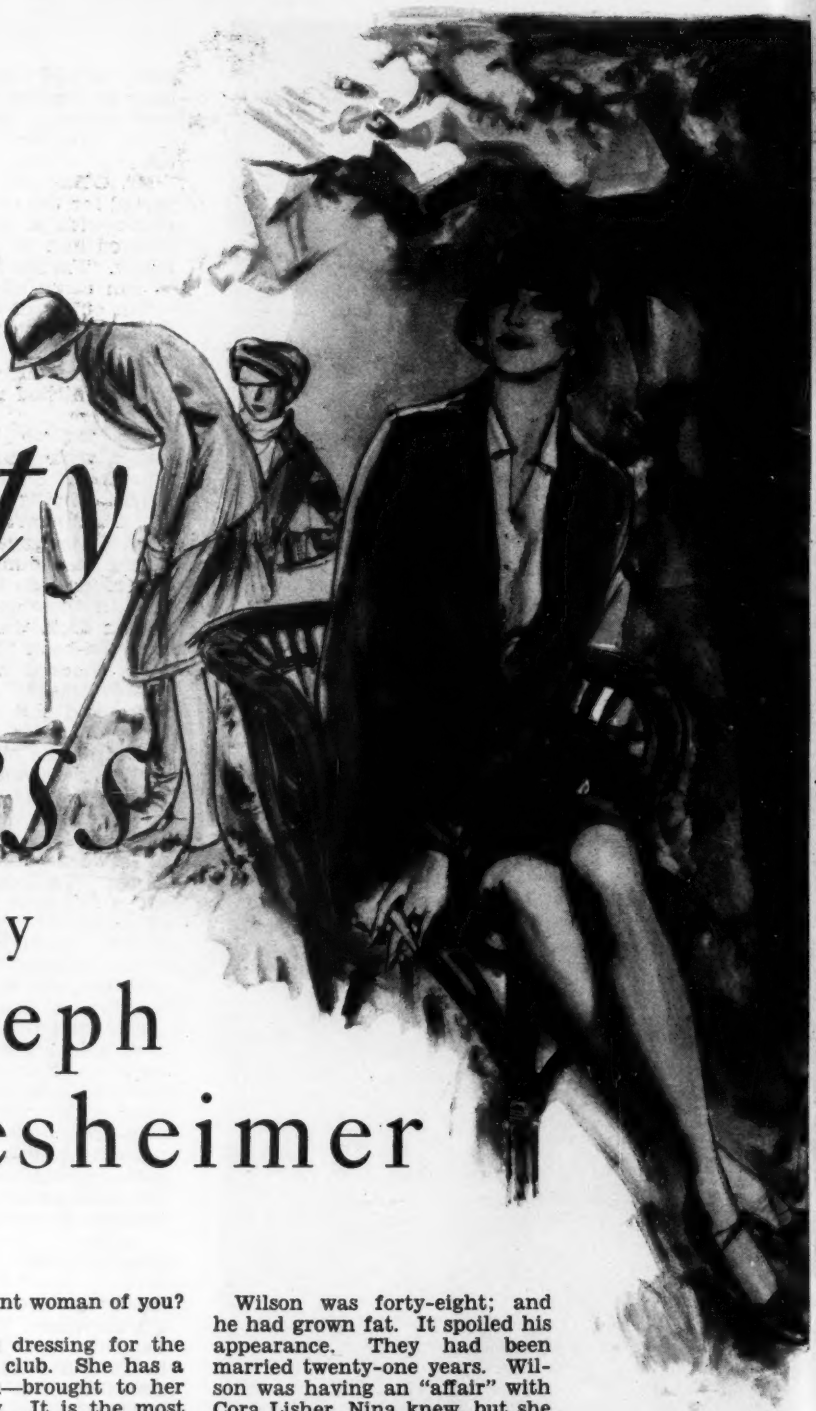
"I am Lieutenant Commander Runyon and ranking engineer officer of this ship. Who are you?"

"I'm Malachi O'Bannion."

"I should have asked you what you are—what your rank is."

"I'm a loot'nint, senior grade, an' assigned to this ship. I've been chief av her for tin years. Now, get this, young man. I rules me ingine room an' whin I can't lick anny man in it, 'tis overside I'll go an' make room for a man that can. An' I'm not afther thinkin' ye're that man."

The young man smiled. "So you're the chap that had my baggage thrown out (*Continued on page 119*)



The Party Dress

By Joseph Hergesheimer

The Story So Far:

COULD a new gown make a different woman of you? One did of Nina Henry.

You first meet her as she is dressing for the Memorial Day dance at the country club. She has a new Ishtarre gown for the occasion—brought to her from Paris by her friend Mary Gow. It is the most expensive dress Nina has ever owned, and it makes her look her best, but it also makes her seem different . . .

Nina looked into the mirror and, after more than forty years, found there a stranger. She turned slowly before the glass and her body swayed like a slender column of water in the air. If that is what a dress will do to you, Nina said to herself, it is all wrong. It isn't fair. It's immoral. Nina's varied sensations merged into a sense of power. A renewed vitality swept through her. She thought, I am not a particle old yet. I have never looked so well in all my life.

Wilson Henry suddenly appeared and studied her with a lined brow. "It's queer," he said; "it isn't short and it's not specially low, but it's the shortest and lowest dress I ever saw. If you see what I mean."

Nina did see what he meant but she had no idea of admitting it.

Wilson was forty-eight; and he had grown fat. It spoiled his appearance. They had been married twenty-one years. Wilson was having an "affair" with Cora Lisher, Nina knew, but she felt strangely indifferent.

The Henrys had two children: Acton was nineteen; Cordelia seventeen. They were both good and sensible. Acton was at Princeton.

Wilson and the children left, Wilson to call for Cora Lisher. Nina waited for Francis Ambler. Francis had been in love with her for some time. She asked herself how long she had been in love with him, and knew that Francis would say she wasn't in love with him at all.

On the way to the club in Francis' car he said: "Nina, I'll ask you again: will you marry me?"

"No," she told him, "I will never do that. You are too young. We will have to be happy, if we can be happy, this way."

By midnight Nina was in a glow of triumph. She had never, never had such a good time before. She had not, it seemed to her, stopped dancing for a moment.

6 MONTHS from now Book Critics will be calling *NINA HENRY* the most fascinating *WOMAN* ever created by *the author of* "Cytherea"

Illustrations by Henry Raleigh

¶ *Delia said, "Nina, what are you thinking about?" Nina laughed. "I was thinking how absurd everything was, especially a beau." Cora said at once, "Indeed, I don't think Francis Ambler is absurd."*

What especially engaged her was the fact that men rather than women spoke of her dress and praised it. Young Roderick Wade, for instance, had danced with her and she had gone out to his car with him, had let him kiss her and had responded to his kiss. She had never done that before.

It was, of course, the dress that had changed her; Nina was confident of that.

Several of the party returned home with Nina and Wilson Henry. When they left the morning was definitely arriving.

Nina said: "I don't feel like going to bed. I think I'll walk home with Justin." Wilson asserted that she was crazy.

Nina and Justin Gow went into the Gows' dwelling and a man rose to greet them. Justin said: "Nina, you may remember Mary's brother, Chalke Ewing."

"Good morning," Ewing said in a voice that Nina found harshly aggressive. He was a small man with narrow shoulders and a large nose; his skin was darkly brown and his hair was gray. His iconoclastic views on America, patriotism and women upset Nina. She disliked him; he set her brain in a turmoil. But, she recognized next day, though he exaggerated frightfully, there was some truth in what he said. And she was eager to listen again to his astounding views on life and love—and especially she wanted to hear more of his ideas about women.

On the night of the picnic at the quarry Wilson told Nina that he was taking Cora Lisher and Anna Louise, Cora's daughter. Nina decided to go over to the Gows'. But at dinner Wilson was difficult. He didn't want Acton to study abstract subjects at college. More practical sense wouldn't hurt the boy, he asserted. And he was very angry with Nina when she sided with Acton against him.

At the Gows' Nina sipped rum swizzle and listened again to Chalke Ewing. Nina didn't know which engaged her more—the obvious truth of what Chalke said or its plain absurdity. She wondered if Chalke Ewing had ever really been in love. He had a strange knowledge of women, at once deep and superficial. Superficial because he had approached them only with his head, never with his emotions.

Later, Nina drove Chalke to the quarry. And she wouldn't let him talk. She had listened to him long enough, she told him; now he had to listen to her. She had her own ideas about things and they were important too. At the quarry they saw Roderick Wade, but Wilson had left.

"I hope you don't mind, I'm not going back just yet," Nina told Chalke. "The night is too divine." He didn't answer and Nina was silent as they drove. When they turned back toward Eastlake Nina imagined it was late, but she didn't care.

She left Chalke at the Gows'. There was a light in her own living room and when she entered Wilson stared at her and then looked at his watch. Nina saw that he was disagreeable.

"Where were you?" he demanded.

"Oh, a hundred places," Nina replied. "The quarry was among them."

"Why didn't you tell me you were going to the quarry?" he asked roughly. "You said you were going to the Gows'."

"I did go to the Gows'," Nina told him; "I didn't say anything about the quarry because I didn't know then I was going. We didn't decide to go until after half past eleven."

Wilson mocked her tone. "We, so it's we, is it?"

"Really, Wilson, I think you are out of your mind. I went with Chalke Ewing, I thought you understood that."

"I don't trust this Ewing," said Wilson. "I don't trust anything about him . . . I don't want you to be with him or talk to him."

"You'll simply have to be reasonable about Chalke Ewing, Wilson," said Nina. "I can't understand you—first you are all in a fury over a dress, then you are excited because I said I was glad to have Acton learn about the Greeks, and now you get in a fit about Chalke Ewing. The last man to have a fit about I can imagine. He probably thinks I'm terrible. He isn't very loving, I must say."

"You'll have to listen to me. I am responsible for you," said Wilson.

Nina said: "Rubbish. Ever since our marriage I've been taking care of you. Ten times a day I have to meet something without you to help me. Every time I go to a dance men try things. They don't succeed, but it's not on account of you. It's because I won't let them." She came close to a sharper reality. "I hope you are managing your affairs as well as I am attending to mine."

Wilson Henry was silent, sunk forward in an attitude of wonder and dejection. Nina suddenly recognized that she no longer loved him. The ties that bound her to him were wholly broken. He would have to accept this new state of affairs. Go to Cora Lisher. She would help him with Cora as much as possible.

When, Nina wondered, would she see Chalke Ewing again? She couldn't imagine what he thought of her.

IN THE morning Nina was clear-headed; her life, it seemed to her, had been enormously simplified; her relationship with Wilson, she thought, from now on would be wholly satisfactory and even pleasant. She was certain he would be more reasonable, and she would allow nothing to upset her understanding and affection where he was concerned. She thought of Wilson, Nina discovered, with a great deal of affection. A pleasant practical emotion.

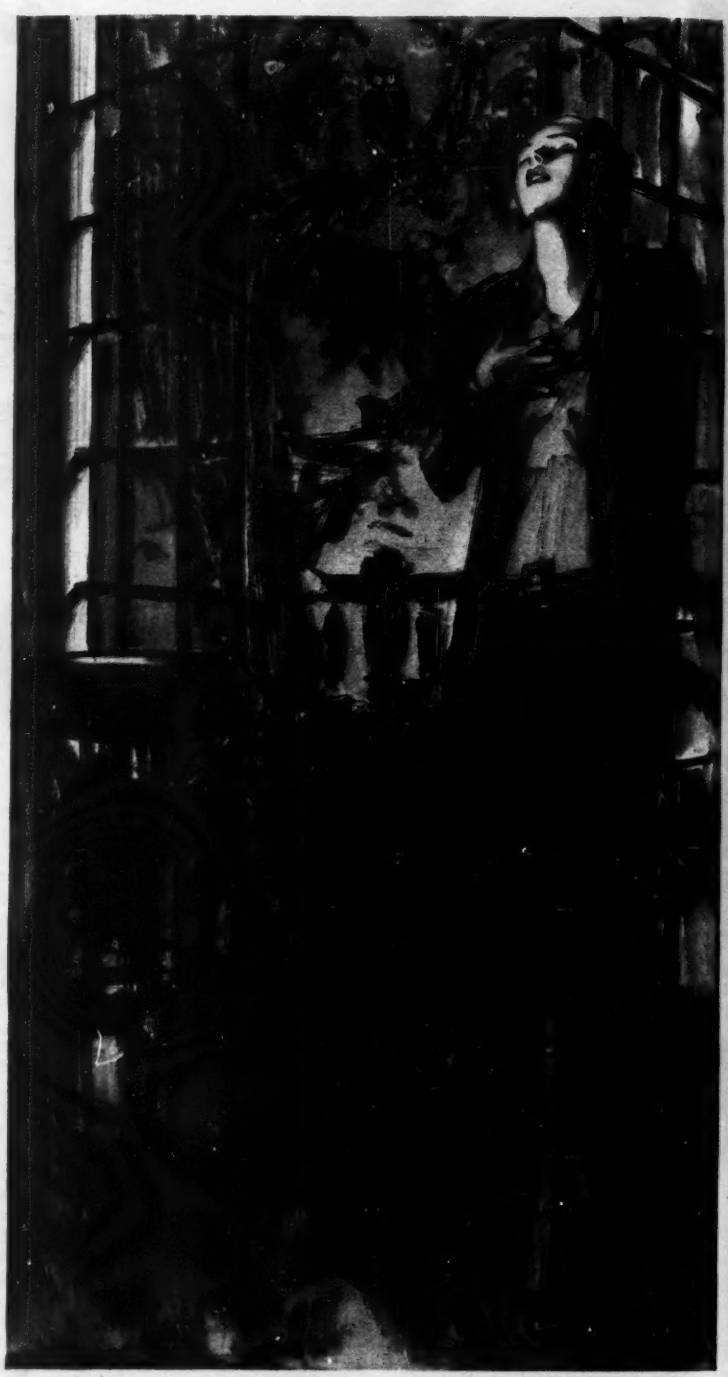
Wilson always went down to breakfast, but Harriet brought hers up on a tray; and Wilson left the house without, as was usual with him, coming up to talk with her for a few minutes after breakfast and before the day had begun. However, it was Saturday, and Wilson, who wasn't going to town, couldn't go far. Probably he was in the stable with the cars.

It was a beautiful Saturday, Nina observed, with a brilliant cloudless sunlight pouring over a deep green world. The dresses of the women she saw on the street were extraordinarily bright—the air was flashing with color; voices were full and musical and carried a long way.

She had been right about Wilson; she heard him in the lower hall. "Nina," he called, "what time are you going to have lunch? I'd like it early if possible. I told Joel Bache I'd be ready to play at a quarter to two."

Nina Henry moved to the door of their room. "Very well," she said cheerfully, "we'll have it at a quarter to one. That ought to give you loads of time." How much better that was than complaining about the difficulty of changing the luncheon hour! They were having chops and French-fried potatoes and broiled tomatoes, and it was no trouble at all to have them put on the stove three-quarters of an hour earlier than common. It really wasn't.

The other, the sense of annoyance and resistance, took so much out of you. You got tired arguing about the events of the day before any of them occurred.



When Chalke Ewing breathed, Nina discovered, a was an oppression in her heart she needed to relieve; a

There was no other sound from Wilson; he was, she knew, on the porch reading the morning paper. It was past ten o'clock.

Their life, she reflected, was easy; as a matter of fact it was entirely luxurious. They did and had almost exactly what they wanted—no matter what happened to Cordelia through the next few years, her father was able to provide permanently for her safety; Acton, if he accepted it, could look forward to the ownership of an old and reputable and rich firm; she had a dress by Ishtarre; and Wilson could sit on his sunny porch with the newspaper and his thoughts for as long as he liked.

quicker-than-ordinary, troubled breathing, she breathed too. There slight sensation of choking. She wished, now, that he would speak.

She dressed slowly and put on a blue flannel skirt, a handkerchief-linen shirtwaist with a square collar, and a corn-colored sweater. Nina wore low lizard-skin shoes and a narrow lizard belt with a silver buckle. The effect, she told herself, might have been worse. Stopping in her car before Mr. Clough's, she saw Francis Ambler. He came up to her at once.

"I never see you any more," he complained. "Certainly no one would guess that you were simply mad about me. We don't have to be nearly so careful. It doesn't matter what you think you are going to do this afternoon because you are going to do something else. With me."

Nina said: "Of course. Why not? Whatever we do, though, I suppose we'll end at the country club. Everyone does."

HE SUPPOSED so, Francis replied. "Nina," he added, "you have looked lovelier lately than ever before. Very lately. What is it?"

She smiled at him. "I don't know what it is, Francis," she replied, "for the reason I'm not sure if it's so. Unless it's because I feel well. I feel splendid today specially."

He would have to go on, Francis told her. "I'm meeting Mother at the bank, but I will begin the afternoon with lunch, Nina. I'll invite myself."

It was a good thing, she told him, that he had seen her before she went into Clough's store instead of afterward. "A quarter of one," Nina called after him; "Wilson wants to play early." She was glad to have Francis Ambler for luncheon—it would make it, her first actual contact with Wilson since last night, both easy and pleasant.

Francis was easy and pleasant, she told herself, at luncheon; he had a genius for creating light amusing atmospheres; whatever he said was adroit; he drew out the people around him. Cordelia liked him very much, but Acton didn't like him at all. Acton either absorbed something of his father's active indifference for Francis, or vaguely resented him on her account. Everyone at luncheon, however, talked with great animation and interest. Wilson too, it was evident, was relieved by having Francis there.

The day grew hotter, but not less beautiful. It was absolutely still. Not a leaf of the maples on Grove Avenue stirred. A water sprinkler was whirling in a silver spray on Catherine Pryne's lawn. Wilson lighted a cigar and left the porch.

"I am coming over to the club," Nina told him.

He paused on the walk without looking up, his cigar in his hand. "Do what you want," he told her in a studied, even voice.

"That was reasonable enough," Francis commented. Nina gazed at Wilson Henry's rapidly retreating figure. He still moved with a boyish and impetuous quickness.

"Wilson is fine now," she said inattentively.

"You are here, you know," Francis informed her; "you haven't gone to the club yet. And when you do I shall be with you. I warned you about that."

Nina smiled at him. She touched him on the arm in a friendly manner. She was amused by the thought that her feeling for him was not very different from her feeling for Wilson Henry. They both belonged to her familiar world, she could absolutely depend on them; Nina couldn't think what (*Continued on page 157*)

In the Hope that We *may*

by Florence Trumbull Coolidge

Photograph by Lazarnick

¶ *These pictures of Florence Trumbull Coolidge in her new rôle as housekeeper were taken in the young Coolidges' apartment in Westville.*

WHEN I was twelve years old all my friends thought my mother and father very mean to me. And now—twelve years later—persons I don't know at all sit down every day to write me that I'm a remarkably courageous young woman.

These strangers who write me are exactly as mistaken as my childhood friends were. I'm keeping house for John now for the same reason that I spent two hours or more every single Saturday when I was twelve cleaning my bedroom: because it's out of the question for me to do anything else.

When we moved to the house that Father's political career has made known as "the governor's mansion" I thought I was old enough not to share a room with my younger sister, Jean, any longer. We had only one maid then and Mother said I would have to take care of my room myself.

Of course I often wanted to spend all day Saturday playing with the other children. But having my own room just exactly as I wanted it was worth giving up part of my holiday.

It really was fun for me to fix this room and the rooms I later had at boarding school and college. It's ten times harder, of course, to do the housework in our four-and-a-half-room apartment in Westville. But it's ten times as exciting, too.

To anyone who knows my mother, it isn't at all surprising that I chose housekeeping for a "career" when my friends were planning to be actresses or writers or teachers.

MOTHER and Father moved into a house of their own a month before I was born. Mother is really a perfect housekeeper and I probably absorbed much of her enthusiasm for making a home while I was still playing with dolls. There's nothing unusual about this—many of my friends grew up with exactly the same ideals printed on their minds.

The women in my family have prided themselves on being good housewives for generations back. I can't help being amused when I read about the danger of home life becoming an extinct art—New England traditions are stronger than commentators realize.

In the process of growing up, I did have a decided change of opinion about the kind of I should be. I used to think I was the nging-vine type—that when I was married, my husband would think me entirely perfect and would tell me every step to take. The imaginary husband I pictured to myself when I was very young was someone who would baby me.

It was not until I went to Mount Holyoke college that I began to believe women could make decisions as well as men. Before I met John I had decided that I would be a working partner, to put it prosaically, to the man I married.

But even when almost every one of my classmates had decided to take up one occupation or another, I was never interested in any career but that of making a home.

Not that nothing but housekeeping has been interesting to me. I've always been fond of clothes. And I've always had very determined ideas about what was becoming to me—I'm afraid I worried the salespersons who helped me pick out my trousseau because I wouldn't buy any extreme clothes. They wanted me to be dressed in the most fashionable costumes, as they probably want every bride to be.

But I couldn't picture myself serving a dinner I had prepared alone dressed in pale blue velvet trailing to the ground, or calling on my New Haven friends—who live as simply as we do—wearing an exotic metal brocade.

And besides, no matter how I live, I shall always wear simple, conservatively cut clothes.

I don't like to attract attention by my appearance. I did give in to fashion by having my afternoon dresses several inches longer than I usually wear them. But I

Live Happily Ever After

© *John Haley*

¶ John Coolidge's bride is a New-Fashioned Girl who Hopes Skirts Will Stay short But She Has Some Sound Old-Fashioned Ideas about Making a Home.

Lazarnick

hope that short skirts won't go out of style altogether. The sensible way women have dressed since the war seems to me one of the greatest events in feminine progress.

Both John and I are fond of all outdoor activities, and because neither of us enjoys city life—owing, no doubt, to the fact that we grew up in small towns—we had no hesitancy in deciding to make our home in the New Haven suburb of Westville. We'd like, more than anything else, to live in the country, but it seemed impractical for John to be located at too great a distance from his work.

Where we live now it is possible for us to play tennis and ride horseback occasionally and John hopes to find time for golf—I've never learned it, and I probably shan't have time to for many years,

if ever. Life holds such a multiplicity of occupations now that taking up one more interest couldn't be managed.

I took a course in botany at college. In fact, nothing I did at college gave me more pleasure than landscaping the grounds of a small house—as part of that course. We haven't any room for a garden here, unless we decide to have window boxes.

But when we have a house of our own I'll have a splendid time with seeds and shrubs.

Both John and I are extremely fond of the theater and of music. We like to do such a number of things together that we'll have to plan our leisure hours with some care. There will not be many of them—occupied as we both are with our work.

And although we expect to have all kinds of fun together, we'll probably have more good times just living in our own home—entertaining our friends and family here—than in any other way.

Lazarnick

WHEN John and I became engaged to be married the possibilities of housekeeping crystallized in my mind.

For example, we decided long ago exactly the type of house we will build for ourselves as soon as we can afford to.

By the greatest good luck in the world our tastes are similar and John is as interested in my domestic career as I am in his business life.

John and I know that we'll have problems of our own to work out—every young couple has. We haven't yet decided on a budget for our living expenses, for instance. We may never have one. I've managed to live within my allowance ever since I was a freshman at college and Father and Mr. Coolidge think that we can get along on the small salary that the New York, New Haven and Hartford is paying John now.

Perhaps we shan't be able to. New Haven is a rather expensive place to live in and we may have to draw on some of the money that we received as wedding presents.

But not unless it's absolutely necessary. We're both too eager to have a house of our own to spend money foolishly. Luckily, expensive pleasure seems unexciting to us just now.

I think girls who look upon becoming Mrs. Somebody-or-other as nothing but an initiation into a gay young married set are missing a tremendous lot of fun. Rushing out to one party after another, feeling that you haven't any responsibilities because you're a married woman—that point of view seems really childish to me.

And I'm devoting almost every minute of the time that I'm not with John to learning how to keep house. Not because it's a duty but because it's absorbingly interesting to me.

I can understand perfectly that some brides can't bear to sweep and cook and wash dishes. I have an artist friend who pays for her maid by the lovely sketches she does.

It would be torture for either of us if we were condemned to change places with the other.

We don't plan, however, to become recluses. We're too gregarious for that. John has made many friends during the year he's worked in New Haven and we can manage to play bridge and dance often.

We have decided against staying up late during the week because John has to be at his office early in the morning—earlier than most of his friends, as a matter of fact, because he takes extra time off at noon to come home to luncheon.

My life will be regulated, for the most part, by John's business. I'm eager to know the men he works with—and their wives and families.

My share in helping him to get along in the world is to see that he has a comfortable and cheerful home and is properly fed.

That's Mother's example, again.

Just now John is intensely interested in railroad problems that come under the head of "operation." What his final choice of a career will be, neither of us knows.

We both feel that there are so many exciting fields of business activity opening up for young men every day that we can't pretend to predict what John will be doing ten years from now.

AT PRESENT my husband doesn't think that he will ever go into politics. Neither of us enjoys being constantly in the public eye—but John may have inherited a greater taste for political life than he realizes now.

What is in store for us in the future doesn't really interest either of us at the moment. We're too busy with the present.

The long hours that John has to work and the fact that he has only a two-weeks' vacation in the summer really make life simple for us in many ways.

Like thousands of other young married couples, we have to get up at a certain hour every morning. Then, too, if John's work didn't happen to be in New Haven,

things would be much more complicated for us. Both of us would miss our families terribly if we lived far away from them. But we can manage to see them often.

Plainville is only twenty-eight miles from Westville and week-ends that we don't go there we shall probably spend with the Coolidges in Northampton.

I've said that almost my entire life has been spent with my father and mother and this is really so, in spite of the fact that I went to boarding school and college for six years.

When I was at Bradford Academy in Bradford, Massachusetts, and later at Mount Holyoke, I spent many week-ends with my family and they often visited me at school.

Mother was born in Plainville and Father came there when he was twelve years old. I went to the village grammar school with many of my cousins—I have twelve on each side of the family. I roomed with my cousin Esther when I was at boarding school, and Jean, my sister, has always been my closest friend, although she is over five years younger than I.

ALL this autobiography is by way of preface to one of my firmest opinions about a wife's conduct.

It seems to me that ever so many matrimonial difficulties never can come about if:

A wife is studiously discreet and abhors all gossip.

It's because I've always been able to talk things over—anything in the world—with Mother and with my feminine relatives that I have no confidantes even among my most intimate friends.

That I'm singularly fortunate in this respect I realize more and more when I see the disastrous results that come from gossiping.

It's a simple rule—but I think it tremendously important. There's nothing new about gossiping, of course, but it seems to be the fashion nowadays for persons to pour out their life stories to everyone they meet.

I've studied enough psychology to become acquainted with the dangers of self-repression, but I can't help feeling that it's equally unnatural to indulge in unrestrained speech—and equally dangerous.

I am even carrying my own advice so far that I have substituted my husband for my mother as my most intimate confidant. Of course, I shall still talk over with Mother many things that I shouldn't dream of discussing with my friends. I shall always depend on Mother's advice.

But it would never enter my head to have even the smallest secret from my husband, and I know that Mother feels the same way about it. She is perfectly willing to have me confide to my husband the things with which I would have gone to her before my marriage.

It seems to be a widespread opinion that I'm going to have special problems to consider because I have married the son of a former President of the United States.

It would be foolish to pretend that our engagement and marriage did not present its difficulties—because of the public positions both our fathers have held.

When a moving-picture representative came to see me last summer to ask if he could put thousand-watt lights and microphones in the white frame Congregational church in Plainville on our wedding day I became rather panicky.

If a seemingly intelligent man actually could think we would consent to have our marriage vows recorded for the "talkies," what chance did we have for the simple and quiet wedding we had planned?

As it turned out Father managed to keep the public away from us on our wedding day. John and I know that the world at large is interested in us only because of our fathers' political prominence.

But ever since we have known each other that interest has been constantly embarrassing and often terrifying to us.

So far as the actual problems of marrying an ex-President's son are involved, however, they present no new difficulties to me. As the daughter of the Governor of Connecticut I have had to accustom myself to a semipublic position.

BOTH my sister Jean and I have learned to meet socially all types of people. We have danced many evenings at political balls. We have become more or less used to sitting in a conspicuous position at public affairs and being stared at along with the Governor of Connecticut.

John is a major on my father's staff. And as long as Father is governor we shall go to the public affairs which the governor and his family attend as a matter of course.

But aside from this not at all onerous position of John's we have, at present, not the slightest concern with public life.

After all, we're starting an entirely new family of our own now and we shall continue to have our fathers' and mothers' love and companionship without identifying ourselves so closely with their activities as we did before we were married.

¶ I SHALL keep no secrets from my husband—

¶ I SHALL not gossip—

¶ I SHALL make housekeeping my career—

¶ I SHALL NOT be a clinging vine, but a working partner—

¶ I SHALL see that my husband has a comfortable and cheerful home and that he is properly fed—

¶ I SHALL live within my husband's salary—

¶ I SHALL regulate my life by his business—

¶ I SHALL NOT learn to play golf—life holds too many other interests

Lazarnick

JEEVES

By
P. G.
Wodehouse

Jeeves was showing the saintlike child how to make a rabbit.

Illustrations by
James Montgomery Flagg

IT HAS been well said of Bertram Wooster by those who know him best that, whatever other sporting functions he may see fit to oil out of, you will always find him battling to his sixteen handicap at the annual golf tournament of the Drones' Club. Nevertheless, when I heard that this year they were holding it at Bingley-on-Sea, I confess I hesitated; and as I stood gazing out of the window of my suite at the Splendide on the morning of the opening day the brow was a bit knitted. I was not exactly atwitter, if you understand me, but I couldn't help feeling I might have been rather rash.

"Jeeves," I said, "now that we have actually arrived, I find myself wondering if it was quite prudent to come here."

"It is a pleasant spot, sir."

"Where every prospect pleases," I agreed. "But though the spicy breezes blow fair o'er Bingley-on-Sea, we must never forget that this is where my aunt Agatha's old friend, Miss Mapleton, runs a girls' school. If the relative knew I was here, she would expect me to call on Miss Mapleton."

"Very true, sir."

I shivered somewhat.

"I met her once, Jeeves. 'Twas on a summer evening in my tent, the day I overcame the Nervii. Or, rather, at lunch at Aunt Agatha's a year ago come Lammas Eve. It is not an experience I would willingly undergo again. The Mapleton struck me then, and I have had no reason to alter my opinion since, as one of those women best seen through a telescope.

"She wears steel-rimmed spectacles, and the effect she has on the sensitive male, when faced at close quarters, is to make him feel as if he were being disemboweled. I can't imagine anything I should enjoy less than calling on her."

"Indeed, sir?"

"Besides, you remember what happened last time I got into a girls' school?"

"Yes, sir."

"Secrecy and silence, then. My visit here must be strictly incog. If Aunt Agatha happens to ask you where I spent this week, tell her I went to Harrogate for the cure."

"Very good, sir. Pardon me, sir, are you proposing to appear in those garments in public?"

Up to this point our conversation had been friendly and cordial, but I now perceived that the jarring note had been struck. I had been wondering when my new plus-fours would come under discussion, and I was prepared to battle for them like a tigress for her young.

"Certainly, Jeeves," I said. "Why? Don't you like them?"

"No, sir."

"You think them on the bright side?"

"Yes, sir."

"A little vivid, they strike you as?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I think highly of them, Jeeves," I said firmly. "Apart from the fact that on the links a certain dash, a certain gayety of exterior is expected of one, these plus-fours give me confidence. With their assistance I anticipate going through the opposition like a devouring flame. They cannot but exercise an impressive effect on my play. I shall wear these plus-fours, Jeeves."

"Very good, sir."

THERE already being a certain amount of chilliness in the air, it seemed to me a suitable moment for springing another item of information which I had been keeping from him for some time.

"Er—Jeeves," I said.

"Sir?"

"I ran into Miss Wickham the other day. After chatting of this and that, she invited me to join a party she is getting up to go to Antibes this summer."

"Indeed, sir?"

He now looked definitely squiggle-eyed. Jeeves does not approve of Bobbie Wickham. He thinks her a menace to the community and holds that any extended association with her inevitably leads ere long to the sickening plunge into the soup. And to a certain extent, I'm bound to say, events have borne him out.

and the Kid Clementina

A Situation *which* Might Have Been Nawsty *No End* *is* AVERTED *by the* Perfect Gentleman's Gentleman

You may remember my having told you of the perils I had to face owing to her activities in connection with the Episode of the Dog McIntosh and the Sinister Affair of the Punctured Hot-Water Bottle.

There was what you might call a tense silence. I braced myself for an exhibition of the good old Wooster determination. I mean to say, one has got to take a firm stand from time to time.

The trouble with Jeeves is that he tends occasionally to get above himself. Just because he has surged round and—I admit it freely—donc the young master a bit of good in one or two crises, he has a nasty way of conveying the impression that he looks on Bertram Wooster as a sort of idiot child who, but for him, would conk in the first chukker. I resent this.

"I accepted, Jeeves," I said in a quiet, level voice, lighting a cigaret with a careless flick of the wrist.

"Indeed, sir?"

"You will like Antibes."

"Yes, sir?"

"So shall I."

"Yes, sir?"

"That's settled, then." I was pleased. The firm stand, I saw, had done its work. It was plain that the man was crushed beneath the iron heel — cowed, if you know what I mean.

"Right ho, then, Jeeves."

"Very good, sir."

I had not expected to return from the arena until well on in the evening, but circumstances so arranged themselves that it was barely three o'clock when I found myself back again and doing a bit of ozone-sniffing on the pier. I was wandering moodily to and fro, when I observed Jeeves shimmering towards me.

"Good afternoon, sir," he said. "I had not supposed that you would be returning quite so soon, or I should have remained at the hotel."

"I had not supposed that I should be returning quite so soon myself, Jeeves," I said, sighing somewhat. "I was outed in the first round, I regret to say."

"Indeed, sir? I am sorry to hear that."

"And to increase the mortification of defeat, Jeeves, by a blighter who had not spared himself at the luncheon table and was quite noticeably sozzled. I couldn't seem to do anything right."

"Possibly you omitted to keep your eye on the ball with sufficient assiduity, sir?"

"Something of that nature, no doubt. Anyway, here I am, a game and popular loser and——" I paused, and scanned the horizon with some interest. "Great Scott, Jeeves! Look at that girl just coming onto the pier. I never saw anybody so extraordinarily like Miss Wickham. How do you account for these resemblances?"

"IN THE present instance, sir, I attribute the similarity to the fact that the young lady *is* Miss Wickham."

"Eh?"

"Yes, sir. If you notice, she is waving to you now."

"But what on earth is she doing down here?"

"*In mourning?*" *Bobbie asked, eying the trouserings. "Rather natty, aren't they?" I said.*

"I am unable to say, sir."

His voice was chilly and seemed to suggest that whatever had brought Bobbie Wickham to Bingley-on-Sea, it could not, in his opinion, be anything good. He dropped back into the offing, registering alarm and despondency, and I removed the old Homburg and waggled it genially.

"What ho?" I said.

Bobbie came to anchor alongside.

"Hullo, Bertie," she said. "I didn't know you were here."

"I am," I assured her.

"In mourning?" she asked, eying the trouserings.

"Rather natty, aren't they?" I said, following her gaze. "Jeeves doesn't like them, but then he's notoriously hidebound in the matter of leg-wear. What are you doing in Bingley?"

"My cousin Clementina is at school here. It's her birthday and I thought I would come down to see her. I'm just off there now. Are you staying here tonight?"

"Yes. At the Splendide."

"You can give me dinner there if you like."

Jeeves was behind me, and I couldn't see him, but at these words I felt his eye slap warningly against the back of my neck. I knew what it was that he was trying to broadcast: viz., that it would be tempting Providence to mix with Bobbie Wickham even to the extent of giving her a bite to eat. Dashed absurd, was my verdict. Get entangled with young Bobbie in the intricate life of a country house, where almost anything can happen, and I'm not saying. But how any doom or disaster could lurk behind the simple pronging of a spot of dinner together, I failed to see. I ignored the man.

"Of course. Certainly. Rather. Absolutely," I said.

"That'll be fine. I've got to get back to London tonight for revelry of sorts at the Berkeley, but it doesn't matter if I'm a bit late. We'll turn up at about seven-thirty, and you can take us to the movies afterwards."

"We? Us?"

"Clementina and me."

"You don't mean you intend to bring your ghastly cousin?"

A sudden light shone on me from below. "Ho!" said a voice. It was a policeman.

"Of course I do. Don't you want the child to have a little pleasure on her birthday? And she isn't ghastly. She's a dear. She won't be any trouble. All you'll have to do is take her back to the school afterwards. You can manage that without straining a sinew, can't you?"

I eyed her keenly. "What does it involve?"

"How do you mean, what does it involve?"

"There will be no rot," I said, continuing to give her the eye, "about getting lugged in and having to make a speech? The last time I was lured into a girls' school, a head mistress with an eye like a gimlet insisted on my addressing the chain gang on Ideals and the Life to Come. This will not happen tonight?"

"Of course not. You just go to the front door, ring the bell and bung her in."

I mused. "That would appear to be well within our scope. Eh, Jeeves?"

"I should be disposed to imagine so, sir."

The man's tone was cold and scupy; and scanning his face, I observed on it an "If-you-would-only-be-guided-by-me" expression which annoyed me intensely. There are moments when Jeeves looks just like an aunt.

"Right," I said, ignoring him once more—and rather pointedly, at that. "Then I'll expect you at seven-thirty. Don't be late. And see," I added, just to show the girl that beneath the smiling exterior I was a man of iron, "that the kid has her hands washed and does not sniff."

I had not, I confess, looked forward with any great keenness to hobnobbing with Bobbie Wickham's cousin Clementina, but I'm bound to admit that she might have been considerably worse. Small girls, as a rule, I have noticed, are inclined, when in the presence, to giggle a good deal. They snigger and they stare.

I look up and find their eyes glued on me in an incredulous manner, as if they were reluctant to believe that I was really true. I suspect them of being in the process of memorizing any little peculiarities of deportment that I may possess, in order to reproduce them later for the entertainment of their fellow inmates.

With the kid Clementina there was nothing of this description. She was a quiet, saintlike child of about thirteen—in fact, seeing that this was her birthday, exactly thirteen—and her gaze, when she was confronted with me, revealed only silent admiration. Her hands were spotless; she had not a cold in the head; and at dinner, during which her behavior was unexceptionable, she proved a sympathetic listener, hanging on my lips, so to speak, when with the aid of a fork and two peas I explained to her how my opponent that afternoon had stymied me on the tenth.

She was equally above critcism at the movies, and at the conclusion of the proceedings thanked me for the treat with visible emotion. I was pleased with the child, and said as much to Bobbie while assisting her into her two-seater.

"Yes, I told you she was a dear," said Bobbie, treading on the self-starter in preparation for the dash to London. "I always insist that they misjudge her at that school. They're always misjudging people. They misjudged me when I was there."

"Misjudge her? How?"

"Oh, in various ways. But then, what can you expect of a dump like St. Ethelburga's?"

I started. "St. Ethelburga's?"

"That's the name of the place."

"You don't mean the kid is at Miss Mapleton's school?"

"Why shouldn't she be?"

"But Miss Mapleton is my aunt Agatha's oldest friend."

"I know. It was your aunt Agatha who got Mother to send me there when I was a kid."

"I say," I said earnestly, "when you were there this afternoon you didn't mention having met me here?"

"No."

"That's all right." I was relieved. "You see, if Miss Mapleton knew I was in Bingley, she would expect me to call. I shall be leaving tomorrow morning, so all will be well. But, dash it," I said, spotting the snag, "how about tonight?"

"What about tonight?"

"Well, shan't I have to see her? I can't just ring the front doorbell, sling the kid in and leg it. I should never hear the last of it from Aunt Agatha."

BOBBIE looked at me in an odd, meditative sort of way. "As a matter of fact, Bertie," she said, "I had been meaning to touch on that point. I think, if I were you, I wouldn't ring the front doorbell."

"Eh? Why not?"

"Well, it's like this, you see. Clementina is supposed to be in bed. They sent her there just as I was leaving this afternoon. Think of it! On her birthday—right plumb spang in the middle of her birthday—and all for putting sherbet in the ink to make it fizz!"

I reeled. "You aren't telling me that this foul kid came out without leave?"

"Yes, I am. That's exactly it. She got up and sneaked out when nobody was looking. She had set her heart on getting a square meal. I suppose I really ought to have told you right at the start, but I didn't want to spoil your evening."

As a general rule, in my dealings with the delicately nurtured, I am the soul of knightly chivalry—suave, genial and polished. But I can on occasion say the bitter, cutting thing, and I said it now.

"Oh?" I said.

"But it's all right."

"Yes," I said, speaking, if I recollect, between my clenched teeth; "nothing could be sweeter, could it? The situation is one which it would be impossible to view with concern, what? I shall turn up with the kid, get looked at through steel-rimmed spectacles by the Mapleton, and after an agreeable five minutes shall back out, leaving the Mapleton to go to her escritoire and write a full account of the proceedings to my aunt Agatha. And contemplating what will happen after that, the imagination totters. I confidently expect Aunt Agatha to beat all previous records."

THE girl clicked her tongue chidingly. "Don't make such heavy weather, Bertie. You must learn not to fuss so."

"I must, must I?"

"Everything's going to be all right. I'm not saying it won't be necessary to exercise a little strategy in getting Clem into the house, but it will be perfectly simple, if you'll only listen carefully to what I'm going to tell you. First, you will need a good long piece of string."

"String?"

"String. Surely even you know what string is?"

I stiffened rather haughtily. "Certainly," I said. "You mean string."

"That's right. String. You take this with you——"

"And soften the Mapleton's heart by doing tricks with it, I suppose?"

Bitter, I know. But I was deeply stirred.

"You take this string with you," proceeded Bobbie patiently, "and when you get into the garden you go through it till you come to a conservatory near the house. Inside it you will find a lot of flowerpots. How are you on recognizing a flowerpot when you see one, Bertie?"

"I am thoroughly familiar with flowerpots. If, as I suppose, you mean those sort of pot things they put flowers in."

"That's exactly what I do mean. All right, then. Grab an armful of these flowerpots and go around the conservatory till you come to a (*Continued on page 96*)

Miss Mapleton eyed the constable as if she had caught him sucking acid drops during a Scripture lesson.

Don't expect

By harold Dearden

IT WAS exactly a quarter to eight on a fine June evening when Mr. George Coronel left the Ritz Hotel by the door leading into Piccadilly, and as he came down the two steps into the shadowed warmth of the portico there was a ghost of a smile on his clean-shaven face and an unusual sparkle in his dark and piercing eyes.

"Your car, Mr. Coronel?"

Mr. Coronel turned to the six feet of immaculate blue whence the voice emanated. He hesitated.

The cause of his hesitation was an absurd but overmastering desire to do something unusual, and unusual behavior was by no means frequent with Mr. Coronel. At the moment, however, in spite of his fifty years, he was feeling ridiculously boyish and extravagant, and here was a chance for a gesture.

"I'll walk, I think," he said to the man. "Tell my chauffeur to go back to the house and wait."

Not, on the face of it, a dashing thing to do; certainly not, in the opinion of the commissionaire, so remarkable as the two half crowns that accompanied the order.

It was only Mr. Coronel's chauffeur who could appreciate to the full its amazing and incredible significance.

"Walk?" he echoed incredulously, when he heard his employer's message. "'E never walks. I don't believe 'e knows 'ow to."

"That's what 'e said, anyway," replied the other.

The chauffeur sat for a moment or two in silent stupefaction, and then, as he let in his clutch and the big black car began to creep from the pavement, he turned and prophesied over his shoulder: "'E'll get lost, that's all; lose 'isself, that's what'll 'appen."

But Mr. Coronel was quite all right. Indeed, as he crossed the street and began to walk in a leisurely manner towards Piccadilly Circus the thought struck him that he never had felt so well before.

He looked well, undoubtedly. His skin was sallow, admittedly, but it was an indoors and not an unhealthy sallowness, and his whole appearance was a striking proof that it is possible to be fifty, somewhat plump and far from handsome, and yet carry a tall hat and morning suit in a manner almost distinguished.

There was something subtly foreign in the cast of his features, but the heavy-lidded eyes were wide open and clear; his mouth, though small, was clean-cut and firm, and his chin was like the toe of a boot. And women looked twice at him, whatever that may mean.

He turned up Old Bond Street, paused for a moment to glance with appreciation at the slim legs of a belated shop-girl who was mounting a bus at the corner, and then, with perhaps the tiniest of sighs, he removed his eyes from that inspiring vision and went his way.

"Rather a pity," he thought to himself. "There is she, young and pretty and full of the joy of life; been working all day in a stuffy shop and going home now by herself."

Just like Mr. Coronel, in fact, except in the matter of appearance.

He sighed again. What he wanted at that moment was someone precisely like her. Someone who, when he said, "I've just done a little business and made thirteen thousand pounds' profit," would be suitably thrilled and show it.

She might even think he was a wonderful man and not hesitate to say so. (Well, why not? Just at first, perhaps.) Then he could take her out for a marvelous

¶ *"I just came back to put a check in the safe," said Mr. Coronel, pulling out his pocketbook. He simply had to tell someone.*

too much of Women

evening; buy her things; think out ingenious little surprises which would take her breath away and make him feel like a god and, in fact, give way generally to the intense desire to share his happiness with someone.

That really would be all he would demand of her. That had been all he wanted when he married five years before, but being godlike with Lorna was beyond Mr. Coronel.

She was, it is true, twenty years younger than he was at the time, and as poor as a church mouse, so that with her exquisite blond beauty she had seemed to Mr. Coronel almost ideally suited for his beneficent intentions. But somehow or other she appeared to have a limited capacity for being thrilled by any gesture of which Mr. Coronel was capable.

She would, of course, be glad to hear of the thirteen thousand and would have the clearest possible notions as to how best to spend it; but it would not for a moment induce her to ascribe to Mr. Coronel any godlike attributes whatever. And in any case she was out tonight, and one can't be godlike by oneself.

Absorbed in these thoughts, it was only the magic of habit which made Mr. Coronel halt before a certain shop and pull a bunch of keys from his pocket.

It was a plain shop, with a black marble front and a black iron shutter obscuring the window; but the somber smoothness over that shutter was enriched with the one word "Coronel," written in letters of gold.

For Mr. Coronel owned the shop whose sole function it was to minister to the needs of those who were moved to buy jewels. Here, across a square of black velvet on a plate-glass counter, you might, with a minimum of inconvenience, become possessed of unimaginable beauty and uselessness, and the provision of this facility over a period of years had made Mr. Coronel rich.

Year after year his fame and his income had increased steadily, but step by step with this gratifying phenomenon Mr. Coronel had suffered none the less an equally steady impoverishment. For he had lost, as the result of his labors, his respect for women.

It was absurdly illogical, of course, that he should have done so, for, quite apart from the fact that without women his business could not have existed, it is useless to deny that it is not across a jeweler's counter that women are seen at their best. But Mr. Coronel had watched and condemned them for years across his little square of black velvet.

He had watched their eyes grow hard and greedy, he had watched them cajole feeble admirers into insane extravagance, and he had seen his jewels accepted in exchange for all that is meant by honor. The banker's draft which even at the moment lay in his pigskin pocketbook was the result of just such dismal bartering; in fact, if Mr. Coronel had not made thirteen thousand out of it, his visit to the Ritz would have depressed him.

As it was, however, he entered the silent shop with quite a jaunty carriage, placed the draft in the safe in his private office and walked out of the shop again into the arms of a policeman.

"Oh, it's you, Mr. Coronel," said the officer, with a smile. "I saw someone go in and I thought perhaps——"

"Quite right," said Mr. Coronel heartily, pulling out his pocketbook. "I just came back to put a check in the safe." He simply had to tell someone. Why not another gesture? He pressed a five-pound note into the policeman's hand. "It was rather a pretty check," he said, "so mind you keep an eye on it, and drink its health and mine!"

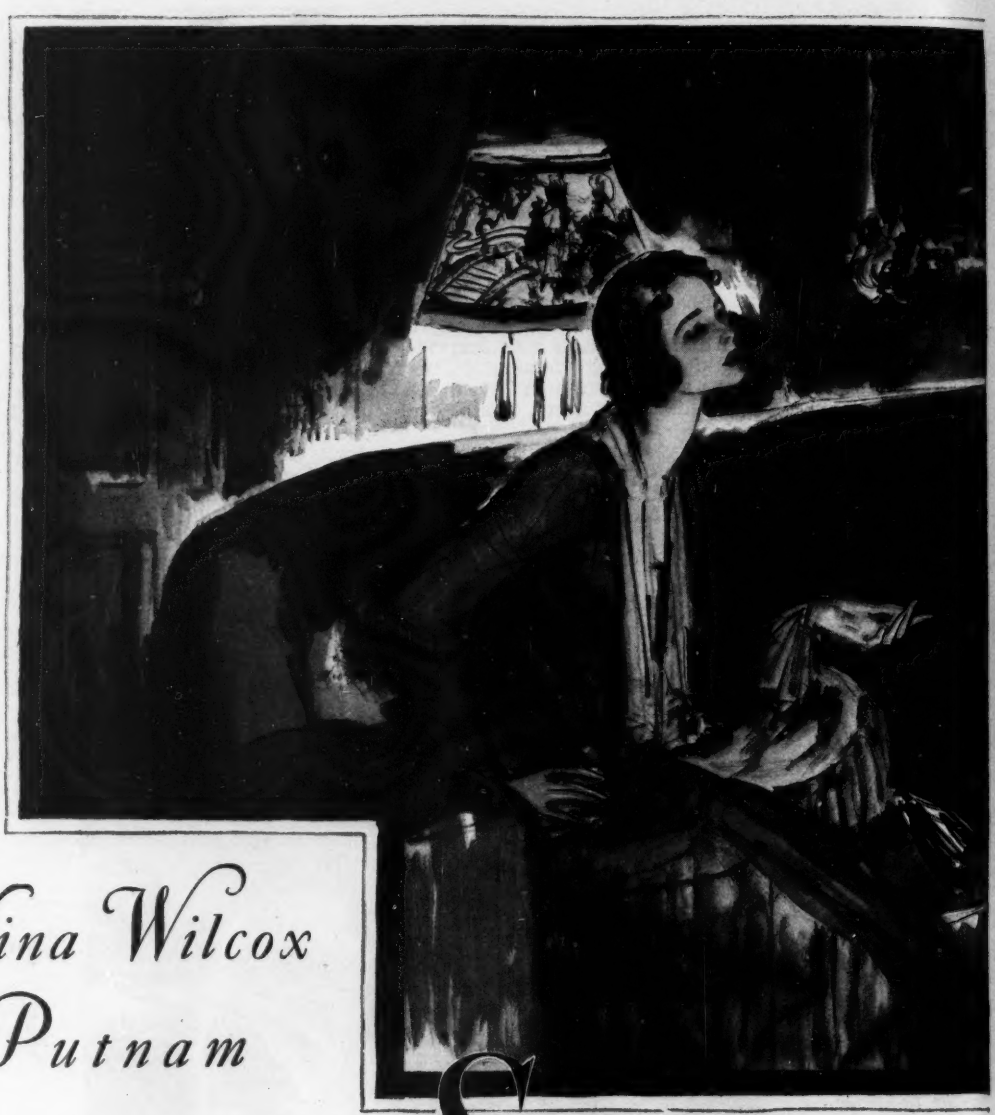
Still smiling, he set off again up Old Bond Street; turned into Grafton Street; paused for a moment courteously to refuse a pressing invitation to dine with a lovely lady; and so came at last, down Hay Hill, into delectable Berkeley Square.

He was still exhilarated mentally, but physically the (*Cont. on page 124*)

¶ *"I want to see these new frocks of yours!" Mr. Coronel shouted at Lorna. "I mayn't have another chance."*

Illustrations by William C. Hoople

Illustrations by
W. E. Heitland



¶ *"Out here in Hollywood, I can understand how hard it would be to reform all alone. That's why I'm here tonight," said Nancy.*

Speak for

By Nina Wilcox Putnam

YOU'RE Mr. Jackson from the Motion Picture Mirror, aren't you? Yes, I'm Gloria Devine. Do come in, Mr. Jackson, and have a seat! Let's see, wasn't it you that wrote my life story for the Mirror, three years ago, all about how I come of an old southern family so old it could hardly be dug up?

I thought it was you, Mr. Jackson, and even if I did give the Mirror a pretty fat complimentary advertising check at the time I want to thank you for thinking up such a nice piece about me. I could feel my blood getting bluer as I read it, and not from the bluing in Ma's old washtubs, either!

Say, Mr. Jackson, these are terrible days in the industry, aren't they? And I suppose you are all over the place, listening patiently while the extinct stars tell you about the big offers to go into the talkies most of 'em have turned down, while as a matter of fact all they have turned down so far is their own beds.

Pardon me, I thought that was the telephone! No? Well, I hope you will excuse the looks of this tiny little court bungalow, Mr. Jackson. You see, it isn't exactly mine, and of course I'm not used to such small quarters, but the friend who owns it has gone East and Ma and I promised to look after it until the friend got back.

Well, no, I haven't decided what I'm going to do for my next picture. Sound pictures? I should say not! Well, you see, I think they are only a fad, Mr. Jackson, although perhaps it would be just as well if you wasn't to print that. I mean for diplomatic reasons.

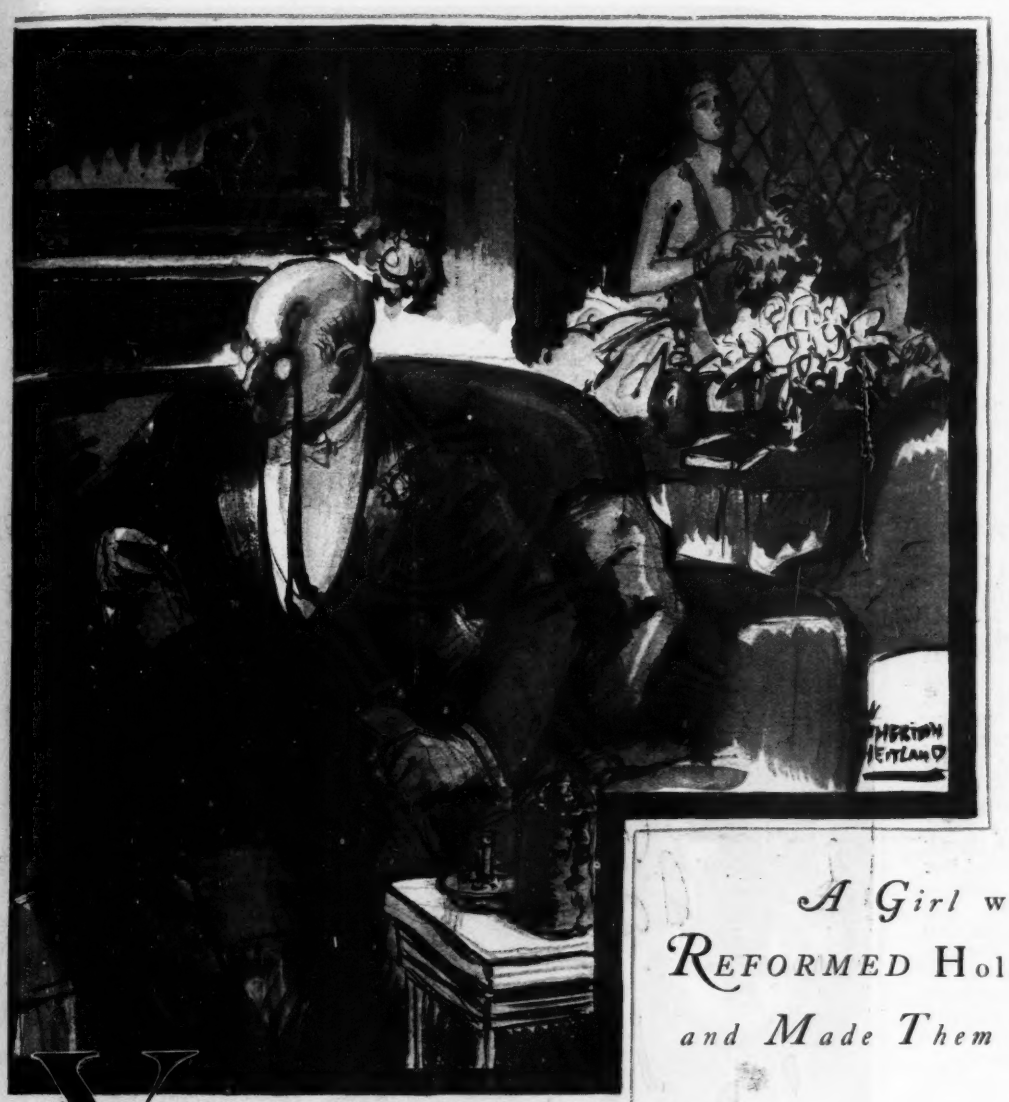
But what I have against the talkies is the fact that my work having always been so refined, I don't want to jar it up with a lotta noise. And there is something kinda vulgar about the talking screen, don't you think, Mr. Jackson?

I mean it's not so quiet, and everything. And the pale purity of my face is a lot better suited to registering pain than to screaming with it, don't you think? And—and—oh, well, I have a lot of other objections to the talkies, but I am sure you can think them up a whole lot better than I can, Mr. Jackson, you're so clever!

And anyways, I'd rather retire than be a cheap sensation like Nancy Ambrose!

What do I know about her? Why, I know everything! Yeah, sure, she came from the same town that I did. Because, Mr. Jackson, the old southern home you wrote about so beautifully was in the South, all right, but it was the south end of Garden City, Kansas. That's where I get this handsome southern drawl of mine that makes a mammy song sound like a short order for Ham An'.

What's that you say, Nancy won't be interviewed?



¶ *Jake was so dumfounded that he actually took the cigar out of his mouth. "That's a splendid beginning!" Nancy said encouragingly.*

A Girl who *Reformed* Hollywood— *and Made Them Like It*

Yourself

And you, knowing what the Mirror charges for a friendly interview, you're surprised? But she's Scotch! Nancy Ambrose? Why, of course she's Scotch; her father was born in Aberdeen and came over to America before Nancy was born because he heard it was a free country.

He was a minister, and he became a circuit rider, going from town to town in an old flivver that he always used to park on the level because he thought it wore out the brakes to leave 'em on!

So you can't find her anywhere? Do you mean to tell me she's disappeared without even a Scotchogram to the press? Well, that's a hot one! So I suppose you didn't really come to interview me at all, but merely to find out about Nancy! Am I right? Well, I can tell you plenty; I have news for you! But if I spill it all you will have to run a story about me next month with not less than two photos.

O.K., then, Mr. Jackson? No, that's not a tough price at all; it's just that a girl has to look out for herself since Mike hit town—you know, Microphone, and while I wouldn't dream of listening to an offer for sound pictures, I—— Excuse me, I think I hear the phone.

No, I was mistaken again. You say you were surprised to see a girl like Nancy Ambrose in Hollywood at all? Well, you weren't any more surprised than I was, the day she turned up on the lot. I was in conference with Mr. Rausch, the big egg over at the Rausch Revelation Reels studios, when she made her original entrance.

My contract had run out and Mr. Rausch was just begging me to renew it, when his yes-man brought in a card. It acted like a flag of truce between us for a minute and gave me a chance to wipe a tear from the corner of my eye, because I hated to part from Mr. Rausch who is a very great producer, and you have my full permission to quote me in my interview as saying so. Rausch took a look at the card and let out a growl.

"Never heard of her, and don't want to," he says briefly.

"But listen, chief!" says the yes-man. "She's got a letter from Senator Woolmer." This brought the big egg upright in his chair and he nearly released the cigar that he uses as a conversation-strainer.

"The dickens you say!" says he. "Then I suppose I'll have to see her. What's she like?"

The yes-man shrugged his shoulders noncommittally. Far be it from him to pass any Paris judgment until Rausch had O.K.'d a queen.

"All right, show her in," says the chief with a sigh. Then he turned to me to grumble. "The Senator did

me a big favor once," he explained, "and now I suppose he will be sending his maiden aunts out for me to put in the pictures for the next twenty years! I only hope this one ain't too rotten. Don't go, it won't take long." And then the door opened, the secretary says "Miss Ambrose" in a low tone, and Nancy was with us.

I hadn't seen Nancy since she was a little girl going to school in an old woolen dress with a clean white apron over it and a pair of pigtails slapping her back as she ran for the last bell. But I knew her in a minute, although she had grown into one of the most beautiful young women I ever set eyes on.

But you know all about what she looks like, Mr. Jackson. Nancy didn't recognize me right away, however, in the dim cathedral light that Rausch always keeps in his private office, so I just sat quiet, waiting to see how Rausch was hit.

Hard-boiled as he is, he was taken for a row of headlines. Indeed, the only perfectly calm person present was Nancy, and what struck me at once, even beyond her beauty and her self-possession, was her clothes. She had none of the curls and flounces that the average picture asperin turns up in. Every garment Nancy wore would have photographed perfectly, and she was as smart as the what-the-stars-are-wearing section in your magazine, Mr. Jackson.

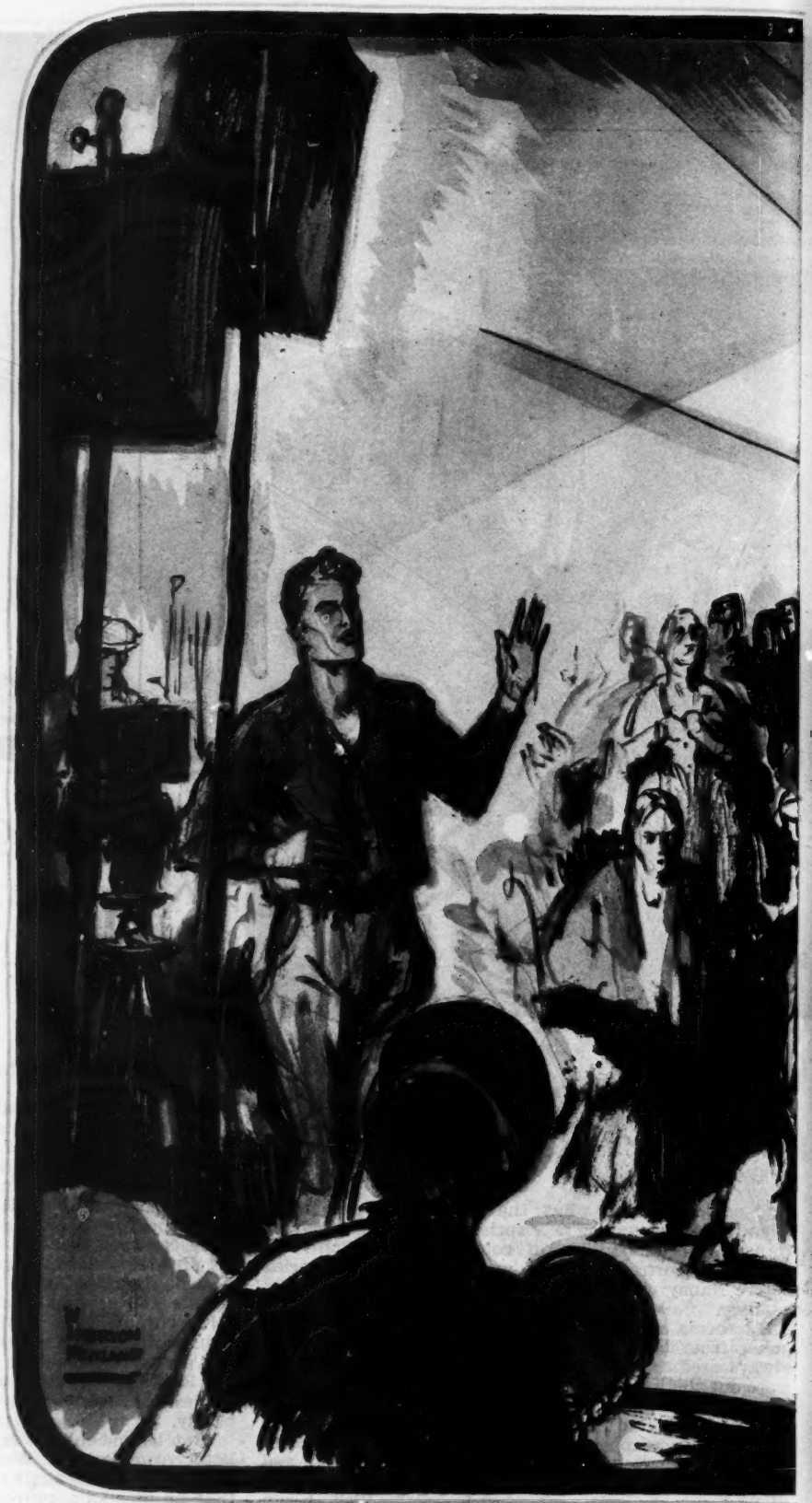
"So you have a letter from the dear old Senator?" says the big egg, suddenly cordial. "Well, well, my dear, sit down! And meet our famous star Miss Gloria Devine, Miss—Miss Ambrose?"

"I'm very pleased to meet you," said Nancy with a slight *"S"* in her speech—slight, but just enough to let you know the Scotch was there. Then she recognized me. "But surely, it's Amantha Burns!" she said.

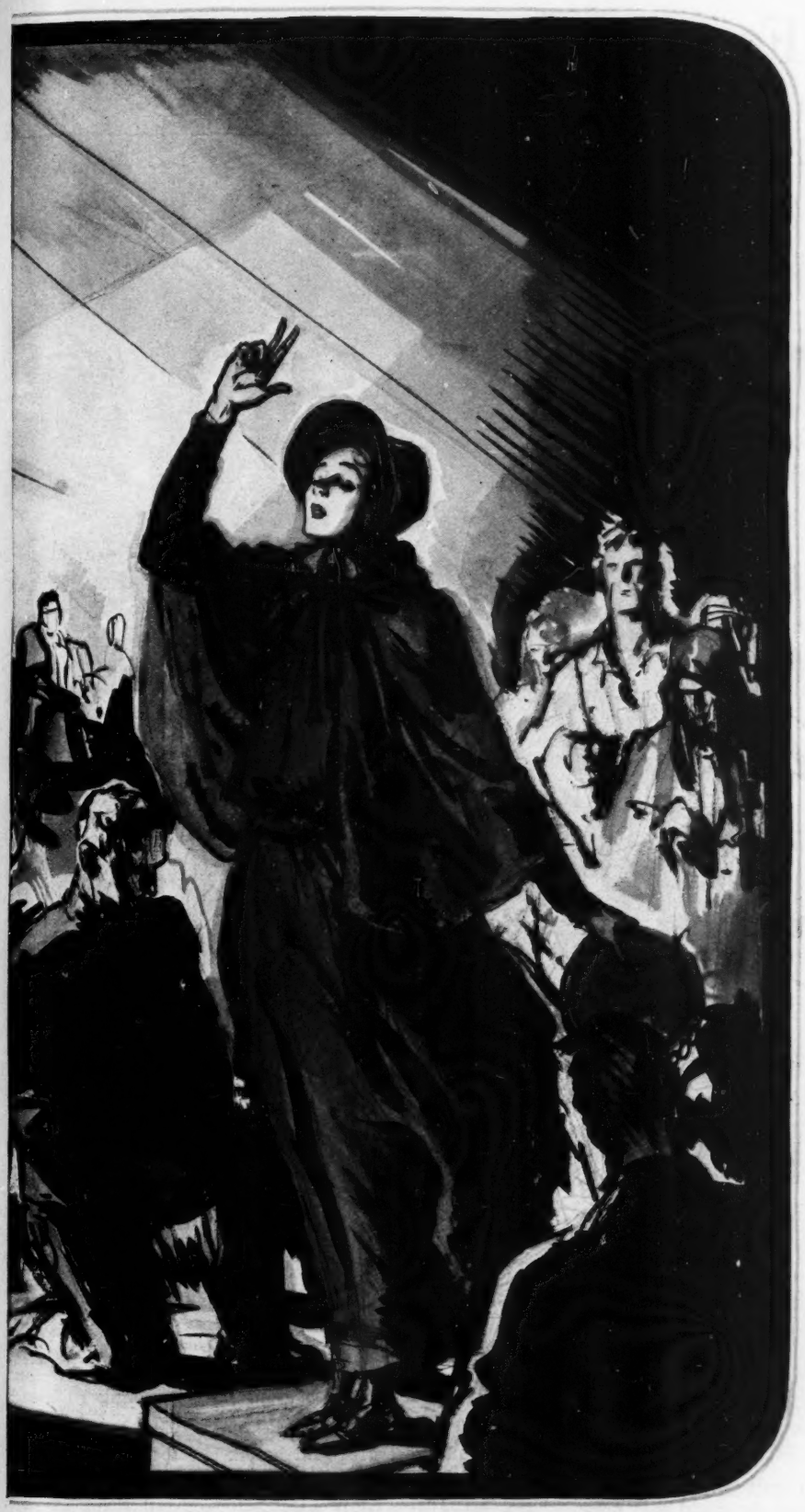
And so it was, Mr. Jackson, although with that fine old family of Worthington Devines, the well-known Virginian Hams, standing in the way, you might not recognize me by that name as easy as Nancy did. I greeted her as cordially as was possible for a woman star welcoming a good-looking younger woman to Hollywood, and then Jake Rausch commenced easing me toward the door.

"So sorry you are just going!" he says to me, the old crook! "Don't forget I am throwing a party out to my house the day after tomorrow; I'll see you there." Then, when he had me nearly out of the room, he managed to add in a low tone: "Probably she don't screen and can't act, and that will let me out. Confound these politicians! I should have another studio especially constructed to house their friends."

Well, Mr. Jackson, I could see that while Nancy had



¶ *I knew the minute I set eyes on Nancy that something*



was up, because no ordinary acting could have given her that rapt expression.

undoubtedly attracted Jake right off, so did every other pretty face that came on the lot, and his talking to her alone didn't mean that he would hire her. When it came to business Jake was always strictly hard-headed, as a whole army of pretty and acquiescent girls had found out to their surprise.

But just the same I could hardly wait to see him again and hear what he had to say about her because when a new girl has looks which register a knock-out in a town where only Lon Chaney is homely, well, even a firmly established star such as myself takes an interest in what becomes of her—and how! Not that I was jealous, Mr. Jackson; I was merely in a complete panic, which is a normal condition out here.

Well, as a matter of fact I didn't have to wait long to hear about what had happened to Nancy, because apparently she was the miracle the pictures had been waiting for. It seems Jake took her over to Tommy Wangle, the studio manager, and whispered into Tommy's calloused ear all about how this dame had to be hired unless she was too terrible, and Tommy, blinded by her headlights, called in Colum, the director. Colum made a test that knocked them all cold in the rushes that night, and by noon the next day Jake was able to dismiss the Senator from his thoughts, because the Senator's baby doll had a contract in her pocket for a small part where she could do no serious harm, and Jake had discharged his obligation, while a record for breaking into the pictures had been established by Nancy.

"DARNEDEST thing you ever heard of," Wangle remarked when telling me about it. "I never saw a dame walk away with anything so easy in all my born days. That baby had absolutely nothing we could pick on her for; she could act, and she screened like a million, but she didn't ask for it. In fact, she took five hundred a week as if it was real dough. I can't understand a dame that doesn't put up any kick about money. She's too perfect. There must be a hook in it somewhere!"

Well, that night, up at Jake's party, everybody was talking about how Nancy had walked into the lot and grabbed herself off a job of the kind that keeps the waiting list dreaming. Everybody, that is, except Tom Durant, who was always off of any actor or story that had Jake's O.K.

Why are you so surprised at Durant's being at Jake's party, Mr. Jackson? I thought you men on the picture papers knew all the inside dirt. Of course it's perfectly true that Durant used to direct for Rausch in the old days until Durant got a big (*Continued on page 102*)

Which proves that FOOTBALL is a *Great Game* Even if You Can't *See It*

Gay Deceivers

EVERYONE was jumbling idiotically up and down the dark station platform; the crowd seemed to find it funny. The rain fell pitilessly on the fresh laughing faces of girls, close against big overcoated male shoulders; the station lights twinkled and glittered in raindrops.

Big yellow chrysanthemums and rosettes of cardinal carnations alike were soaked and sodden; all the banners and canes and pennants and ribbons were wet with rain. And all the people laughed so, and yelled so, and ran about so happily, one would think that they had *wanted* it to rain on the day of the big game!

Tanya hated it, and hated them all. She stood in an inconspicuous angle of the bleak station building, on the railroad platform, and watched them with dark, resentful eyes. Horrible, infatuated shaggy giants of boys, piloting complacent, snobbish, conceited slips of girls here and there, shouting at them to get on here, and here were seats, and not to wait for Phil and Margaret.

Tanya Rideout determined to wait until an empty train came along, a train in which she could seat herself in miserable dignity and leisureliness, if she waited all night. Nobody cared how late she was, anyway. And these smug, absorbed persons were not going to see that she had come alone to the football game and had been crowded out of a seat over and over again.

It was none of their business what she did! It was nothing to them if the whole day had been a hateful and humiliating failure, and if she wished she were dead.

Her heart leaped into her throat; she whirled about. Someone had spoken to her.

Relief washed over her like a river. It was only Tom Richie from the office.

"Oh, good evening, Mr. Richie! I didn't hear you——?"

"Asked you if you'd lost your party!" young Richie shouted.

Wet and scowling and bored, he looked down at her, and wet and resentful and bored, she looked up from under her bedraggled little blue felt helmet.

"Oh! Oh, yes. I've sort of got lost."

She raged at herself inwardly. Fool that she was, every time any man spoke to her she had to begin to stammer and tremble and say just what she didn't mean to say! Now he would consider her as asking his escort—his help.

But he didn't. He said merely, "That's tough," and went on in the jumble, leaving her fuming with shame.

"Lost her party," indeed! She had been alone all

By Kathleen Norris

Illustrations by
Charles D. Mitchell

¶ *It was amazing to Tom to see with what audacity Tanya carried the thing off on Monday. "Tom, wasn't it worth while—the game!" she said. "Were you two at the game?" said Doris. "I didn't see you."*

day; she had breakfasted alone, at Mrs. Gunn's boarding house; she had gone down alone to the office that had been a perfect stew of game-going girls with red or blue-and-gold flowers pinned to their coats; she had hastily, irresolutely, paid the office messenger boy his outrageous twelve dollars for a single ball-game ticket; she had hidden it in her bag as if it were a crime—as indeed it was.

And then she had lunched alone at the Blue Teacup, wishing all the time that the money for that ticket was back in her purse, and all the time hoping that a jolly group of people, going to the game, would see her and would have known her mother or her brother and would want her to come right along with them—her seat, by a miracle, being next to theirs.

From this empty dream she had emerged, alone, to walk three blocks to the railroad station and get into a packed train. In the station she had bought a big golden chrysanthemum with a score of rich blue violets at its heart, a blue-and-gold chenille bow holding the flowers together.

All the girls were "for" one college or the other, and she would be, too! Savagely, she had pinned the University of California emblem in place. Perhaps, seeing her alone, they would think that her beau was playing on the team, or was on the squad anyway.

Her solitude, her anger, her resentment had continued. The train had duly reached Palo Alto, the laughing, hurrying crowds had surged off, had poured like a wave up toward the big Stanford stadium, and she with them, smiling bitterly and automatically, walking quickly and proudly, her head up—alone.

She had been conscious of but one prayer. That she might not see Bob Butler—that she might not *know* that Doris Dunham was with him! Of course he had brought her to the game, everyone knew that—but if Tanya Rideout might be spared the sight of them!

It had soothed her to find her solitary seat without chancing to see them; it was an excellent seat. The November sky had been heavy with rain, but the field was dry, and the bands had walked out, and the crowds had cheered, and Tanya was but twenty, after all, and she had felt happier, too.

And then, just ahead of her, two rows of seats away, she had discovered them: Bob all devotion, clean-shaved dark cheek close to Doris' delicate rosy one, her fur collar up against his big rough coat, her pompon of gold and blue no bluer, no golder, than her eyes and hair.

Oh, how happy, how confidential and easy and young and handsome, and beloved they had seemed! But Tanya could not think of it; she had tried not to see it. The stupid running and falling had begun on the field below, and the silly score-board had slid numbers about: "Stanford's ball; California's ball."

A sullen spot of yellow in the prevailing grayness of the day had begun to slide down the sky toward the southwest; the wraps, hats and pink faces of the packed thousands in the stadium had blurred before her wet eyes.

She had laughed thickly, with an aching throat. Rushing from the office, hurrying through luncheon, spending twelve dollars for a game ticket, and two more for railway fare and flowers, just to sit here alone and cry!

And then finally the last whistle and the long-drawn moan of regret had sounded in the dusk, and the

thousands had started to stream away again, just as the first raindrops struck warm and soft on Tanya's face. Best shoes ruined—best hat ruined—and darkness, and no more chance of getting on these trains.

The roads had been packed with cars; their lights had flashed in her eyes insultingly. Smart little low-slung roadsters, with a furred girl and a thick-coated man tucked away cozily in each. The darkening wet air had been rent with impatient horns and sharp police whistles.

Tanya had been anxious only to get home and forget it all. And now here she was in this hopeless jam on the platform, probably to be the last human being who left the vicinity of the big game tonight.

Tom Richie. He had probably lost *his* party; anyway, he seemed to be alone. Tanya was conscious of a vicious wish that he had seen Bob Butler and Doris, rosy and furry and laughing, too. Everyone in the office knew how Tom Richie felt about Doris Dunham.

But then, all the men were in love with her, and there was nothing to be done about it but bear it. Life was like that. Some girls got everything and others didn't, and there was no use getting mad.

Tom Richie was back again; he evidently had not found his party. "Well, did the game please you?" he asked indifferently.

How had the miserable game come out, anyway? Tanya glanced vaguely down at her colors, and she saw his gaze follow hers. He turned a rich dark red.

"I didn't notice you were for California," he stammered. Tanya gathered from his manner that Stanford had scored.

"I didn't care much!" she said.

"Neither did I!" he answered, relieved.

With a big wet glove he detached a bedraggled red carnation from his buttonhole, threw it away. As he did so he laughed, grew red, scowled again.

"Why don't they start?" Tanya asked, glancing at the loaded train that was blocking the station. Through its streaming windows complacent travelers looked forth into the dark night, incurious, unconcerned.

She was making talk; she knew it; she always had to do this. Other girls, any of the girls from the office, would be laughing and chattering about the game now. Doris would have Tom's arm by this time; he would be devouring her with his eyes. But her making talk stiffened him. He looked at the train as if bringing his whole mind to bear upon it.

"Why, these excursion trains——"

"Oh, I suppose that's it!" Tanya came to his rescue with great sprightliness. After that there seemed to be nothing to say.

They stood side by side against the dark station wall. The silver-and-black rain continued to twist down.

"Quite a lot of the office folks at the game," Tom commented.

"Weren't there? I was surprised."

"Well, I don't know that I was surprised. This morning it seemed to me that everyone was talking about going."

"Yes. That's true, too."

"I saw Miss Dunham, with—I think it was with Bob Butler."

Tom laid down the scalpel: it was Tanya's turn.

"Yes. I thought I saw them."

"I s'pose they came down in his car?"

"I suppose so. His uncle gave him a car, you know. Probably they lunched at one of the fraternity houses."

¶ *"Can you go to a man and tell him you have a crush on him?" asked Tom*

"I guess that's right. I'd never thought of that."

"He graduated from California, you know."

"That right?"

"Didn't you know that?"

Tom narrowed his eyes and looked into space. "Yes, I think I did!" he said indifferently.

A train official went by, in the dark. His feet splashed in puddles. "Additional cars are being opened at rear of train."

Tom seized Tanya; no man had ever done that before. He rushed her along. They scrambled up steps, found a good seat. The breathless crowd surged into the car; it was their turn now to look at it indifferently.

"He seems to be a fellow who has it pretty easy, but I suppose that we all have to take bad times, sooner or later," Tom said, with heavy philosophy.

The girl perceived that he had not abandoned the subject of Doris and Bob. "Bob Butler?" she asked, with

a faint despairing hope he had meant somebody else.

"Uh-huh."

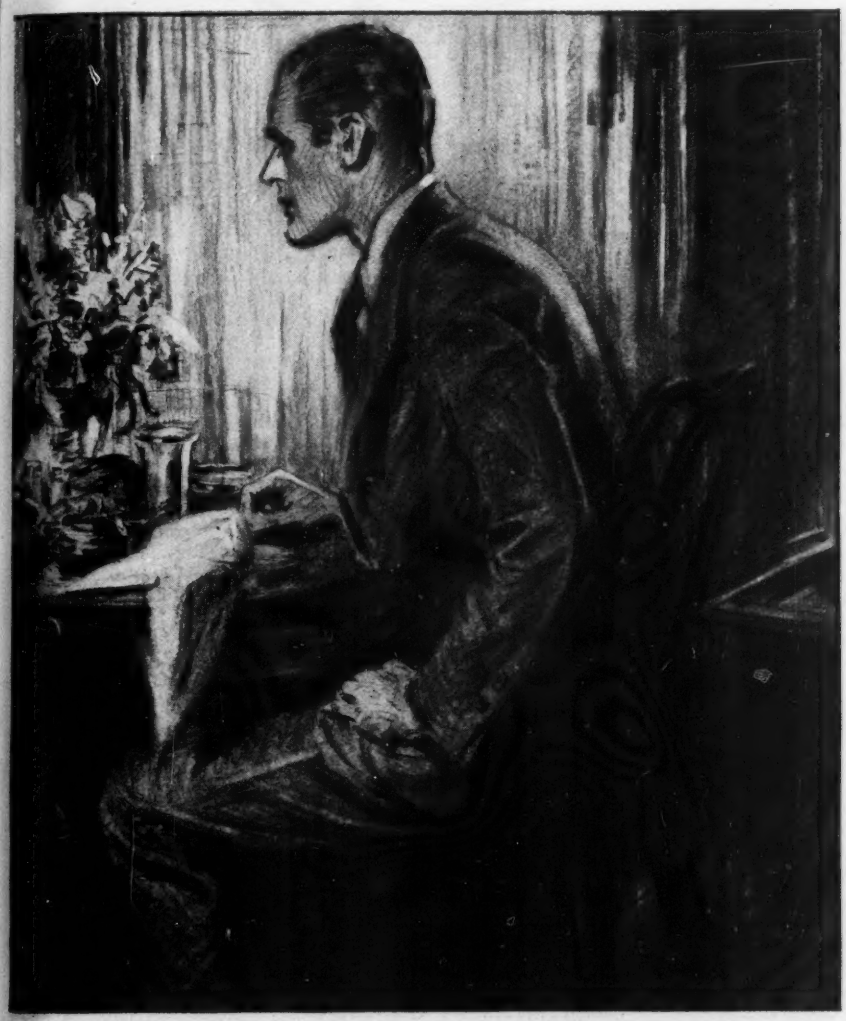
"Oh, well, with his uncle in the firm——" Tanya offered, the words hurting her like tacks in her heart.

"Exactly."

"She's the lucky one!" Tanya had to say. "She's—well, just like all the rest of us in the office. But the fuss they make over her!"

"Oh, gosh, no. She's—of course she's a working woman, but you'd have to admit she's not like the others."

Tanya was wearied to exhaustion; the maddening



angrily. "Oh, he'll know what I mean, all right," Tanya said with a daring laugh.

train had not yet budged an inch. They were still sitting in the bright stationary car, with rain trickling and twinkling on the black windows. She hated Tom Richie with a deep, undying hatred.

"Well, she'll not be one of us if she marries Bob Butler," she said.

It hurt him. He actually paled, and a weary look came into his brown face.

"I guess there are a lot of them after her."

"I guess there are a lot of girls after *him*."

"I don't know why there would be. There are a lot of fellows who have more to them than Butler."

"I don't know who they are. He was a half back on his college team, and his uncle is a member of the firm."

"Oh, well, that won't get him far!" Tom assured her airily.

"He was with Saunders and Saunders, when I was there," Tanya volunteered, to talk about him. "After he moved to Butler and Bern, he met me one day in the cafeteria."

She remembered the day; a golden September day, when the summer winds and fogs were over, and the quiet sun was shining on the long water-front. She could not go on.

"Did he get you your job with us?"

"Yes," she said faintly. She looked at her reflection in the black window.

Tom looked at her thoughtfully, and after a while she brought her averted gaze to his own. Her cheeks were blazing, her eyes defiant. She was a pretty girl, with a clear rosy skin and upcurling dark eyelashes. He had been in the office with her for three months now, without ever once seeing what a pretty clear skin she had, and what strange upcurling eyelashes.

"You like him!" he said in a stunned voice. Tanya again averted her gaze and presented to him a profile embellished with a sweep of the amazing eyelashes. After a pause he added awkwardly, "I don't know much about girls."

Tanya sent him a swift glance, and he was discomfited and confused to see that she was smiling, with tears in her eyes.

"Gee, I don't know a darn thing about them!" he confessed. Tanya laughed. "I mean," Tom hastened to explain, encouraged and heartened by the sound—"I mean—well, I'd always thought——"

THIS was a confidential communication, and he had to lean close to the damp shoulder of her dark blue coat; he caught a delicious scent of rain-spattered hair and dying violets.

"Listen," he said. "This is what I meant. I knew—of course!—that fellows got awful crushes on girls, see? Girls they hardly knew, I mean—just seeing them, and maybe hearing them talk to somebody else—see?"

"I see," she nodded, her burning sapphire eyes fixed on his, her upper lashes up against her brow, the lower ones down on her cheeks, in thick shadowy rays, like a doll's lashes.

"But I didn't know girls did that," Tom went on.

"Then," Tanya assured him, with a scornful little laugh, "you're right; you don't know anything about girls!"

"I bluff a lot," he confessed. "But I don't do much. I'm—maybe I'm shy."

"Oh, I'm shy!" Tanya encouraged him.

"You are?"

"Horribly shy."

"Oh, you are not!" Tom said.

"I am. I—suffer with it. I always feel out of things." She was losing her mind, of course, talking like this to a man she hardly knew, but she could not seem to resist—it was so new, so delicious a sensation.

He was bending close over her, his brown face close to hers, just as Bob's face had been close to Doris' at the game—and it was fun!

"I thought you were—sort of (*Continued on page 144*)

A Mystery Novel

Ladies' Man

By Rupert Hughes

The Story So Far:

WAS it a man or a woman whose ruthless hands sent Jamie Darricott hurtling to his death from a hotel window high above Broadway? No one knew. A murder had been committed before the very eyes of thousands of people, yet the murderer escaped unseen.

Inside the hotel the dazzling Potiemkin Ball was in progress, so that no one heard the victim's frantic screams. Outside, far below the room where Darricott struggled with his invisible enemy, the spectators were frozen with horror at the grim purpose of two relentless hands, pushing a doomed man into the abyss. But no one could help Jamie Darricott now. With a last frantic wail, enveloped in a swirl of gleaming golden draperies, Darricott, beloved of women, fell through the air to the street below.

If Darricott's untimely death put an end to *his* earthly troubles, it served only to complicate matters for all those men and women who had been his friends —or his enemies. The white light of publicity shone upon each one in turn, bringing to the avid public intimate details of life among the fashionable set. The police had little trouble in finding suspects. So many men and women had been heard to threaten Jamie's life that from the first there was an embarrassing number to choose from.

A few well-known crooks, of course, were recognized among the hangers-on at the Potiemkin Ball. Along with them came others who were prominent in social circles: the Fendleys, father, mother, son and daughter, each of whom had reason to hate Darricott; Peyton Weldon, who loved Rachel Fendley; and Sibyl Page, the last person known to have been with the murdered man . . .

As Sibyl went to face her questioners, her arm bruised and wounded, she remembered many things. First of all, her meeting with Darricott on her return from a hunting trip in Africa not so long before, when he had persuaded her to "see" New York with him.

She had returned to her home in the South after that disappointing night, but unfortunately she had been lured back by her memories of the fascinating youth who at once attracted and repelled her. Moreover, she had feared for his safety since a man had growled in the moment of her departure: "You won't know Darricott long if——" These words had haunted her.

Back in New York again, Darricott had stilled her distrust of him, wooed her so convincingly that she had finally consented to marry him. Yet even in those first moments in his arms the memory of Mrs. Fendley had intruded—Helena Fendley who had paid for Jamie's apartment, as he himself had told her.

And the very next night in the Fendleys' luxurious home, where she was dining with Rachel and Anthony Fendley and Peyton Weldon, Sibyl heard further ominous words about her fiancé. For Anthony and Peyton were determined to rid the earth of his presence if Rachel persisted in her frankly avowed desire to marry him. Sibyl couldn't tell them that Darricott had just bound himself to her; she was even silent when Rachel cried out passionately: "Whoever kills Jamie, I kill!" When Anthony told his sister: "Even that won't stop me," and Weldon added: "Nor me."

Sibyl did not know, however, that Horace Fendley had discovered his wife in Darricott's arms and had proposed to Helena that she get a divorce from him. That foolish woman, caught in the net of her own weaving, could only consent, though she longed to throw herself on her knees before her husband and tell him it was he alone she loved. Too late for that now. Horace had only one purpose in life: to pay back Darricott with usury, but to pay him back in such a way that only he and Darricott would know . . .

Sibyl did not know these things, but when Mrs. Fendley came home from the opera that night, the girl felt that she would be doing this home a favor by relieving it of Darricott's menace not only to the wife but to the daughter. She felt, too, that she owed it to Darricott to rescue him from them.

As she drove away from the house with Rachel and Anthony, Sibyl saw a taxi drawing up to the door and she recognized the man who sprang out. Her heart leaped with a jungle-frenzy, a mad feeling that it was her duty, as it would be her immortal delight, to go back and kill Darricott and the woman he had come to see.

PERHAPS the chief secret of Darricott's bewildering success with women—bewildering, that is, to men, but not to women—was his ability and his readiness to play the game called love according to women's rules and with a menace and ruthlessness that women understood and feared.

Women are mysterious, of course, and so are men—and animals—and vegetables—everything; but men manufacture a mysteriousness for women that is entirely imaginary. Darricott knew better.

Without ever figuring it out, he somehow just knew any number of cold facts about women. As a boy he had realized that many little girls make use of all their arts to torment little boys into preferring them above other girls and boys; he realized that most girls were proud of the number of their admirers and enjoyed the antics they went through in courtship. Girls loved to cheat one another, steal admirers and conquer rivals by any means in the reach of their little intelligences and not beyond the wide range of their little consciences.

As Darricott grew up he learned, or came to believe, at least, that grown women are apt to be but little girls enlarged with larger skill, larger greed for admiration, and new or fiercer desires.

When he saw a devoted sweetheart or a loyal wife he was still a skeptic and felt that all he saw was one who was satisfied with what her lover or her husband or her home life gave her. When he saw a rambling-eyed maiden or a wife on the loose he said to himself:

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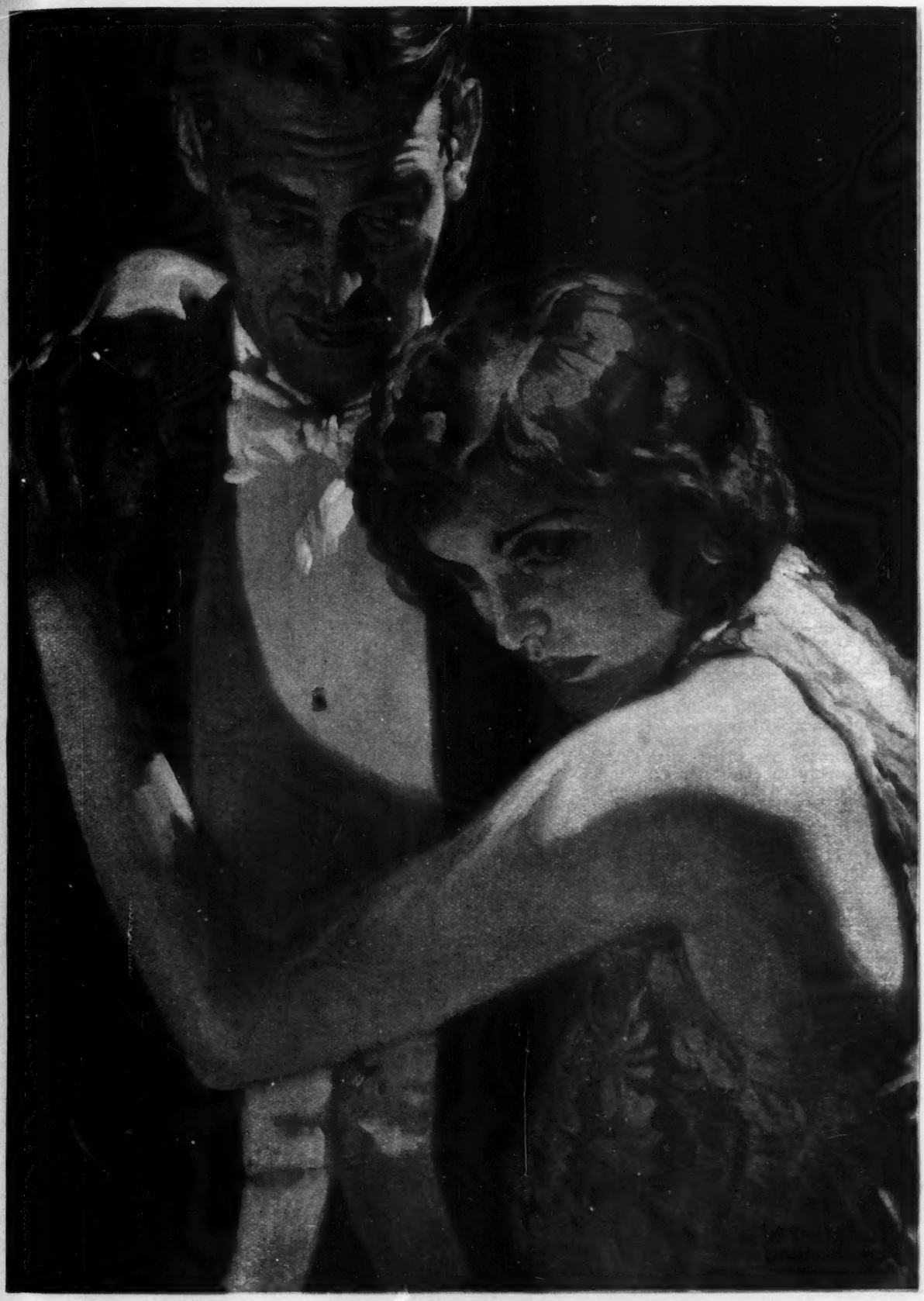


Illustrations by
W. Smithson
Broadhead

¶ *"Oh, Jamie, Jamie," sobbed Rachel, "don't let them kill you! You're too beautiful to be killed." "Nobody's going to hurt me," promised Darricott. "Too many people want to. There's safety in numbers."*

"There is a lady who is not kept fed up; she wants more love than she is getting, more flattery, more flowers, jewelry, children, conversation, something. She would like to add me to her troupe of entertainers. She will prize me according to the amount of entertainment I furnish.

"If I can keep her busy, she will forget everybody else; if not, she will shop around for more. If she finds a more exciting companion, she will drop me or use me as a part-time player just as readily as she does her husband or her fiancé. Therefore, when I sit in with her for a little game, I'll realize that it is a crooked game and I will bluff and cheat or drop out whenever it suits me, knowing that she is up to the same tricks herself."

To men who took women seriously or meekly or with illusion, Darricott looked to be the dishonest card sharp that he was; but they did not realize that he was gambling only with gamblers. He had no traffic with deeply good women.

With Helena Fendley as with other wives he played the immediate hand before him. Helena was unhappy. He could make her happy. Why should she not pay?

On this evening when he went to see her, never dreaming that Sibyl might see him stealing into the house, Darricott was in a state of unusual suspense. He could not rid himself of that Potiemkin whom Sibyl Page had introduced to him. He had been set aflame with hopes of new empire and limitless wealth. What a man had done another man could do again or better.

New York was not Russia by any means, yet half the wealth of the United States was in the hands of the women and there were better ways of getting it away from them than by selling bonds on commission.

There were distinct advantages in making money by way of marriage. Perhaps Fendley was planning to divorce his wife. Then Darricott would be able to marry her and she would have a lot of money. He would be expected to marry her, indeed; but the prospect did not please him. He was tired of Helena, horribly tired of her. She was not getting any younger, and there would be a lot of ridicule, much audible laughter, if they went to the altar together.

IF THERE were only some young woman of wealth. He might get Rachel.

She would be richer than her mother and she was young. But she would be a problem, a wildcat with an incurable thirst.

If only Sibyl Page had money! If only he could get wealth himself without working all day and all night for it, he would ask nothing better than marriage with Sibyl for as long as it lasted.

The women who made him handsome presents were growing wise and exacting and some of them stingy. He had just dined with Clara Poore, who had gone quite mad over him. Her Charlie Boy was threatening to throw her over, on Jamie's account. He threatened to beat Jamie to death. Clara wanted to marry Jamie to save him. She more or less promised to kill him if he refused her. She was an amorous maniac.

He lied himself out of her angry presence as smoothly as he could and hurried to Mrs. Fendley's, making up more lies to explain his tardiness. He was surly about it, too, for he had not found leisure enough to think up a good lie to explain to Sibyl what he had done toward securing a job and why he had not succeeded.

When he climbed the Fendley steps, he learned from Helena, who let him in, what a narrow escape he had had from running into Sibyl, Anthony and Rachel. He was overjoyed by his supposed luck in escaping the encounter and made no allowance for the off-chance that Sibyl might have recognized him.

Though Helena tried to dismiss the subject, her mention of Sibyl brought the girl to the forefront of his thoughts, and when Helena told him that her husband had asked her to divorce him, he could not bring himself to make the almost inevitable proposal that Helena marry him as soon as she was free.

This was one of Jamie's aces. He always withheld

the big card when playing it seemed inevitable. This not only maintained the suspense but threw into disorder all the plans of his opponent—and he always assumed that the woman with whom he was playing the love-game was his opponent. Too many men and women who play at love for high stakes make the blunder of imagining that the adversary is a partner with joint interests in the stakes.

HE SIDE-STEPPED the opening and somehow managed to keep Helena guessing as to whether he would propose or not. This was harrowing and humiliating to her, but did not diminish her interest in Jamie.

She felt abjectly debased at being cast off by her husband and not caught up at once by her lover. She began to look upon herself as a sinful woman deserving her punishment. She began to take a kind of morose delight in paying for her wickedness.

When Darricott kissed her good night and promised to see her soon, he had a blood-chilling sensation that he embraced a woman already a little out of her mind and on her way farther out. He warned himself that he must never marry her and yet must never exasperate her lest she do something desperate.

He was suddenly afraid of her. There was no telling what a crazy woman might do.

Back in his rooms he found surcease from worry in reading the more solid portions of Catherine's history, and fell asleep at last. Morning reminded him of Sibyl. He could not spend the evening with her since he had promised that to Rachel. Noon and afternoon remained to him and he telephoned to ask for them. When he heard her voice he used his best tone.

"Hello, my beautiful. Will you let me lunch with you and explain my busy yesterday?"

To his astonishment an unsuspected Sibyl answered: "I will not lunch with you and there's nothing to explain."

"Oh!" he gasped. "Well!" he temporized. "All right!" he finished.

He sat back, wondering, feeling abandoned, forlorn, and in need of the understanding sympathy that he denied to the women.

If Sibyl had beaten her brains for weeks she could have invented no better way to make herself necessary to him than by a curt refusal even to see him. Lacking her, all other women were unendurable. He decided to seek refuge from their eternal alternation of demand and denial by going among members of his own sex for a while. Men neither asked nor offered anything. That in itself would be a vacation. Darricott had been put up at all the necessary clubs by men whom he had variously repaid. This noon he slipped into the modest home of the Long Table and took an empty chair at the luncheon board to hear a few famous authors, publishers, architects, sculptors, painters, actors toss the arts about familiarly.

He was late and he found the members in a state of almost feminine excitement. Evidently a long discussion had concerned the need for a rebellion in the world of pageantry, an insurrection against the entrenched "conservatives" who had controlled the big annual spectacles for years.

The majestic production of the Beaux Arts came in for particular resentment, and a joyous conspiracy was afoot to beat it into the field with a new art festival that should "put it on the blink."

The geniuses of the Long Table were keen for the revolution, but they were stumped for the theme of their pageant. Nearly every period and every reign had been done to death, and the cry was all for a high moment in history that would offer a

(*Cont. on page 131*)

¶ "*I've carried you through too many breakdowns, Horace, to send you to the chair now,*" *said Dr. Emery.* "*The thing to do is to find a way of scientifically destroying Darricott, so that you won't suffer, Rachel won't suffer and I won't suffer.*"

Dress Reform?

NOT *for* O. O. McIntyre

¶ *What the well-dressed bridegroom wore back in 1908.*

AFTER spending nearly all of my so many years—we don't run around blabbing the exact number so freely after forty—trying to look like a marcelled boy in the collar ads, I find a sweeping dress reform for men exploited in the pages of this magazine.

It is a pretty low-down trick when you think of all the gibes and sneering asides many of us have suffered in the effort to be snappy dressers.

The zealots cry they want to "emancipate" mankind—to undo it all and go back to the one-gallused, hickory-shirt ease of our forefathers. They even suggest going back to the ancient tunics.

Imagine me walking up Fifth Avenue in the costume of a Roman gladiator, with my legs, and a dime-sized mole on my left shoulder! I, for one, think they are biting off more than they can chew. Even a cornered dude may fight back.

If you believe these reformists, all of us from Ward McAllister to Jimmy Walker have been running around in sartorial circles and getting nowhere. What we imagined was "putting on the lug" was just personal torture—the old hair shirt.

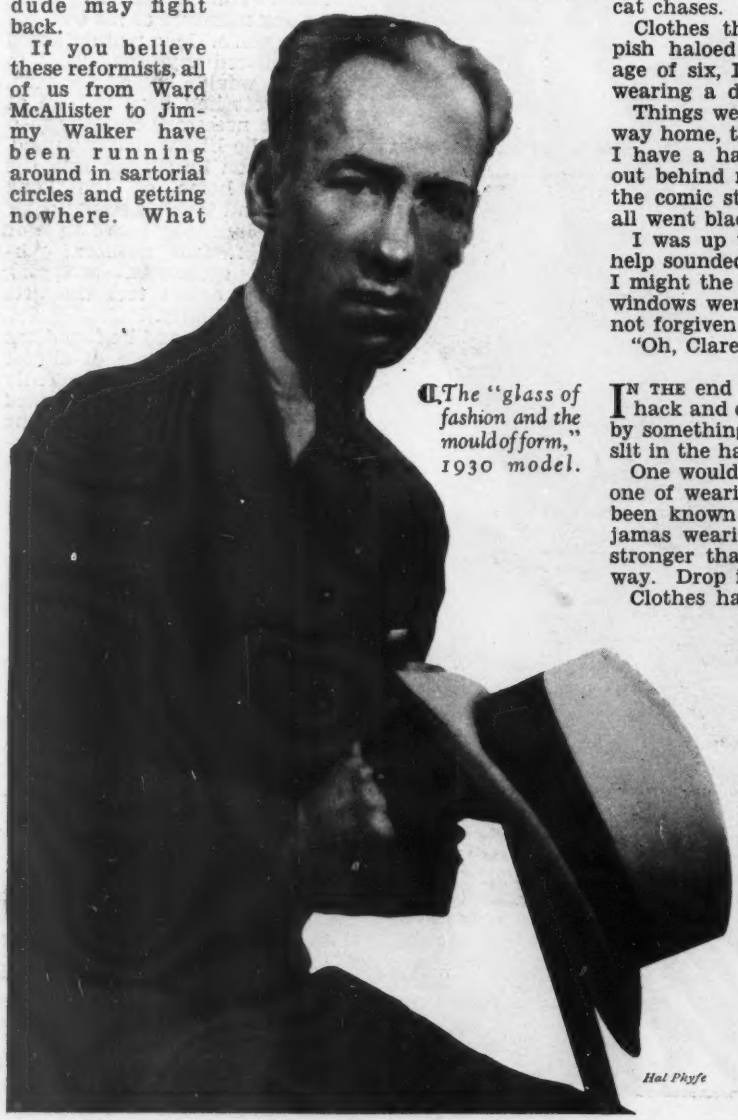
I have been following the foibles of fashion ever since I toddled out of kilts and into a mail-order blue velvet Lord Fauntleroy suit with a starched Eton collar—and a catcher's mask thrown in if you were bright enough to transpose the letters T R A to spell what a cat chases.

Clothes that other boys in our town thought foppish haloed my boyhood. I loved to dress. At the age of six, I brightened an already sunny morning by wearing a diminutive high silk hat to Sunday school.

Things went well until I reached, on my triumphant way home, the alley below Alexander Brothers' grocery. I have a hazy recollection of a boyish figure popping out behind me. There was a sound such as artists of the comic strip describe with the word "Skush!" And all went black.

I was up to my neck in a high hat and my cry for help sounded like a holler down a rain barrel. Tug as I might the hat was immovable. Doors flew open and windows went up along the block and someone who is not forgiven to this day cried out in thin falsetto:

"Oh, Clarence, where did you get that hat?"



Hal Phyfe

¶ *The "glass of fashion and the mould of form," 1930 model.*

IN THE end Tom Holmes gathered me up in his depot hack and delivered me to grandma, who, accompanied by something sounding like a suppressed snigger, cut a slit in the hat that freed an aching head.

One would think such an experience would cure anyone of wearing a high hat, but it didn't cure me. I've been known to sit around the house in a pair of pajamas wearing a high hat and fortified with nothing stronger than a mild brew of tea. I'm a cut-up that way. Drop in some time!

Clothes have always fascinated me. Today I follow a snappy dresser along New York streets in the manner of a dog following a covered wagon. For several nights I stood at the stage entrance of the old Century Theater just to watch the late Vernon Castle saunter out in a milk-white suit and lavender sport shirt.

When the dapper and dressy Michael Arlen arrived in America several years ago with his full evening dress featuring a corded white shirt, vest and tie of the same material and a huge single pearl stud, I ran a temperature. And I wasn't satisfied until I outfitted myself in the same manner.

People who know say my taste in clothes is atrocious—a sort of cross between a Harlem sheik and a circus parade gone wrong. But it doesn't matter much. I have had my fun.

My emotional nexus with fantastic color began early. I remember when I made my first trip home from college—the Phœnix College of Penmanship

and Typewriting—with a horse-blanket suit with trousers that ballooned from the hips like the puff sleeve of the day.

The dinky short coat hit me where my suspenders crossed. My mile-wide shoulders gave me the appearance of some muscle-bound Adonis with the heaves.

There was enough horsehair padding to stuff an anæmic sofa. The puff tie was a brilliant purple and my feet were encased in a pair of tan mountainous-toed low-cuts with bright yellow buttons.

Topping all this—and try to bear up—was a monogrammed postage-stamp cap, the bright wet green of a tree frog, pushed back on the crown of the head to give full play to the Raymond Hitchcock forelock.

Very few style changes escaped me. While other boys were hiding out in the hayloft to follow the breathless exploits of Diamond Dick and Frank Merriwell, I was buying city papers to study the clothing ads.

Nobody in our town had ever heard of the then current fashion plate, E. Berry Wall, and his two hundred and fifty suits and seventy-five overcoats. But I worshiped at his shrine. He was a greater hero to me than Babe Ruth is to the average youngster today.

WHEN the Metropolitan opened its season in New York and Mr. Wall appeared in the Horseshoe Circle in his broadcloth elegance I knew two days later via the old New York Sun just how he was dressed, right down to the cream satin vest with the cameo buttons.

I was the first boy in our town to wear a patented snap-on holder for coat lapels. This was a steel-spring conceit made after the fashion of the bicycle pants guards. It gave a verve—well, anyway, a certain something to the drooping lapels of the epoch.

Similarly I was the first and, if memory serves, the only person to appear in shoes of pebbled patent leather. This gave a sort of alligator-skin effect and was so utterly last-wordish that it inspired Ike Cliff, a low person who lived on the coal float, jealously to sneer: "Ain't you the egg?" as I passed by.

Furthermore, I practically introduced the raglan raincoat to our community, being beaten by just ten days by that handsome baseball idol Mike Donlin, who was out barnstorming with the Cincinnati Reds.

I had a collection of vests that ranged all the way from a few modest ones suggesting thousand-island dressing or the blanket on last season's Derby winner all the way up to a darb of flaming red with large pearl buttons the size of peppermint wafers.

Nearly all my young manhood I was pop-eyed from choke collars. I was constantly twisting my stretched neck around in such a manner that grandma thought I was getting "the jitties"—a nervous complaint that made you make faces all the time.

I wore hats with brims swooping up one side and flaring down on the other like Bob Hilliard in his palmy day. Hats with neat and slightly upturned rims and flat tops cupped in like a saucer. Alpines that pulled down in front like a cap visor. Straw hats with wind cords that fastened in the lapel buttonhole. I even had one of those brown derbies that Kin Hubbard describes as being "lined inside like a coffin."

And why not? After all, people get the ecstatic wallops out of this hoop-de-doo we call life in various ways. Some chase butterflies with a net; others trail lions through African jungles, fly oceans or poke around pyramids for ancient what nots.

My wallops have come through following the gradations and phenomena of style from peg trousers up to and including—now it is out and I feel better—the monocle! So far my monocle toting in America has been confined to wearing the black cord around my neck and permitting the glass to dangle guiltily under my coat, but I have hopes.

I was the one boy in all the world who really liked to wear his Fauntleroy suit.

Hal Phyfe

I go to London just to see my monocle maker.

I have worn white linen spats on the Bowery and strolled among dock wallopers swinging a cane. I have attended a round-up wearing a lapel rose, and live to record it. And you know what—I like perfume.

Frankly, I'm pleased as Punch that in ripening years my attitude has not changed. I still like to spruce up and step out. Too many people in middle years nurse the unshakable conviction a pair of spats, a wrist watch, four-pleated pants, a natty walking stick or even a monocle symbolize a Willie-off-the-pickle-boat.

The Great War disproved that nonsense long before ocean-crossing heroes of the air flew out of the morning mists—and often into eternity—all duded up with gewgaws a pre-war civilization looked upon as sissified.

The reformers may win—their record has been pretty good lately. But those of us who have carried on are not going to surrender our pink monogrammed handkerchiefs, sawed-off vests, fawn-topped shoes and such without an awful struggle.

Tucker, my pearl-gray derby!

By W. Somerset Maugham

A Strange Tale heard on Shipboard

Illustration by Dean Cornwell

I LEFT Bangkok on a shabby little boat of four or five hundred tons. The dingy saloon, which served also as dining room, had two narrow tables down its length with swivel chairs on both sides of them. The cabins were in the bowels of the ship and they were extremely dirty.

We dropped down the river, broad and lazy and smiling, and its green banks were dotted with little huts on piles standing at the water's edge. We crossed the bar, and the open sea, blue and still, spread before me. The look of it and the smell of it filled me with elation.

I had gone on board early in the morning and soon discovered that I was thrown amid the oddest collection of persons I had ever encountered. There were two French traders and a Belgian colonel, an Italian tenor, the American proprietor of a circus with his wife, and a retired French official with his.

The circus proprietor was what is termed a good mixer, a type which you fly from or welcome according to your mood. I happened to be feeling much pleased with life and before I had been on board an hour we had shaken for drinks, he had shown me his animals and told me all about our fellow passengers. He was a short fat man and his stengah-shifter, white but none too clean, outlined the noble proportions of his abdomen, but the collar was so tight that you wondered he did not choke.

He had a red, clean-shaven face, a merry blue eye and short, untidy sandy hair. He wore a battered topee well on the back of his head. His name was Wilkins and he was born in Portland, Oregon.

It appears that the Oriental has a passion for the circus and Mr. Wilkins for twenty years had traveled up and down the East from Port Said to Yokohama (Aden, Bombay, Madras, Calcutta, Rangoon, Singapore, Penang, Bangkok, Saigon, Hué, Hanoi, Hongkong, Shanghai—their names roll on the tongue savorily, crowding the imagination with sunshine and strange sounds and a multicolored activity) with his menagerie and his merry-go-rounds. It was a strange life he led, unusual and one that, you would have thought, must offer the occasion for all sorts of curious experiences, but the odd thing about him was that he was a commonplace little man and you would have been prepared to find him running a garage or keeping a third-rate hotel in a second-rate town in California.

The fact is, and I have noticed it so often that I do not know why it should always surprise me, that

A Marriage of Convenience

Mrs. Wilkins sat down with an abstracted, serious look and, with her eyes on the blue sea, suggested that she did not see why she shouldn't have a lemonade.

"My, it's hot," she murmured, fanning herself with the topee which she took off.

"Mrs. Wilkins feels the heat," said her husband. "She's had twenty years of it now."

"Twenty-two and a half," said Mrs. Wilkins, still looking at the sea.

"And she's never got used to it yet."

"Nor never shall and you know it," said Mrs. Wilkins.

She was the same size as her husband and just as fat and she had a round red face like his and the same sandy, untidy hair. I wondered if they had married because they were so exactly alike, or if in the course of years they had acquired this astonishing resemblance. She continued to look absently at the sea.

the extraordinariness of a man's life does not make him extraordinary, but contrariwise if a man is extraordinary he will make extraordinariness out of a life as humdrum as that of a country curate.

The Italian singer passed us and Mr. Wilkins told me that he was a Neapolitan who was on his way to Hongkong to rejoin his company, which he had been forced to leave owing to an attack of malaria in Bangkok. He was an enormous fellow, and very fat.

"He ain't very sociable," said Mr. Wilkins. "He took the cigar I gave him, but he wouldn't have a drink. I shouldn't wonder if there wasn't somethin' rather queer about him."

THEN a little fat woman in white came on deck holding by the hand a wou-wou monkey which walked solemnly by her side.

"This is Mrs. Wilkins," said the circus proprietor, "and our youngest son. Draw up a chair, Mrs. Wilkins, and meet this gentleman. I don't know his name, but he's already paid for two drinks for me and if he can't shake any better than he has yet he'll pay for one for you, too."

"Have you shown him the animals?" she asked.

"You bet your life I have."

"What did he think of Percy?"

"Thought him fine."

I could not but feel that I was being unduly left out of a conversation of which I was at all events partly the subject, so I asked:

"Who's Percy?"

"Percy's our eldest son. There's a flyin' fish, Elmer. He's the orang-utan. Did he eat his food well this morning?"

"Fine. He's the biggest orang-utan in captivity. I wouldn't take a thousand dollars for him."

"And what relation is the elephant?" I asked.

Mrs. Wilkins did not look at me, but with her blue eyes still gazed indifferently at the sea.

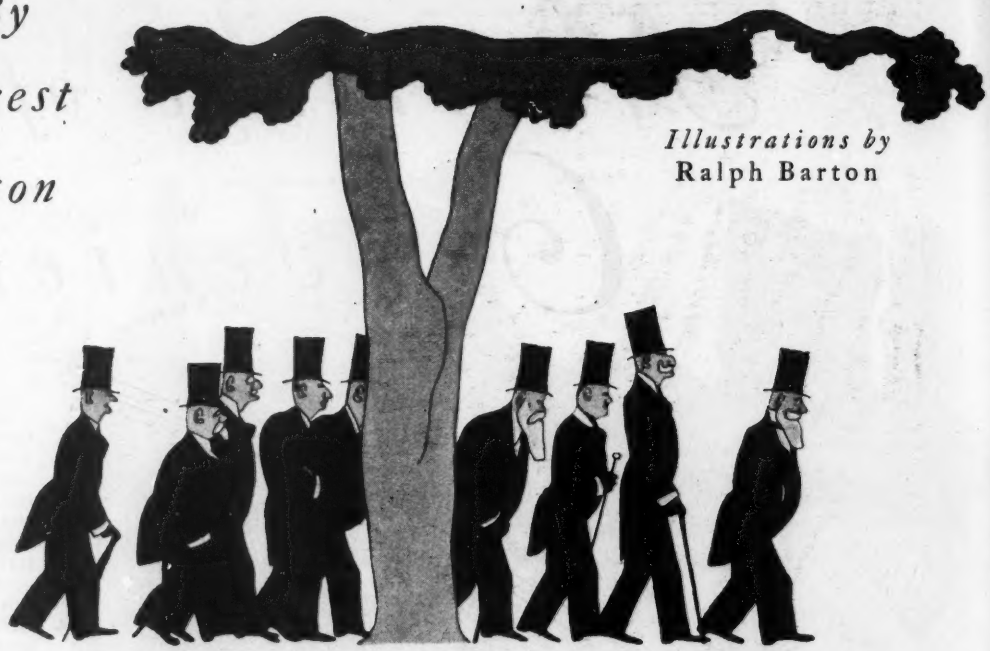
"He's no relation," she answered. "Only a friend."

The boy brought lemonade for Mrs. Wilkins, whisky and soda for her husband and gin and tonic for me. We shook dice and I signed the chit.

"It must come expensive if he always loses when he shakes," Mrs. Wilkins murmured to the coast line.

"I guess Egbert would like (*Continued on page 154*)

By Forrest Wilson



Illustrations by Ralph Barton

A Mysterious Episode *in* That Dear Paris

Very

AN IMPATIENT and stationary chorus of auto horns drew Monsieur Etienne Bergonier, whose satirical column, "Mon Théâtre," in the Courrier du Soir, was the daily delight of his fellow Parisians, to his office window, which looked down slantingly across the Place de l'Opéra. A traffic tie-up at the arterial heart of Paris! The event might give Monsieur Bergonier another paragraph in support of his cynical theory that sooner or later civilization would suffocate itself.

A glance, however, showed him that the cause of the stoppage was a passing funeral. Well, you couldn't blame civilization for a funeral; and moreover, funerals were not exactly in Monsieur Bergonier's line. In his "theater" he preferred the struttings of the comedians to their exits. His work clamored for him to return to it, but he found his attention held by the sheer magnificence of the procession.

It was, his expert appraisal told him, a funeral of at least the third class—perhaps the second. Four special funerary policemen, silk-stockinged ordinator carrying a wand, a quartet of mutes in frock coats and silk breeches, a four-plumed hearse, horses caparisoned in sable and led by booted equerries, the driver's livery laced with silver! On the horses' coverings and upon the valance below the driver's seat appeared the initial "F" in silver embroidery.

Monsieur Bergonier was about to turn away when he observed a peculiar phenomenon. The file of marchers behind the flowery hearse was composed entirely of men—old men, as he could see presently, some of them feeble and helping themselves with canes. They were old men of importance. Glints of color appeared on their lapels—the red ribbons and buttons of France's order of knighthood—and Monsieur Bergonier, who knew everybody, identified individuals: Monsieur Hervé, the phonograph manufacturer; Monsieur Laurent Gie, the novelist; Saint-Didier, the banker.

"Bizarre!" exclaimed the journalist. "I have read of no decease capable of drawing such formidable assistance."

He saw the round form, pink complexion and centrifugal white whiskers of Monsieur Toufflin, the Minister of Pensions. And then, just behind that politician, stalked a figure which made Monsieur Bergonier's eyes dilate.

It was a gigantic man, a man every bit as old as the others, but towering above them all, his bony body erect. It was, however, the man's face that commanded attention—the set, pitiless mouth, never varying its expression, the silvery mustache twisted upward into two spiny points, the hawklike nose, the frozen eyes sunk under two black thickets of brows. A face that forbade familiarity—a mask of a face implacably powerful and passionate. There was something fanatical in it. One thought of the Spanish inquisition. Velásquez might have painted such a face.

Monsieur Bergonier had looked upon it once before, and his lips now pursed into a soundless whistle. He fancied he was the only man in Paris who could identify this extraordinary individual.

His fascinated gaze clung to the tall figure until it passed out of sight, and then returned to the automobiles in the procession. But for their chauffeurs, these were all vacant, except the first, a limousine fit for a duchess. The curtains of this one were drawn, only the liveried driver being visible.

Monsieur Bergonier stepped to the telephone. "Henri de Borniol," he argued. "Only Henri de Borniol undertakes such pomps as these." He called that establishment.

"WHAT grand personage are you interring today, Monsieur?" he asked of the man who answered, when he had explained his own identity.

"Not any, Monsieur," came the response. "Not any of an importance."

"A funeral with a veritable brigade of Swisses and body-biters ahead," persisted the journalist. "A deceased with the initial 'F.'"

"Ah, yes," agreed the voice. "There is one of that definition, but nothing to interest you, Monsieur Bergonier. Only a barber."

"A barber!"

"A barber named Félix."

private Scandal

"But how could the means of a barber permit such a funeral?"

"I do not know, Monsieur," replied the undertaker's man. "It is Monsieur Saint-Didier, the banker, who has given us the order."

Saint-Didier commanding an expensive funeral for a barber!

"What cemetery, Monsieur?" asked the journalist.

"Père-Lachaise."

Monsieur Bergonier snatched his hat and overcoat and hurried down the stairs. In front he hailed a taxicab.

"Conduct to the Place de la Bastille, my old one," he bade the driver, "but escape well the Rue de Rivoli. It arrives to engorge itself there, the circulation, at the moment."

At the Bastille he dismissed the cab and stood on the corner, looking up the Rue Saint-Antoine. He was in time. The head of the cortège was just rounding the bend. Monsieur Bergonier waited for the hearse to pass, then stepped out into the street and fell in beside Monsieur Toufflin.

"Thousand pardons, Monsieur the Minister," he apologized, "but is it an impertinence to inquire what this may be?"

The pink-faced politician looked at him indulgently. "Not at all, Monsieur Bergonier. These"—he waved his hand to indicate his white-haired companions of the march—"are the Félix Association."

"I rest still little clarified, Monsieur the Minister."

"We are the ancient clients of Félix," explained Monsieur Toufflin.

"And Félix?"

"Félix was our barber. He is in the coffin ahead."

"But Monsieur the Minister," protested Monsieur Bergonier, "so much as I esteem my own barber, still I would not assist at his funeral."

"You are yet young, Monsieur Bergonier," the politician reminded him. "This, it is a thing different. Had Félix survived another thirty of days, he would have had eighty-six years. For some ones of us he had been tailoring the beard and trying to save the hairs for fifty and even sixty years."

Having crossed the Place de la Bastille, the procession turned into the narrow and rough Rue de la Roquette, slowing its pace for the accommodation of feet none too sure upon the slippery cobbles. It progressed to an eternal lifting of hats and crossing of breasts.

"At the end he took a grand feebleness," observed an old man in the line. "For months he had to drag his right foot along in steps only a few centimeters in length."

"That was the operation we gave him," said Monsieur Toufflin.

"You gave him?" asked Monsieur Bergonier in some surprise.

"The Félix Association," explained the Cabinet Minister. "We sent him to the best surgeon and prolonged his life ten years, though it crippled him."

"TEN years?" repeated Monsieur Bergonier. "Well, what age has this Félix Association, Monsieur the Minister?"

"Monsieur Saint-Didier founded it the year Félix had seventy years," calculated the politician. "Let it be, sixteen years ago."

"Then," concluded Monsieur Bergonier, "it ensues itself that you must have spent much of silver upon your barber."

"Sufficient, sufficient," agreed Monsieur Toufflin, "though not too much. The month of March each year for Félix in the south, to evade the wind and cold of Paris; each summer a month in the country. And—ah, yes—the nurse, to pass his apartment every day to look after him."

"All that for a barber?"

"A barber very special, Monsieur—aged."

"Naturally, the proprietor of his salon of hairdressing?"

"But no; only an employee. Yet in a certain sense, Monsieur Bergonier, he was independent. He was at least proprietor of his own chair, if only by right of long possession."

"Monsieur the Minister, Messieurs," said Monsieur Bergonier, "I find myself profoundly touched by this."

"Then to what degree are we moved, Monsieur," said a man in front, turning as he walked, "when one considers that for the most part of us Félix has tailored the hairs since youth?"

"He went so quickly," quavered an old mourner. "Only last week he has razored me, and his old trembling hands have not cut me one time. And now——"

He choked with an influx of self-pity which the aged often feel at the passing of a contemporary. Several other marchers who heard blew their noses.

The cortège had reached the Place Voltaire, cutting the streams of traffic on the boulevard of that name. Again a pugnacious honking of taxicabs caught in the tie-up.

"I recall the wife of Félix," said Monsieur Toufflin. "She is dead since many years now; but when she sat at the desk of the barbering salon, she was a pretty woman —even a tempting one."

"The wife dead?" broke in Monsieur Bergonier eagerly. "Then, Monsieur the Minister, will you tell me who occupies that first automobile back there, with the curtains firmed?"

The eyes of Monsieur Toufflin gleamed with the satisfaction of telling this man, who knew everything about Paris, something new about Paris. "It is the daughter of Félix," he replied innocently. "Borelli."

"Borelli—Huguette!" exclaimed Monsieur Bergonier, genuinely astonished. "Well, I have always known that her father was a barber. So it was this one, this Félix of yours, eh? *Tiens, tiens!*"

"Me, I had nearly forgotten it," confessed the Minister. "When Borelli made her first grand success at the Comédie Française, I knew that she was the daughter of Félix; but since many years I have not heard Félix to mention her name. By degrees one has forgotten. Then Borelli has become so great that one has pleased oneself to believe that one has deceived oneself in that ancient rumor. But today Borelli is at the apartment for the funeral, and now Borelli follows with us after Félix, the only woman."

"And with the curtains of her car firmed," commented Monsieur Bergonier maliciously. "Well, why not? A resplendent funeral, one understands—an event that might well be edited in the journals—naturally, Borelli, with her château in Périgord, her villa at Cap d'Ail and her particular hôtel on the Bois, does not desire her public to know that her proper father was a barber interred by the benevolence of his clients."

"That is perhaps the uncharitable manner in which to envisage it, Monsieur Bergonier," chided Monsieur Toufflin mildly.

"A woman without shame!" came a harsh voice behind them.

All turned to look. It was the towering, bony, Velásquez-like man, with the predatory nose and the white waxed mustaches, who had spoken so abruptly. As he walked he held himself as uncompromisingly rigid as ever, and when he spoke, as the quick eye of Monsieur Bergonier noted, his lips merely parted to emit the words and never once changed their austere expression.

Monsieur Toufflin, the Minister of Pensions, studied curiously this impressive figure.

"Without doubt you come from the provinces, Monsieur," he remarked. "We others of Paris, we do not speak of our great cranes in such terms. With us, when a woman has had enough of lovers, she becomes a personage for that cause alone."

Monsieur Bergonier watched the effect of this utterance upon its recipient, but across the forbidding features there flitted not a shadow of evidence that there had been any effect at all. The dour visage was held severely ahead, though Monsieur Bergonier noticed that under their bushy brows the man's eyes constantly turned to regard objects along the street.

At the moment the procession was passing the barred windows of a detention house for youthful malefactors.

"Prisons for the infants of her poor; palaces for her prostitutes—it is why this Paris of yours marches to her perdition, Messieurs," spoke the grim giant.

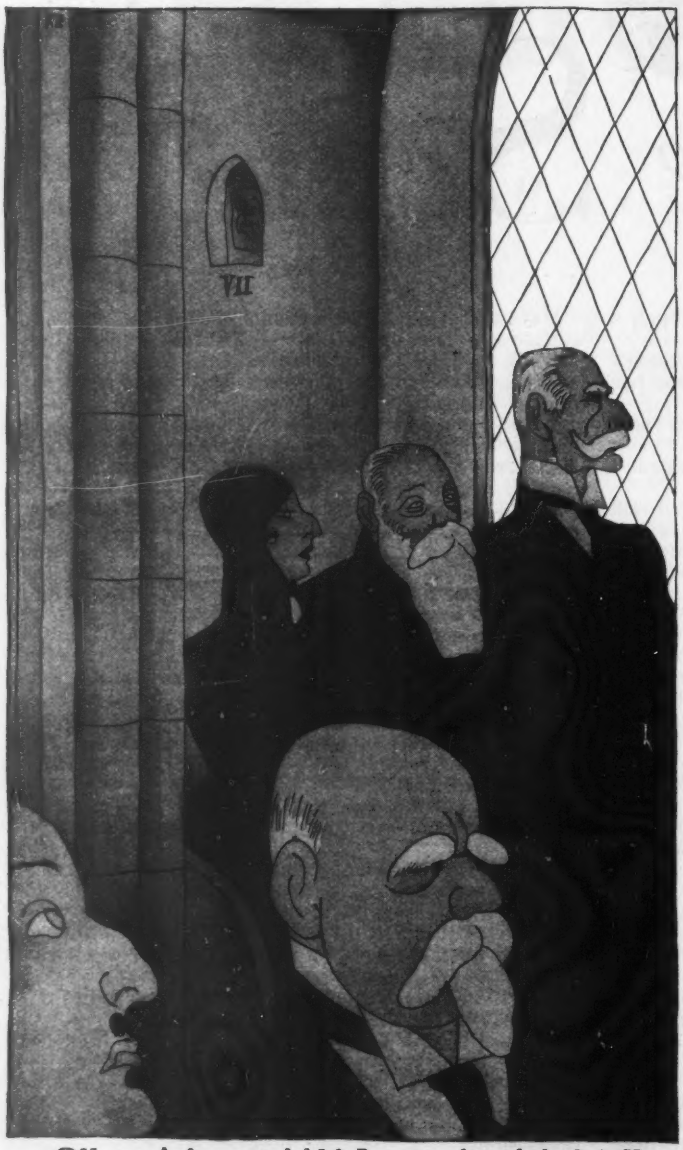
Monsieur Toufflin ahead made a grimace of distaste.

"Me also, I think she marches to perdition," said Monsieur Bergonier, "though not for the same reason."

"Messieurs," pleaded one of the old marchers, "this is scarcely the convenient occasion to dispute t[illegible] of our city. It is more in measure, [illegible] all since one dispenses with the funer[illegible]oration, that one talks of the merits of that good boy Félix."

There was a growl of assent to this.

"Not a man of a grand intelligence, this Félix, you comprehend, Monsieur Bergonier," explained Monsieur Toufflin, "but he was always very genteel—a charming companion for an hour. All the world was affectionate to him. I doubt if he ever had an enemy."



Huguette's face reminded M. Bergonier of somebody else! He had only to shift his eyes to see the silhouette of the stranger.

Forrest Wilson

"But yes, he has had one once," declared a marcher. "An animosity well singular, Messieurs; in effect, impenetrable. I will recount you the history. It has arrived by hazard—it is very long-time ago, Messieurs—that I have mentioned before Félix the name of the grand magnate Poniapoff."

Monsieur Bergonier grew suddenly more alert and bent toward the speaker, the better to hear.

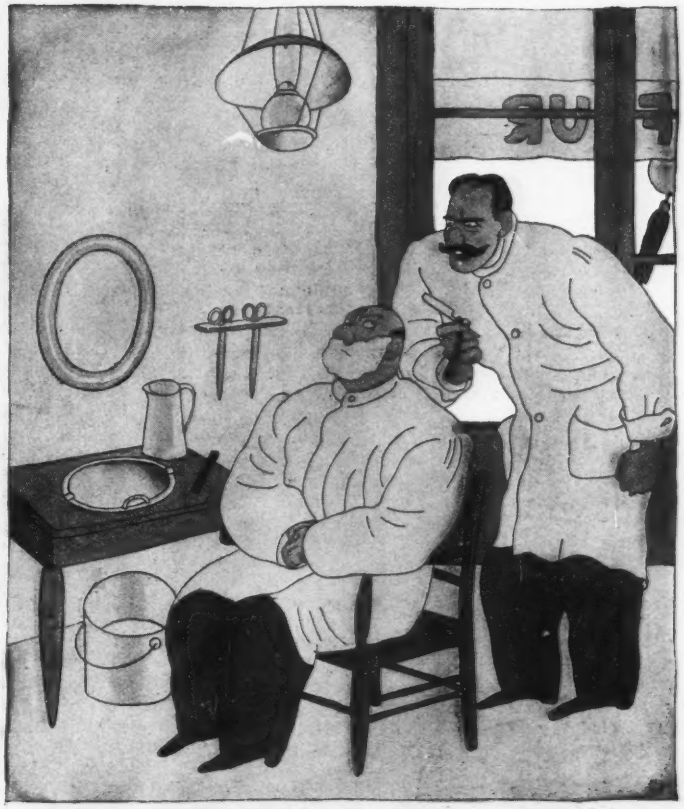
"Messieurs," continued the latter, "never has one forgotten the effect. Félix—then a young man relatively, do you understand?—was before me, his hand shaking so that it has nearly let to fall the razor.

" 'Monsieur,' he has said to me, his eyes glaring, 'if you were this Poniapoff and me here with this razor like this, never would you lift yourself up from that chair again.'

"And then he has suddenly demanded pardon and prayed me to forget his transport. But also he has supplicated me not to say Poniapoff's name to him again. Never did I see Félix like that before or since. I assure you, Messieurs, it was frightening. But yes, he had an enemy."

"Me also, I am witness to very much the same thing," added another marcher eagerly. "I forget the circumstances now. Without doubt it was some such similar thing—more soon or more late in Paris one does mention Poniapoff—but whatever that may be of it, Félix has confessed to me his hate for that man."

"Extraordinary!" exclaimed one of the listeners. "Not that I know has Alexandre Poniapoff ever been in Paris. For thirty years at least, to my cognizance, he has rested always in Gironde, a recluse, a religionist, and—the richest man in France."



¶ "*Monsieur, if you were this Poniapoff and me here like this, never would you lift yourself up from that chair again!*"

"And the most sinister and obscure," commented another. "We are all men of affairs here, in Paris and in France, is it not? Has one of us ever seen Poniapoff, or even his photograph in a journal? I doubt of it. Have you, for example, Monsieur the Minister?"

"Never," answered Monsieur Toufflin; "and I make it my affair to know the men of eminence in France."

"See there!" said the former, proving his point. "If a politician does not know someone, who knows him?"

"One says," vouchsafed an old man of the group, "he walls himself into his château, this Poniapoff, and receives none but the priests of the cult to which he attaches himself. That man must be mad. One tells of bizarre events which conduct themselves within—voices from spirits, for example. There may be excesses even more unchained."

"Absurdity!" pronounced Monsieur Toufflin. "Such things are always exaggerated. Without doubt the man is no more extreme in his opinions than any noncomformist or Wesleyan who takes his religion with the seriousness."

The cortège had reached the gates of the cemetery. The concierge threw them open, and the file went through. The attention of Monsieur Bergonier was caught by a monument at the entrance, and as his eyes followed it backward, the stalwart form of the tall provincial strode into his field of vision. But if that man were taking the slightest interest in the discussion, his set, arrogant face did not betray it.

Monsieur Saint-Didier turned his chiseled features to face the group which had been engaged in this conversation.

"Messieurs," he reproved them, "one approaches the end of our march. Can I suggest that one now lets to fall the subject of Monsieur Poniapoff that we may render to Félix the tribute of our last thoughts?"

"Pardon!" came several voices, contritely; and a single voice continued: "One had forgotten, Monsieur Saint-Didier, that Poniapoff is the owner of your bank. One had assured himself that no one here has known Poniapoff; but you, Monsieur, must have met him."

"Yes," said the banker shortly, "I have met him."

"Then I like well to believe," the speaker continued, "that we have not wounded you with our remarks. For our proper tranquillity of soul will you, Monsieur, have the goodness to instruct us whether these legends one has repeated make justice to that extraordinary man?"

"Following the ethic, Monsieur, I cannot discuss my principal," replied Monsieur Saint-Didier. "Of more, here, at this time, that would be a question of taste."

"But Monsieur Saint-Didier," protested the old man who had first spoken of Félix's enemy, "with me, at least, it is not a question of taste. For very much of my life have I guarded this mystery. What is more natural now, the last hour with Félix, that I should recall it one more time? Without doubt, in finance Alexandre Poniapoff has made himself sufficient of enemies during his rise, but how is it arrived that he has been in conflict with a poor barber having no more than two sous to rub together?"

"Monsieur Saint-Didier has reason," broke in Monsieur Toufflin pacifically. "Even though a mystery, it is not worth the pain to try to explore it. Of more, it is well possible that it may not be extraordinary, as a history. Always have I heard that Poniapoff, before he has captured all the petrol that the Americans and English have missed, was not but a poor clerk in Paris. By consequence an encounter with Félix was always possible."

"He made great wrong to Félix one time," spoke the harsh voice behind, and once more all turned to gaze curiously upon the stony countenance of the stranger.

"Well," exclaimed Monsieur Toufflin, "evidently not one, but two among us know this Poniapoff."

"No one save God knows him—or any other man," fell from the impassive lips. "But so much one can say: in making of the wrong to this Félix here he hazarded his proper soul, if he did not lose it all in fact. All his life he has tried to expiate, but he has violated that one of God's commandments for which there is no expiation."

Monsieur Toufflin shrugged (*Continued on page 138*)

Drawing by Harrison Fisher

¶ *Although Lona was polo mad and played on the women's team her interest in today's contest had little to do with the game itself. Her concern was for Van Dereham.*

The Sporting Chance

By Wyndham Martyn

LONA WARREN did not come to the country club until the polo players were already on the field and the referee was about to throw in the ball.

The girl did not join her family in their front-row box but made her way to an empty seat almost at the back of the stand, where she was hidden from the box-holders.

This semifinal match she was to witness was for her the most important polo game of her life. Although Lona was polo mad and played on the women's team, her interest in today's contest had little to do with the game itself. Her concern was for Van Dereham, a tall long-limbed lad who was number two on the San Onofre team captained by her brother Effingham Warren.

Van was the central figure about which Effie Warren had built up his team, the daring rider, the goal scorer, the one player of them all who had that touch of genius about his work which marks the stars of the game. Van was a handsome boy, dark, mahogany-tanned, and for all his daring, he had a certain delicacy about his face, a wistfulness in his expression that made him seem younger than his twenty-three years. A generous, smiling face which became easily petulant under criticism; a face women found it easy to forgive and hard to forget.

The home team, San Onofre, was meeting a four from Encinitas down the coast, a team about which little was known. It was made up mainly of Easterners, who had built homes in the southern California mountains and had brought with them that faint tinge of superiority which the East is inclined to exhibit toward the West until the spiritual change has been accomplished.

Lona's bench was suddenly filled with late comers. She was glad they were strangers. The man and woman nearest Lona were talking of Van Dereham.

"If he's on the top of his game," said the man, "I don't think we have a chance. That boy is running Eric Pedley close right now, and Eric's the best they've got out here."

"Why shouldn't he be on his game?" the woman demanded. She was a dark, exquisitely dressed creature, Lona noted, and not much interested in her companion's expert criticism.

"There are two sorts of drinking poloists," he laughed. "The fortunate and the unfortunate. One, when he's lit up, sees the pill the size of a medicine ball; the other sees it dwindle to the size of a golf ball and that size is deuced hard to hit.

"The low-down I got about Dereham is that when he's illuminated he doesn't see it at all. What he does is to ride magnificently and think he's herding cows back on the parental ranch at Sweetwater."

THE speaker did not see the flaming hate in the eyes of the pretty girl on the other side of the wooden support. It was as though the whole world shared her secret and made mock of the man she loved. It was because she feared he would play badly that she was even now hidden away from her kin and friends.

"Dereham has about the most accurate and longest on-drives in the game. An on-drive," the speaker explained to his bewildered companion, "is the hardest shot in the game. At least it always is to me. The on is the left side of the horse and it's a backhand stroke and the player has to be leaning away from his horse to make it. It's the stroke of all strokes that calls for a good eye and unalcoholized judgment."

The dark woman's eyes were on Van Dereham. "What a handsome devil!"

Lona added the woman to her hatreds.

"What do looks matter on a polo field?" the man said impatiently. "If your handsome devil is cold sober he's worth seven goals to any team. If he's off his game, as he seems to be today, his rating drops to a goal or less." The man with the hard eyes and the hawk profile sighed. "That kid has everything and he's going to waste himself on booze."

"You don't seem to call it wasting yourself," his companion retorted.

"It's different with me," he said, frowning. "If I had the luck to be his age, unencumbered, the world before me and the road clear, I'd cut out the singing, the drinking and the women"—he looked at his companion—"and particularly the women, my dear Estelle."

"Mothers with pretty daughters would sigh in relief," the woman mocked. "Have we got to sit up here on this hard bench all the afternoon?"

"Directly this chukker's over we'll go down (*Continued on page 166*)

Sketches by Paul Brown

Téa Núa Núa

EVERET BRUCE, JR., barefoot, dressed in a pair of abbreviated white duck trousers and a singlet, looked very unlike the living skeleton which had been carried from the roof of a hospital to a snow-white stateroom in the lovely schooner Greenwater, lying off the New York Yacht Club pier in the North River.

So his parents thought. And in their wonder at the change carried their admiration of him perhaps too far.

But he had filled out wonderfully, the sun and wind had tanned him to a clear golden brown, and his eyes shone with health, interest and amusement.

Yachting is usually done in parties. And usually each party contains two or three more persons than can be accommodated with comfort. But when the doctor commanded a long voyage for Everet Bruce, Jr., his father made no such mistake. His party was composed of himself, his wife and the boy.

"The three of us," he explained to Mrs. Bruce, "have had good times ashore, and there is no reason why we shouldn't have the same thing at sea. I don't know one end of a yacht from another, but I do know that I don't like to share a bathroom with anybody. Greenwater has three master bathrooms, five staterooms, a sitting room, a dining room and a magnificent ice machine, and as she has already gone once around the world without tipping over, I imagine she can do it again."

She did. That is, she went all the way from New York to San Francisco via the Atlantic, Mediterranean, Suez Canal and other seas, oceans and waters, and all the way in all kinds of weather behaved like a lady.

In that year and a half Bruce Junior kept a private log. Each day he put down the yacht's position, the state of the sea and of the weather, and made a note of anything unusual which might occur. If a ship was sighted he made a neat outline sketch of her to adorn his neatly written text, and he did the same with whales and other phenomena of the deep.

Now and then he made comments. As, for instance:

"This day comes in with a cold fog and rugged water. No need to ascertain the ship's position, as we are at anchor in San Francisco Bay. Every now and then a portion of the city can be seen. Read a poem once:

> At the ends of your streets are spars,
> At the ends of your streets are stars.

It's true about San Francisco. A steep city.

"Ashore and to the dentist. A jolly fellow who said he couldn't make a living off teeth like mine. The sun came out and I walked and walked. Saw lots of awfully good-looking girls and motors. Bought some books to read about the South Seas where we're going next. Feel like a million dollars and have got so I can chin myself with one hand. The hospital and the little old water mattress seem a long way off.

"Got talking with an awfully pretty girl in a drug store. Name Fifi. Mother says she never knew a really good woman named Fifi. Anyway, if we'd been alone in the drug store this girl would have let me kiss her. I wonder how a man knows. I always know and want to, but somehow I'm scared to try. Asked Mother if I could take Fifi to dinner and the Orpheum one night. She said sure I could. So ends this day."

THE entry for the next day was shorter:

"This day comes in bright and clear. The old Navigator [Bruce Senior] has made up his mind to sail this afternoon for the Marquesas. Wonder if my wanting to take a strange girl to the Orpheum has had anything to do with it? I sure did like that girl. She was almost the same color as honey (Mother says there's a powder just that color) and awful cute."

"July 1st, 1928. Nukahiva. This day comes in like the last three with a simply marvelous sunrise and a cool breeze. This is my first South Sea island and I like it fine, but it's awful melancholy because of so many people having died because of missionaries and white people and other diseases.

"Got talking to an awfully pretty Marquesan girl, who could spout French to beat the band, and we went to see her father and mother and they said I could come and live with them if I wanted to, and anyway I'd got to stay and eat. They were having sucking pig. They hadn't meant to have it, but a coconut fell out of a tree on it, and broke its spine. We had crab, too, and breadfruit and bread.

"Mother thought I was climbing a mountain all the time. And that's what I really did go ashore for. Only it looked awful high and bushy and hot. After lunch we spread out on mats and chinned, and got drowsy and all had a nap. .Tua looks

¶ *"When I got closer I saw the girl was Téa Núa Núa. I never felt so bad before—ever."*

A Story *from* far off *the* Beaten Path

by Gouverneur Morris

Illustrations by Gustaf Tenggren

like she was nineteen years old; but she's only thirteen. If I'd known she was only a baby I'd have kissed her like I wanted to.

"She's just the same color as Fifi, only it isn't powder, and has a pair of eyes you could drown kittens in. I could be in love with her easy and understand why Melville hung out so long in the Typee valley. Some of the Marquesan women wear rotten-looking Mother Hubbards, but some of them wear *pareus*, which is just a big piece of red cloth with a white pattern on it.

"That's all Tua wears. But she keeps better covered than lots of swell white ladies in fur coats.

"THERE'S a river goes right by their house and ends in a pool by the sea, and evenings everybody that lives near goes swimming in it. Tua and I went. There's no undressing. You just go in as is. Tua in her *pareu* and me in my singlet and shorts, and afterward you just potter about till you dry. Some of the children didn't wear anything and looked awful cute.

"Tua got fresh and ducked me when I wasn't looking, and then hid under water so long that I thought she was drowned, and got over all my vengeful thoughts and was awful scared. But when she came up she wasn't even out of breath and was busting with laughter. So I chased her, and when I caught her there didn't seem anything to do but laugh too.

"Confessed to Mother about not going up the mountain, and all about Tua. Mother only said, 'Don't you ever make any *boy* friends?' Well, I do; lots. Only lately it seems like I was kind of crazy about girls. After all, they're so feminine."

"July 2nd. This day comes in with a fair wind and us getting up anchor and bound for Papeete. Curses."

A few days after the Greenwater had anchored in the harbor of Papeete Mrs. Bruce wrote a long letter to her sister Mrs. Attwater.

"A dear spot, this," she wrote, "and I thank heaven that Junior has run across some boys he used to go to school with, who are stopping at a hotel here between steamers. I think it's so much better for him, my dear, don't you, than running about by himself all the time and all and all?"

This phrase was followed by an account of a ball at the Cercle Provincial. Mrs. Bruce had danced with the governor, and Junior and his old schoolmates had danced with all the young misses and drunk more champagne than was good for them.

"But I am not worried about his drinking," she wrote; "though we always have things to drink at meals and on the sideboard, he hardly ever touches a drop and is fond of hard exercise and baths. So I excuse him for taking a glass of champagne too much, and being noisy.

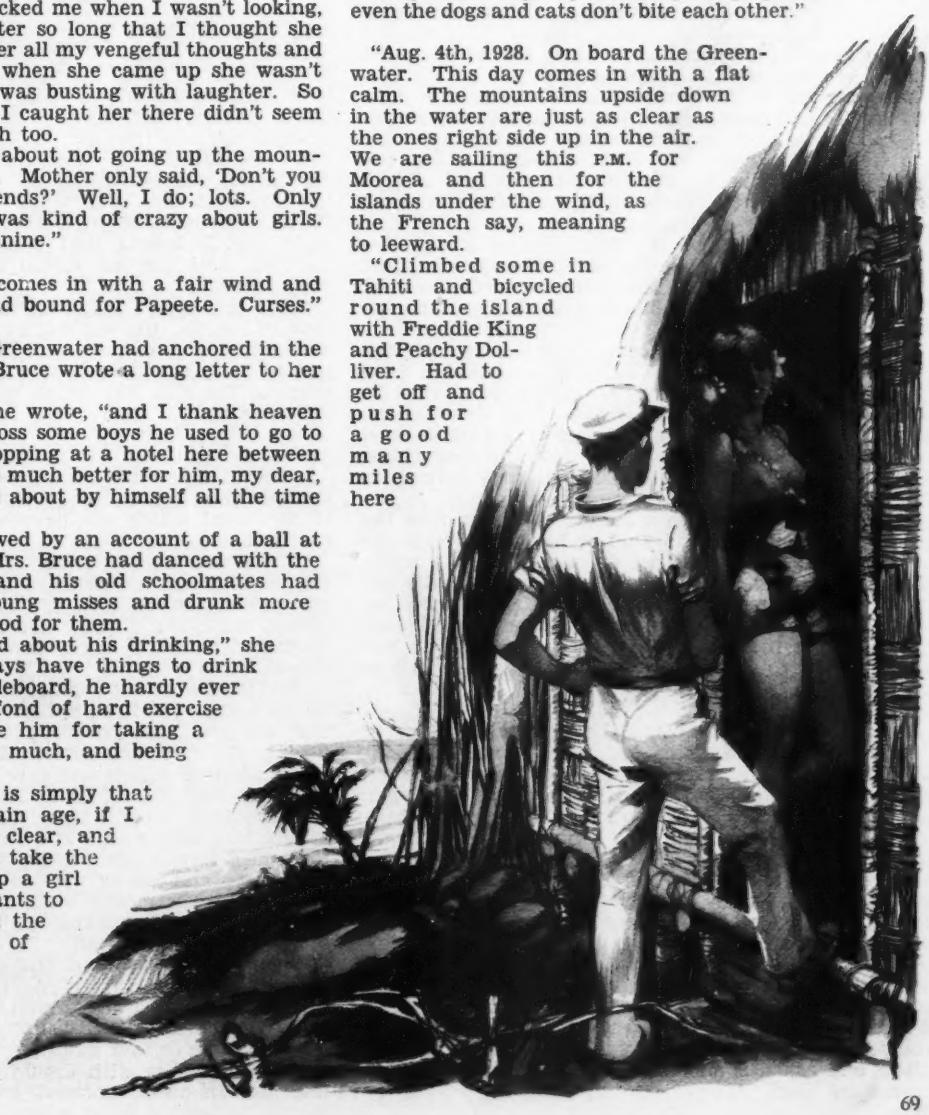
"What does worry us is simply that he has reached a certain age, if I make myself perfectly clear, and after all it's so easy to take the first steps. He picks up a girl in San Francisco and wants to take her to dinner and the Orpheum, and I said of course, by all means, and then we sailed in a hurry for the Marquesas. There he picks up a young savage named Tua—the one in San Francisco was named Fifi and I imagine that in the Polynesian language Tua means the same thing—and we sail in a hurry for here, and Junior didn't look any too cheerful about it for a day and a half.

"There are a good many Americans and English here and we have been much visited and entertained. Junior wants us to buy a plantation for him and says he would make copra out of coconuts, but Senior says he'd better look about a little longer before he settles to anything.

"One doesn't like to generalize but some of the men one meets in these islands seem to have gone pretty well to pieces, but on the contrary others haven't and are doing well. Senior and Junior both say that the place is a kind of paradise, because nobody has to work unless he wants to and the water is so pure that they use it on automobile batteries, and nobody scolds anybody for being naughty and even the dogs and cats don't bite each other."

"Aug. 4th, 1928. On board the Greenwater. This day comes in with a flat calm. The mountains upside down in the water are just as clear as the ones right side up in the air. We are sailing this P.M. for Moorea and then for the islands under the wind, as the French say, meaning to leeward.

"Climbed some in Tahiti and bicycled round the island with Freddie King and Peachy Dolliver. Had to get off and push for a good many miles here



"*She never argued about anything. All she said was I needn't go if I didn't want to.*"

¶ *"Tua got fresh. So I chased her and when I caught her there didn't seem anything to do but laugh."*

and there. Freddie and Peachy want to settle down here. They're both in love with two sisters, but their families have told them to come home at once and won't send them any more money. Freddie will go into his father's bank and Peachy will sell lace curtains on the road.

"Last night there was a big party out in the country. We went in two automobiles and waked up a family that had three daughters in it that are celebrated dancers. I didn't drink much but Freddie and Peachy and some of the other men got stinko, and went swimming in the moonlight without any clothes on, and the girls didn't have any on, either, and did some swell diving from a cliff. It was kind of a raw party, I thought. I didn't have fun. I guess I was embarrassed. So ends this day."

"AUG. 15th, 1928. Raiatea. This day, Napoleon's and my birthday, comes in kind of chuckling. I'm of age; I can vote; I can do anything I want without being a juvenile delinquent. And all I want—it's funny, but all I want is to marry and settle down, and Mother says that's the one thing she prays for.

"The big fun in these waters is the sailing canoes. I bet they'll do twenty miles an hour in a blow and two or three men have to stand on the outrigger to keep 'em from going over. The steering paddle is also the centerboard. It's made of wood that sinks and is eight feet six long and two feet across the blade. It takes some man to manage them.

"These islanders have the finest bodies I ever saw except their legs are all scarred and battered from coral. From the waist up most of the young men look like Jack Dempsey, only made of gold. And what they can't lift is nobody's business.

"Pateo on the nearest island six miles away is the great port for canoes, and I've hired one and her crew for all the time we are here. Am going for a cruise in her and meet up with the Greenwater from time to time. There's two big islands here, all inside of one lagoon, and dozens of little ones, and lots of fish and everything. You could sail hundreds of miles without putting to sea, and anchor in a different cove every night.

"Last night we went to a picture. A feller read the titles to the audience and kind of helped out with the acting. I sat next to Mother on one side and a pretty girl on the other. Mother went to sleep and the girl put her hand in mine and I held it till Mother waked up.

"I never saw girls so friendly. They don't even bother for you to be introduced, and when you go away and leave 'em they just look around for somebody else to be friendly to."

"Aug. 25th, 1928. On board the Greenwater.

"Homeward bound. This day comes in with a strong wind off the land and heavy rain. Everything is so wet that only one match out of ten lights, and my best pair of tan going-ashore shoes have blue whiskers on them.

"I've got a lot to write up. Started cruising in my canoe on the sixteenth. There was a peach of a wind and we made the six-mile run to Pateo in about twenty minutes. Didn't want to spend the night there, but my crew invited themselves to a wedding that had got hold of a barrel of rum, and ran out on me.

"The wind having gone flat, I hired a paddling canoe and thought I'd paddle out to one of the little coral islands and see what it looked like close to. The man I hired the canoe from went up to his house to fetch the paddle, and while I was waiting a young girl came along and asked if she could ride as far as the point, where she lived.

"She had a lot of oranges and *fei* and bananas and taro tops to carry and so I said sure I'd be pleased. So the man had to go back to his house for another paddle, and he brought not only that but two red hibiscus flowers, and he put one over the girl's left ear and one over mine. When you put one over your right ear it means that you're hunting; over the left means that you've found.

"This girl didn't laugh as much as most of 'em do. But she was awful sweet and gentle and strong. And it was nice just to be in the same boat with her. Her name is Téa Núa Núa which means 'the end of the rainbow.' Query: Which end?

"I ASKED her if she was married and she said no. Then I asked her if she liked white people, and she said she liked me, and I said I liked her. We got to the point where she lived and I helped her carry her stuff up to the house.

"There was nobody home. The house was a beauty, just finished and as clean as a whistle, pandanus roof and woven bamboo sides. There wasn't much furniture except mats and a rusty alarm clock. Téa Núa Núa started right off to cook dinner for her folks, and I helped her.

"Her folks were out fishing, including her mother and father and all the five brothers and sisters and an aunt that was over from Borabora on a visit. They lived by fishing, she said, and sometimes her two sisters got a little money off sailors and gave it to their father, who'd buy bully beef with it for a treat. We walked down to the point once to see if there was any sign of the family canoes, but there wasn't and Téa Núa Núa guessed that they must have made a heavy haul.

"The sea and the air were as still as if they had died, and she said it meant wind. Sudden and big—not a hurricane exactly because it wasn't the season but something almost as bad.

"The dinner got cooked, and as nobody showed up we ate some of it ourselves, and I told her how I'd been sick for so long and was all well again, and how I wanted to buy a plantation and settle down in the islands except for three or four months every year. And she told me about a valley with thousands of wild orange trees and ten thousand coconut trees and a nice beach

¶ *"Evenings everybody goes swimming. Tua and I went. There's no undressing. You just go in as is."*

and a river down the middle that was to be sold at auction, and had a good house on it.

"The name of the valley was the same as hers. Téa Núa Núa —'at the end of the rainbow.' I got thinking wouldn't it be wonderful if I could have that valley. Why, a feller wouldn't need another thing. Ten thousand coconut trees is big money in the islands, and she told me that in the mountains at the back of the valley you could sometimes see five waterfalls all at once, and the river was a wonder for shrimps, and there was thirty-odd head of cattle went with the place.

"Just then the wind started and an old coconut tree broke off in the middle with a crack like a young cannon and all the other coconut trees went wild and slashed each other, and your ears hurt like when you're making a deep dive. Then we shut the house door so that the wind couldn't get in and lift the roof off, but it seemed like the whole house would go.

"I was awful scared, but Téa Núa Núa just laughed. It all struck her as funny. I never knew a girl to be so feminine and have so much sand at the same time.

"She guessed her folks would take shelter somewhere and not show up till the wind had blown itself out. Every now and then she'd smile at me in a funny way, kind of the way you smile at somebody that's just proved they don't know anything. And the wind blew and blew until you got kind of used to it and felt as if there was always a noise like that going on.

"It got dark and she lighted a kerosene lamp, and we talked about the valley at the end of the rainbow. And I kept thinking to myself that I was twenty-one and my own boss and could do as I pleased, except Father and Mother have all the money, and that I could marry this girl if I wanted to and nobody could stop me. And then I'd think of the two sisters that got money off sailors, and somehow you just couldn't believe that Téa Núa Núa was that kind too.

"The wind went down so that it was safe to go outside and I said I guessed I'd better be going back to the village—there was a path along the water—as it was getting late. There was one thing about this girl—she never argued about anything. All she said was that I needn't go if I didn't want to. But I said I guessed I better and I thanked her for the eats and said I'd see her again soon, maybe in the morning, and opened the door to go.

"Opening the door let in a puff of wind and the flame in the lamp gave a hop to the top of the chimney and went out, and Téa Núa Núa laughed and came and took the door out of my hand and shut it. And my heart began to beat something terrible.

"When I got back to the yacht I told my father about Téa Núa Núa and the valley and how she was just cut out to make a good wife, and wouldn't he stake me just this once and I'd never come down on him for another thing. I'd never liked the old man so much. He let on that he didn't think I was awful foolish or wicked or anything, and not to say anything to my mother, and we'd have a look at the valley, and think things out, and decide what was best to be done.

"Then we learned that the auction was to be right off, and we put back to Raiatea and Father bought the valley in my name without us ever having seen it. Then he said: 'Son, you see I'm playing fair with you. You're all I got, and I've got to be on the level with you, but same time you've got to be on the level with me. You go and see this girl and tell her—tell her anything you like.

" 'If I were you I wouldn't make too many promises, but that's your business. And give her this envelope from me. It's got quite a lot of francs in it. Then we'll go back home, taking plenty of time and seeing other islands, and if at the end of a year you still want to be the husband of a native girl and the father of half-caste children I'll see you through, and so will your mother.'

"I took the sea-sled that's faster than any sailing canoe and slammed her across the lagoon to Pateo. There was a French gunboat, the Cassiopée, in the harbor and the town was full of French sailors; some of them were tight and had wreaths of flowers round their necks.

"I saw one of them walking with a girl out on the path that leads to the point, and when I got closer I saw that the girl was Téa Núa Núa and that they had their arms round each other.

"I stopped still in my tracks, and I never felt so bad before—ever. They lurched along for a few steps and then they stopped and the sailor pulled a bottle out from somewhere, and they each took a good swig out of it.

"On the way back to the yacht I was seasick once. And I guess there ain't anybody ever felt any worse than I did or such a big fool.

"Just because a girl has eyes that you could drown kittens in is no reason for a man to make an ass of himself. So ends this day."

"Aug. 25th, 1929. This day, just one year from the last entry, comes in leaping and skipping for joy. Birds in the high hall garden—Maud—Maud—Maud—Maud they are crying and calling.

"I'm engaged to be married. She told me so only last night, Maud did.

"Father and Mother are crazy about her. The forward light is shining bright and all's well. This is just the time when I thought I'd be going back to Téa Núa Núa, and my valley.

"Maybe I'll never even see my valley. After all, it's at the other end of the rainbow, and contrary to the world's opinion it's at this end that a man must look for his pot of gold.

"So ends this bright day."

Fort Sumter Bombarded! Secession! WAR! A
The Monitor and the Merrimac! The Dark Days of Defeat!

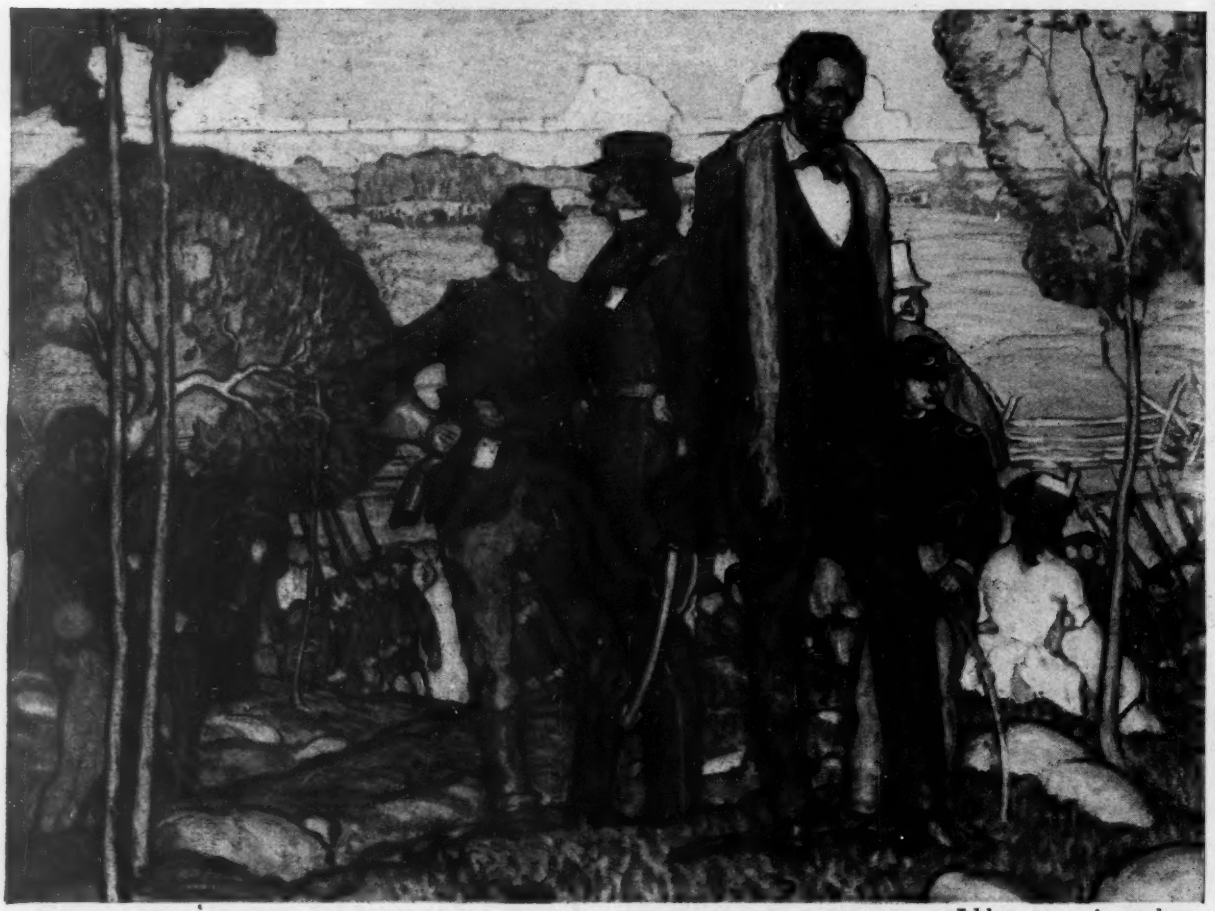


Illustration by

The Life of Lincoln

WHEN Lincoln awakens for the first time at the White House, the day after being sworn in as President, there is a letter from Fort Sumter on his table. It comes from the commandant, who now addresses himself to the new President, the old one having given him no help for months past.

The writer says that unless reinforcements are sent, he will not be able to hold the fort for more than a week longer.

Perhaps the recipient, reading the signature, may recall that Anderson was the major who had administered the military oath to him in the Indian war in Illinois nearly thirty years before, and, in his secret heart, he may compare the terms of that oath with those of the one he had taken yesterday. Is either to be held less sacred than the other?

The main difference is that the Presidential oath will be harder to live up to. Anyhow, in taking it, he has sworn to maintain the possessions of the Union, and the fort in question is one of these. "If Anderson evacuates Fort Sumter, I shall have to evacuate the White House," he says.

Since January this fort on an island in Charleston harbor, garrisoned by no more than three hundred men but well supplied with artillery, had been the object of a sort of implicit truce. The unexpressed compact between the hostile brethren was that no attack would be made by the Southerners so long as no attempt was made by the North to reinforce it.

Seward, however, now advises surrender; and even old General Scott declares the stronghold to be untenable. Here is the first instance of discouragement, and again and again during the next few years we find that the hesitating President is forced to stimulate the hesitating military arm.

The question is not merely one of courage; it is one of diplomacy as well. Evacuation will set an example which will encourage the South all along the line. On the other hand, to send troops and munitions will be an open challenge to the enemy, will start the war, will from the first put Europe out of humor with the North and will provide all the local adversaries with catchwords for use in their criticisms.

Are not these criticisms already acrimonious enough? Throughout the country the radical press is declaring that the President is blind, incapable, or cowardly, and that he has been infected with Seward's pacifism. What has he done? The one positive action with which he can be credited is his refusal to receive a deputation from the rebels.

On the other hand, the Democrats are clamoring for the evacuation of the forts and for peace at any price. They want no truck with the black Republicans. At the same time the wildest rumors are current, one of them being to the effect that more and more officers of the regular army are deserting to the South.

Kingdom for a Commander! McClellan's Failure! The Battle of Antietam! The Emancipation Proclamation!

Harvey Dunn

By Emil Ludwig

Lincoln, listening to it all, reads the papers; hears what visitors, experts and ordinary folk have to say, and throughout March is pondering a solution.

At last he finds one. March is drawing to a close; Anderson's difficulties are increasing, and probably the garrison is already on short rations. Now comes the first grand reception at the White House: Lincoln appears in a new swallowtail coat beside his elegantly attired wife, and hundreds of people are watching maliciously for some breach of decorum.

He is the same as usual, easy-going, cheerful and sociable; and next day the Times correspondent reports that the President regaled the company with numerous anecdotes concerning horses, drunken drivers and other incidents of western life. In view of this, the guests must think that there can be no imminent danger—the very impression Lincoln wishes to produce.

But to his ministers he speaks otherwise. Requesting them to stay after the reception, he tells them how Scott is urging him to evacuate Fort Sumter on the instant. They leave the White House greatly excited, to return in a few hours for an early morning session, and to learn the President's decision.

Lincoln is going to send a ship laden with provisions to the fort, and will inform the governor officially that the aim is merely to save the garrison from starvation. If the governor does not take the step amiss, the prestige of the United States government will be restored and the garrison's most urgent necessity will be relieved.

If, on the other hand, the governor proves as bellicose as he has given himself out to be for weeks past, he will regard the action as provocative and will retaliate by firing the first shot, thus relieving the tension, making the South responsible for the commencement of hostilities and arousing in the North the indignation without which a victory never can be won.

Such is the tenor of Lincoln's first order, for the President is Commander in Chief of the army and the navy of the Union, and as such can do everything and will do much that as a civilian he could not do without consulting Congress. The notion is that of a farmer and a diplomatist, and all happens as he has foreseen.

Troops advance from the South simultaneously with the dispatch of the relief ship from New York; and the southern forces bombard the fort, shoot down the flag and continue firing until Anderson capitulates and withdraws the garrison.

The effect is terrible, and it is uplifting. A cry rises everywhere from the North: "The star-spangled banner has been shot down by rebel troops!" A clamor for revenge unifies on the instant all the millions of the North, party disputes are stilled, opponents become reconciled or cease to quarrel; everyone feels that a dreadful thing has happened, (*Continued on page 169*)

¶ *Ruthie*

By J. P. McEvoy

Mother's

Chicago, Ill.

Mr. Al Evans,
The Gleason Greeting Card Co.,
Minneapolis, Minn.
Dear Al,

Here's the loot from Chicago. Give a special look at the Mother Day order from the What Ho Gifte Shoppe out on West Madison Street. I sure pushed the little Davis bimbo over this trip. She's been playing hard to get with me long enough.

I can stand about so much from them, Al, but when they get so coy that they can't check up their stock it's a challenge to my charm.

Of course, I will say the line had something to do with it. It's the hottest Mother stuff the old so-called creative department has exuded since I joined up with the outfit. I want to tell you that series of 25-cent deckle-edged Italian stock with those four-line weepers is going to knock all the dealers into a tail spin.

I can tell the way Ruthie took them. The minute I laid them out she grabbed them hook, line and sinker and headed right for the bottom like a pickerel. When they bite like that it's in the bag.

The mothers of our mighty race are going to spend most of May sweeping Gleason cards under the bed to get them out of the way. In my territory, anyway. Of course the other fellows are doing their best but after all it takes more than just a good line of cards to get the business.

Take this little Davis hotsy, for example. I bet you there isn't another fellow on the road who could get her to go for Mother cards the way I did the other day. If you ever talked to her for a few minutes you'd know why. One of those long-legged, short-haired Greenwich Village gals that wear batik bloomers and talk about their complexes. Rather confusing at first for a simple country boy but I dote on difficulties. Especially when it means jacking up the old sales quota.

Of course I've been rushing her around getting her all flushed and hectic, but even so she's been throwing most of her business to Gibson, so this time I says to myself, Ruthie, old socks, I'm going to bear down on you with this mother line, complexes or no complexes, so I dons the gray double-breasted with the light blue pin stripe and I wafts over to the What Ho and floats in on a cloud of mascuiine It.

Ruthie is talking to a slick little dark-skinned guy who looks like a hammered-down Valentino.

Hello, says she, looking surprised, I didn't know you was in town. What, says I, didn't you get my vibration?

You see, Al, I read an article in a magazine about everybody having different vibrations, and that's one of Ruthie's bugs too, that and complexes. So then I opens up the bag and fishes out the new Mother cards.

Just as luck would have it 25M-7 comes to the top, I would bring you a smile, Mother, for each tear I have caused you, I would bring you a joy, Mother, for each grief you have had, etc., and the little sheik speaks up and says, that's beautiful, that's just what I've been looking for. Could I buy it? Oh, no, says Ruthie. That's just a sample, but you can have one of them when the shipment comes in, and then Ruthie says to me, Mr. Capistrano has been trying to get a specially nice card to send to his mother. By the way, Ramon. meet my friend Mr. Kerrigan. He sells me these cards you've been buying.

So I says, oh, is Mr. Capistrano one of your good customers? And Ruthie says, only Mother cards; comes in almost every day and buys a card to send to his mother in New York. I wish there were more of you, says I. I could graduate out of the chevy class.

Well, we bickered back and forth like this for a while and then this Capistrano bird disappears—just sort of melted away. It was uncanny, Al. One minute he was there talking to us, the next he was gone. Where did Mother's boy go? I says, and Ruthie says, oh, he probably slipped out the back way. He's very shy and he's terribly afraid of crowds. You know, it's a kind of a complex; it's called ochlophobia.

The same to you, says I, and many of them, but all phobias aside, I never saw you looking so cute. Sometimes when I'm out of town and I'm in my lonely hotel room just lying there looking at the ceiling, I think about your eyes, and I

¶ *Those aren't gunmen, says I. Not so loud, says Sunny. Mother's boy and Ruthie were mooning into each other's eyes.*

who wrote "SHOW GIRL"

boy

Illustrations by
Charles R. Chickering

say to myself, can Ruthie's eyes possibly be as beautiful as I remember them? And when I come back to Chicago I hurry over to see if I am wrong.

And are you? says she. Yes, says I. They're not like I remember them at all. They're lovelier.

Well, by this time, Al, I had most of the line out and I really began to warm up. By the time I was finished with her she had ordered enough cards to supply every mother in Cook County and had agreed to put in a special Gleason window for Mother's Day.

In fact, I got so interested in my work I forgot to date her up for dinner. I guess I better sign off now and phone her before the store closes. I feel like stepping out tonight and getting my nose wet. Well done, thou good and faithful servant.

Denny

Chicago, Ill.

Dear Mother,

There is a rapture in a sweetheart's kiss
And the clinging of her hands,
But there is peace in a mother's kiss,
For a mother understands;
A sweetheart's love is ice and flame
And the noonday's dazzling glare,
But a mother's love is the comforting dusk
And the calm of an evening prayer.

Don't you like this little poem, Mother? The girl who runs the shop here helped me pick it. She has good taste, don't you think so? I think you would like her, she's so smart and everything.

Your loving son,
Ramon

Chicago, Ill.

Mr. Al Evans,
The Gleason Greeting Card Co.,
Minneapolis, Minn.
Dear Al,

Maybe you're lucky to get a letter from me today. There's a new crime wave started here in Chi. The old residents here say there ain't no such thing as a new wave, that it's always the same one, a sort of a permanent wave, eh, Al? Try that one out on the creative department.

Anyway, the boys took Bully Hogan out for a one-way tour of the boulevards last night. They have a great boulevard system in this town and they thought Bully ought to see it. It links up all the parks and then sort of spraddles out into the forest preserves. That's where Bully was found this morning with more metal novelties in him than an old curiosity shop.

Bully was king of the north-side beer mob, but according to the newspaper stories this morning he was trying to muscle in south of the river. I bet we could do a big business in a special line of greeting cards for this town.

Greetings to an old pal who is going for a ride: Good-by, old pal, good-by, good-by. You wouldn't need much more than that; he'd get the idea.

I WROTE you yesterday I was taking Ruth Davis, batik bloomers and all, for a breath of night air. Well, I nearly took her for a ride myself. Imagine that dame having the nerve to try to two-time me. When I rang her and said how about nose bags for two in some old tumble-down road house, she said she was sorry but she had a dinner engagement with Mr. Capistrano. And I says, so you're going to be like that, and she says, well, how did I know you were coming into town, you know perfectly well I'd rather be with you than anyone, but you wouldn't want me to break a date, would you?

And I thought I would teach her a lesson so I said, certainly not; keep your date; and then she saw she had gone too far with me so she says, he's really a nice boy but he's terribly complicated with complexes and repressions and I'm just trying to help him find himself. We've been sort of psychoanalyzing together. So I says, yeah, that's a new name for it. Just don't let me catch you at it, that's all, and I hung up, knowing full well she would call me back in a little while, and sure enough, she did.

I was very cold and haughty with her, Al, that's part of my technique, knowing when to yield and when to let them feel the iron hand in the velvet glove. So I just listened to her with amused tolerance while she explained that she really didn't have a date with Capistrano or it was only a sort of a date anyway, that she was going to be free for the evening and she hoped I hadn't got myself all dated up with one of the many girls I know in Chicago, and wouldn't I just take her out to dinner just to show I didn't harbor any ill will. So of course when she put it like that, I knew she had been punished enough, so I unbent a (*Cont. on page 110*)

By Faith Baldwin

A Novel *about* Business *and the* Men *and* Women in It

Dolly

The Story So Far:

FOR all her warm, giving sort of friendliness, Anne Murdock was as ambitious as any young business woman of today. Coming from a small suburban home, she thought of marriage as an existence under economic pressure. The narrow, anxious life of Sara, whom her brother Jim had married on a tabloid reporter's salary, seemed tragic to Anne, and though her artistic friends, the Lindstroms, showed her the other side of the picture, she thought she preferred her job.

Though she was not fully conscious of it yet, Anne's job—and above the job, the man—had become the breath of her existence, her whole intimate life. In her few months as secretary to Lawrence Eaton, of the Eaton Advertising Agency, she had set herself a new standard of men, for her employer radiated power.

Ted O'Hara was a nice young man, but she found less time for him than little Polly Ames in the Village. Eaton's friend, Jameson, was a nice person, too, but Anne, comparing him with her chief, did not altogether approve of him, and wondered at his frank intimacy with Linda Eaton—and was excited by it.

Lawrence Eaton and his wife Linda were excellent friends, but after ten years of marriage they no longer loved each other. Anne thought, shrewdly enough, that the time would come when her employer would tire of—friendship, and turn elsewhere for a warmer comfort, and because she was ambitious she planned to make herself necessary to his emotions as well as to his business. It was all the easier because she admitted that he attracted her strongly.

She did not love Lawrence Eaton, Anne told herself, but she wanted the business protection and surety that a love affair with him would afford her. And so, working with her chief in his office on Park Avenue, at Southampton and under the playtime circumstances of a stay at Hot Springs, Anne drifted into a desired danger.

"It's not the man you can be happy with," Joan Lindstrom had told her—"it's the man you would be desperately, achingly unhappy *without* who is the man for you."

Anne remembered that when, hearing Eaton and Linda talking together on the last night at Hot Springs, she was suddenly torn by jealousy. In the shock of revelation she knew that she would be unhappy all her life without Lawrence Eaton.

"I must resign," she told herself miserably, as her predecessor, Janet Andrews, had done—Janet, the pitiful office wife, who had loved Eaton with the passion of frustration. But she couldn't, and so on their return to New York she schooled herself in repression.

She was cool with her employer now, and Eaton's astonishment and anger at the change brought about a tension which ended one evening in a snapping of control. Knowing that he was imperiling himself, Eaton took his secretary in his arms and kissed her.

Once she had planned that it would come like that, lightly, carelessly, with passion, but now she loved him and it was not enough—it was worse than nothing.

"You—*you!*" she murmured, slow tears falling.

"I'm sorry," said Eaton, like a boy caught in mischief. "I—I was angry, I guess." And after that it was a little easier for Anne, especially as she had something else to think about—her sister Kathleen.

Kathleen, who lived near her job in the chorus of "The Sky Girl," was seeing too much of a young man known as Georgie, whom Dolly Davis, a much older woman, considered her property. Anne determined to investigate, rather welcoming the chance to forget the

The Office Wife

Illustrations by
R. F. Schabelitz

Anne

**office,
but there was
one evening when she
could not forget, for in the
middle of a noisy party in a night club
she looked up to meet her employer's eyes . . .**

Eaton, driving home alone that night, found himself wondering why he hadn't kissed his secretary—again. Could he ignore any longer the urgent turning of his whole being toward her?

"It doesn't mean anything serious; it can't!" he thought gloomily. But next morning he admitted to himself, with a sick feeling of uncertainty in the future and danger in the present: "I'm crazy about her." And then he asked himself the inevitable and unanswerable question:

"What am I going to do?"

THIS was the realization that Eaton took home with him that evening, with which he must face Linda: that he had fallen in love with his secretary; that she had become necessary to him as a woman; that he wanted her—*wanted* her—and could not have her. Or—could he?

It had been so long since this surge and sweep of emotion had caught him—even in his boyish love for Linda there had not been this mature necessity—that he was bewildered and staggered and entirely incapable of searching the situation back to its inception. After a miserable evening and a sleepless night he tried to tell himself that it would pass, that it was a temporary, if strong, attraction based upon propinquity, upon Anne's own charm and appeal, and brought to ephemeral flowering by their close companionship at Hot Springs, by the moment in which, recklessly, he had held her in his arms.

It could not last—for her sake, for Linda's and for his own. The situation would become intolerable. It was something that he must stamp out, root and branch; something which Anne must never guess, even dimly.

He must go on as if this devastating thing never had happened. Any other solution was—impossible.

He tried to keep himself from speculating upon the probable nature of her regard for him, but to do so was humanly impossible. He was forced to the lover's inevitable wonder—does she care? can she care? If so, how much?

And if she cared, if he knew that definitely, would it change his attitude?

Had it been anybody but Anne—a woman working under his business protection, a woman he saw every day, in the now artificial environment of his office—had it been someone whom he had met outside, would his deliberated attitude have held? Might he not then, under such different circumstances, try to find out if she cared for him, and if she did—forget Linda, forget the world, take upon himself the secret responsibility for a woman's happiness? And if he did so and found that the attraction held, would he not do the honest thing and ask Linda to divorce him?

The age-old problem ate at him—should he sacrifice himself and another for Linda's sake, or take happiness for himself and that other at Linda's expense?

But Anne was—Anne. Not the sort of woman to whom one offered an illegal relationship; not the sort of woman to accept that offer. Yet, if she cared for him? And she was sophisticated, not a child.

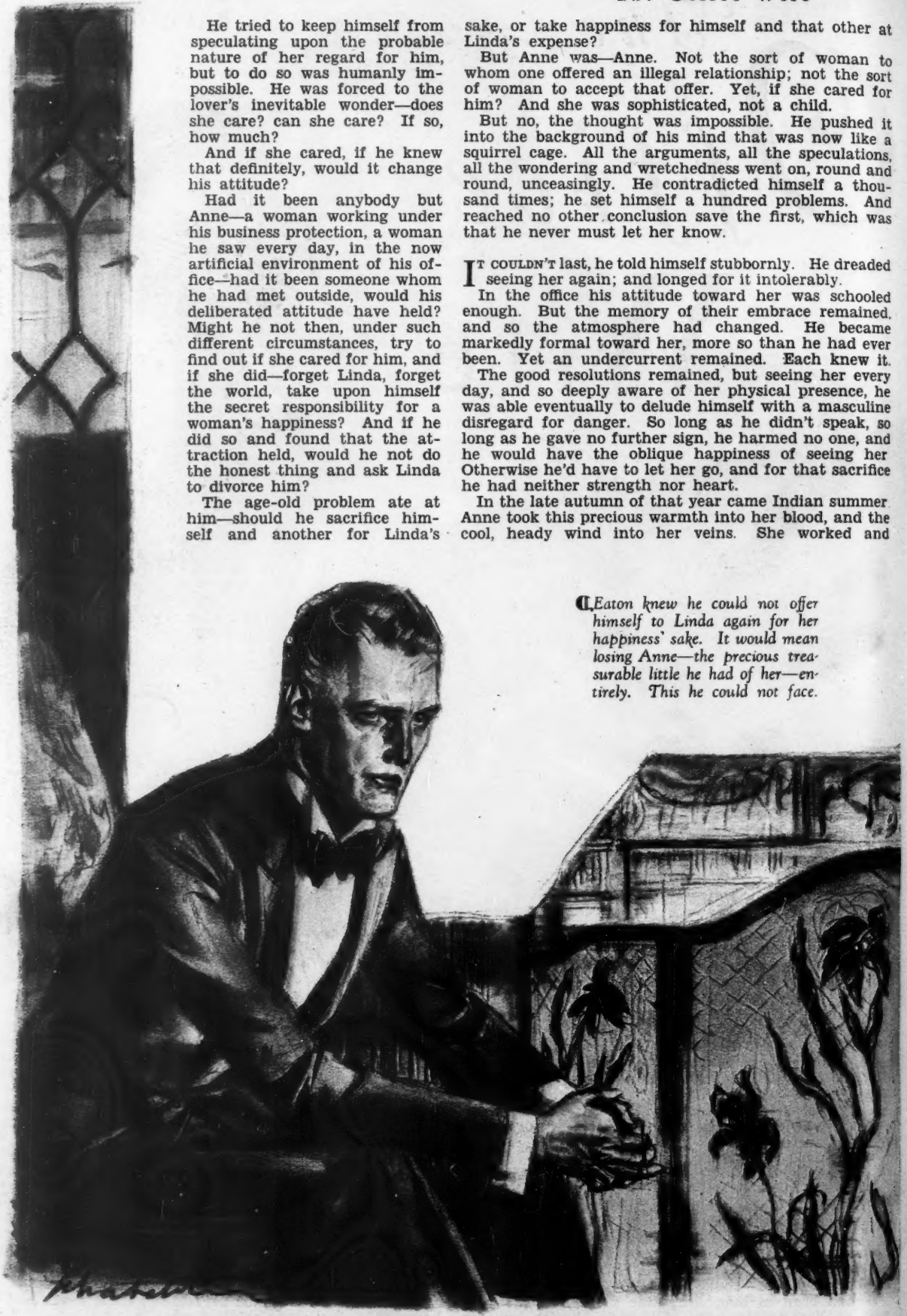
But no, the thought was impossible. He pushed it into the background of his mind that was now like a squirrel cage. All the arguments, all the speculations, all the wondering and wretchedness went on, round and round, unceasingly. He contradicted himself a thousand times; he set himself a hundred problems. And reached no other conclusion save the first, which was that he never must let her know.

IT COULDN'T last, he told himself stubbornly. He dreaded seeing her again; and longed for it intolerably.

In the office his attitude toward her was schooled enough. But the memory of their embrace remained, and so the atmosphere had changed. He became markedly formal toward her, more so than he had ever been. Yet an undercurrent remained. Each knew it.

The good resolutions remained, but seeing her every day, and so deeply aware of her physical presence, he was able eventually to delude himself with a masculine disregard for danger. So long as he didn't speak, so long as he gave no further sign, he harmed no one, and he would have the oblique happiness of seeing her. Otherwise he'd have to let her go, and for that sacrifice he had neither strength nor heart.

In the late autumn of that year came Indian summer. Anne took this precious warmth into her blood, and the cool, heady wind into her veins. She worked and



Eaton knew he could not offer himself to Linda again for her happiness' sake. It would mean losing Anne—the precious treasurable little he had of her—entirely. This he could not face.

played whole-heartedly, and loved and was happy as never before in her life. For once having faced her love and admitted the impossibility of its fulfillment, she adjusted herself to living in the moment.

Occasionally she went to Kathleen's. She continued her casual acquaintance with Dolly Davis, biding her time. Dolly and the sloe-eyed Georgie rarely came to Kathleen's because of the older woman's violent jealousy. But when Anne met her now and then, she was as brimful with intimacies as ever, as confident that some day Georgie would marry her.

"He's all for this companionate marriage stuff," she told Anne one night quite seriously. "But I say what's the use of going into a thing and saying beforehand it won't be successful! I was married once. Did I tell you, darling? He was a trick bicycle rider on the Big Time circuit—but he had more wheels in his head than on his machine. I was going to divorce him, but what with one thing and another I forgot it, and he killed himself a couple of years ago doing a brand-new stunt. So I'm an honest-to-goodness widow. But, as I was saying to Georgie, the Lord knows marriage is a big risk nowadays, and there's no sense in admitting it when you stand up before the judge. That's bound to make it happen."

Anne controlled her features with an effort. Companionate marriage and Georgie!

TED O'HARA was present at this particular party—and Ted was unpleasantly impressed. Anne had asked him to take her, as it seemed wiser to bring her own escort.

When they had left, earlier than the others, and were driving home:

"I wish you'd keep out of that crowd," he complained.

"It's Kathleen's."

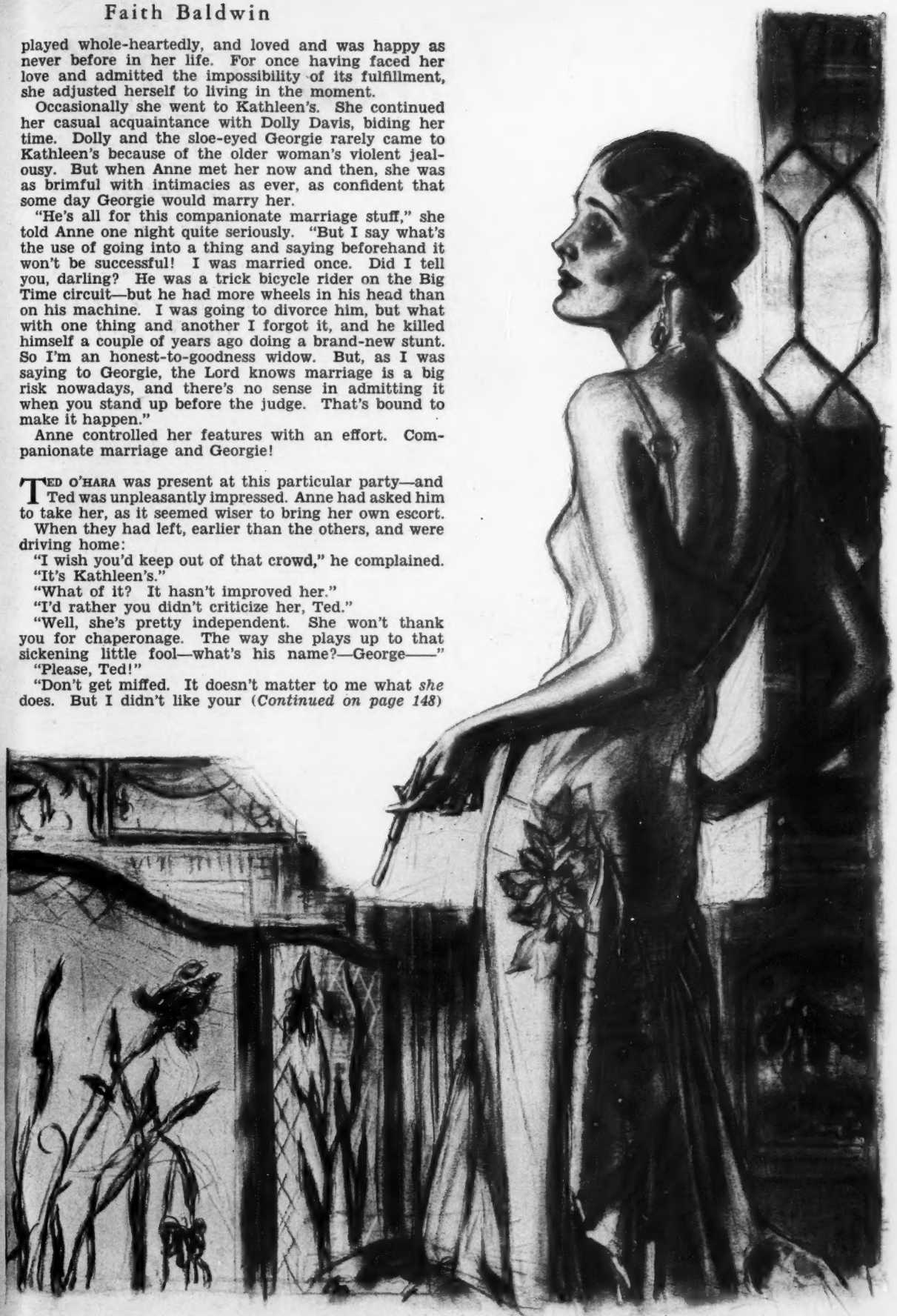
"What of it? It hasn't improved her."

"I'd rather you didn't criticize her, Ted."

"Well, she's pretty independent. She won't thank you for chaperonage. The way she plays up to that sickening little fool—what's his name?—George——"

"Please, Ted!"

"Don't get miffed. It doesn't matter to me what *she* does. But I didn't like your (*Continued on page 148*)



These Folks

ARGENTINA
Where the Rich *are* Richer *and the* Poor *are* Happier *than anywhere else in* the World

¶ *The Argentine capital has a Parisian look about it.*

TO GO out of Chile into the Argentine is rather like going at one jump from southern California to western Nebraska by way of the Grand Canyon, the Royal Gorge, Yellowstone Park or what have you! For jumbled-together scenic contrasts and abrupt changes, both climatic and altitudinal, I'm sure there is no stretch of topography on the planet to equal the stretch which may be covered by rail between the time you leave Santiago on a morning and the time you chug into Buenos Aires late the next afternoon.

You arrive so surcharged with stored-up thrills that for days you go about burbling forth feeble and totally inadequate attempts at describing what you saw during that incredible journey.

For, what are you going to do, with only eighty or ninety thousand adjectives and nouns and things in the dictionary to rely on, after you have seen—and all within the scope of a few hours—so many terrestrial marvels shuttling past with such kaleidoscopic and scene-shifting rapidity that the brain balks at the mere task of keeping tally on them? All you can do is sit down and call for help. That's what I'm doing now.

For myself, I only can state that never in my wanderings to and fro in the world have I had so breath-taking and mind-daunting an experience. Colorful? My good Lordy, yes! Terrific? All of that. Stupefying in the limitless magnificence of its scope? You tell 'em. Eminences that lose themselves in the swim of the high heavens, and abysses that sink to seemingly bottomless depths in the general direction of Hades? Any number of either. For a summing-up let it go at that.

From my memories of that trip on the transandean route, one particular image sticks up. We came upon it just after we had crossed the summit of the riven-out pass, eleven thousand feet up, and were approaching the curiously symmetrical natural bridge called Punta del Inca.

On my left a great serrated pinnacle of a peak, naked and sharp, rose to the everlasting frost line. Immediately under that snowy, icy cap was a triangular outcrop of exactly the same dazzling and incandescent green that you see on the neck of a mallard drake; and below that, in turn, was a second belting which, by reason of another freak in the mineral stain, resembled in hue and roughly in shape a vast, tawny panther's pelt.

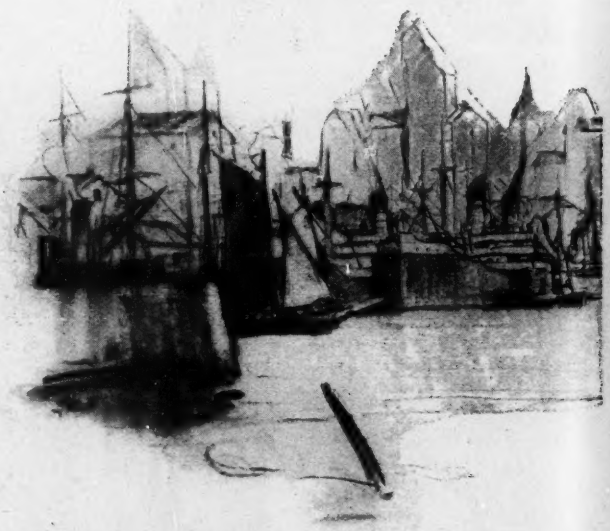
These were not softened, pastel tones; they were vivid and strong. But all the visible rest of that mountain, except for its poll, which was glacially white and glary, and except for its base, which fell away into deep purplish mists a mile beneath us, was as gray as you please.

I looked on the spectacle until a turn of the train on its winding roadbed wiped it out, and in a dazed sort of way I said to myself that that one view had been amply sufficient for any and all of my emotional demands. So I went on into the dining car for the table-d'hôte dinner, and a powerfully good dinner it was, too.

Next morning when I was roused up and looked out of my window, I had a sensational jolt. The transition from mountains to prairies had taken place while I slept but to me, on waking, it seemed so very sudden. We were crossing the famed *pampa*, that tremendous terrace which slopes downward and eastward from the foothills of the Andes to tidewater.

By rights, phalanxes of gay Gauchos, those Argentine equivalents of our cowboys, should be galloping hither and yon through the tall plumed rushes, swinging their ball-ended lassos athwart the horns of half-wild cattle and pausing ever and anon for one of their nice, bluggy knife duels. That was what, from my still-remembered juvenile readings, I had been led to expect.

But this was what I beheld: Dirt roads running in straight lines and crossing at acute angles, just as they do on our own commonplace plains; frame sheds and barbed-wire fences and occasional groves of planted



trees; and, at the stations, grain elevators with galvanized-iron roofs and prosaic wooden loading chutes for cattle; and between the stations, wide wheatfields beautifully cultivated, and sweeping ranges running to the horizon

Live *and* Let Live

By Irvin S. Cobb

whereon matched brood cows grazed upon the green meadow grasses; and ever now and then, long narrow sloughs reminiscent of portions of our midwestern country, from which, at our clattering approach, there rose enormous swarms of waterfowl.

And the customary garbing of the native herdsman was the blue-overalled uniform of Kansas and Minnesota farm hands, with the same guarantee on the back straps against ripped seams or buttons coming off; and nobody was carrying a dirk—at least not in sight. Almost I expected somebody to open the car door and announce that the next stop would be Grand Island.

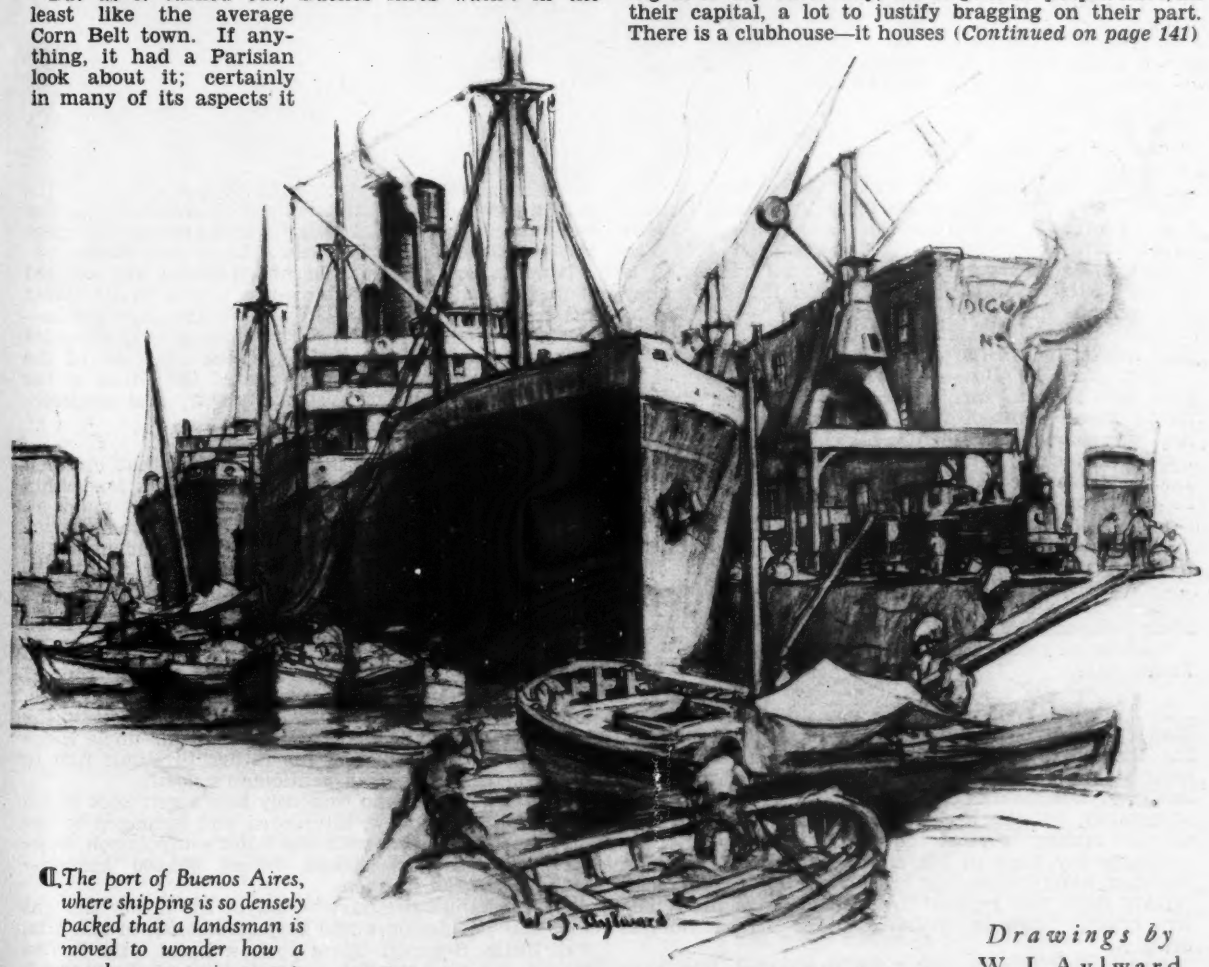
Only the sight of an occasional South American ostrich, so called, picking his high-stepping way along, or a roseate host of pink flamingos lifting themselves from their marshy feeding grounds lent to the scene the exotic touch which alone distinguished these fecund but flattened and unpicturesque vistas from the vistas which are so tiresomely familiar to anybody who has traveled from the Mississippi toward the Rockies or vice versa. So among ourselves we said if Central Argentina was like this, what would Buenos Aires be like when we got there—Kansas City or Omaha?

But as it turned out, Buenos Aires wasn't in the least like the average Corn Belt town. If anything, it had a Parisian look about it; certainly in many of its aspects it revealed itself, under a more or less superficial survey, as having a Parisian flavor. Here is the world's most conspicuous example of how a purely man-made city may be planted upon an uninteresting and unromantic terrain and yet, through discretion and good taste, be wrought into a beautiful city with a special and individual charm to it and a personality essentially its own.

Of all the principal cities at the lower end of the hemisphere, Buenos Aires is the only one which has neither fine seascape nor commanding landscape—nor both, as is the favored case with Rio and with Valparaiso—to adorn and set it off. But despite the handicaps of straddling over a smooth and unrelieved plateau and facing on one of the widest, muddiest, ugliest, busiest rivers on earth, it still achieves distinction.

Notably in one respect Buenos Aires reminded me of New York. I don't mean physically. Physically there is no common resemblance. I mean by the constant employment of superlatives to express the proportions or the importance of this or that outstanding feature. Such and such a thing is the biggest in the world or the handsomest on the hemisphere.

Well, looking at it that way or, for that matter, looking at it any other way, the Argentine people have, in their capital, a lot to justify bragging on their part. There is a clubhouse—it houses (*Continued on page 141*)

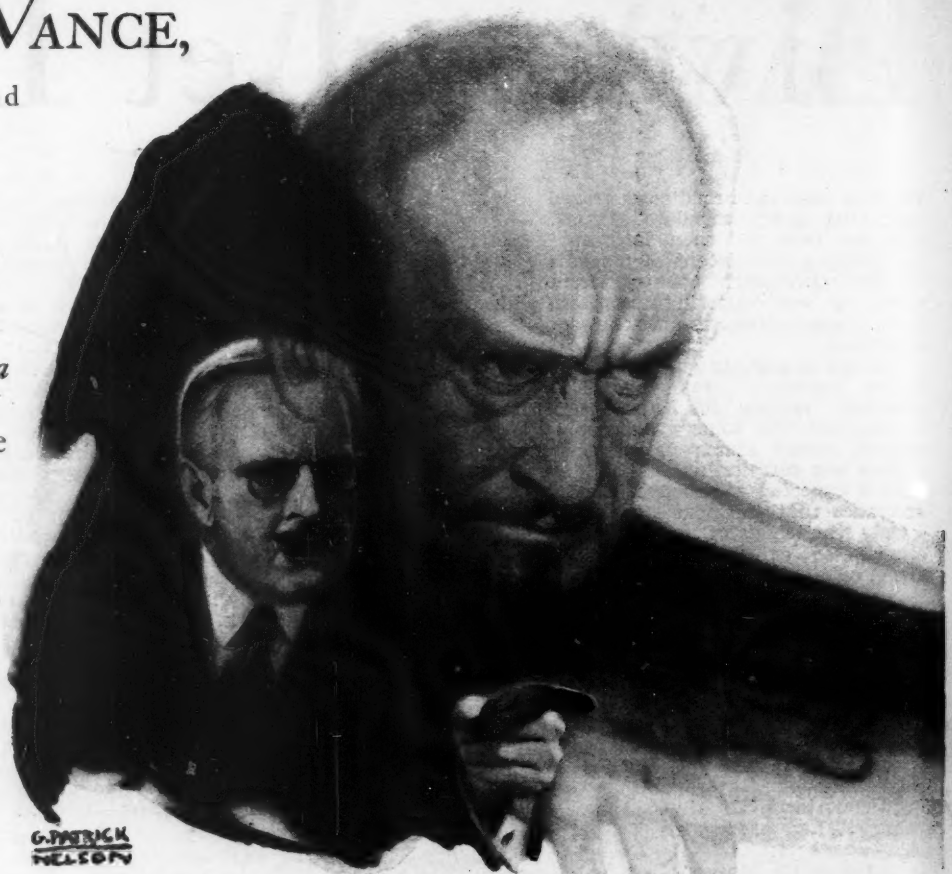


The port of Buenos Aires, where shipping is so densely packed that a landsman is moved to wonder how a vessel ever gets in or out.

Drawings by W. J. Aylward

PHILO VANCE,

who Solved "The Canary Murder Case," *tells of a* Strange Crime *in* Austria



"YOU mentioned the Eissler case last month, Vance," said Markham, when Philo Vance and he and I had taken our accustomed places that Sunday night in the lounge-room of the old Stuyvesant Club. "Otto Eissler, I see, has been discharged from prison and is bringing a civil suit against his former firm for money he claims he has been swindled out of."

Vance adjusted his monocle and blew a ribbon of blue smoke toward the ceiling.

"Yes, yes," he answered, with a sigh. "Sad—sad. Poor devil! Otto was undoubtedly swindled from a purely moral point of view. But whether or not the Austrian courts will recognize his claim is highly problematic. However, there was genuine Greek irony in that astonishin' crime. You may not recall the story; but I've gone into it recently—its drama appealed to me. Most unusual, don't y' know: like an Attic tragedy."

Nearly every Sunday night since the solution of the Bishop murder case, Philo Vance and Markham—New York's district attorney—and I had met for dinner and a *causerie* on crime, and Vance had already told us many interesting stories of famous Continental murders.

Tonight he recounted to us the details of the famous Eissler case.

. . . . . .

In order to understand the amazin' irony of Otto Eissler's tragic but futile crime (Vance began, regarding the tip of his Régie cigaret meditatively), it is essential that I recount a bit of commercial history. Really y' know, Markham, I don't wish to bore you unnecessarily, but the background of this grim and fascinatin' murder is most important.

(Vance lay back in his chair and passed his long tapering hand across his brow as if trying to recall certain facts that reposed in the recesses of his retentive brain. Then he spoke again in his emotionless drawl.)

Among the famous industrial firms that had been connected with the exploitation of the wealth of the soil in the old Austrian Empire, not one had a higher reputation for financial stability and managerial integrity than the lumber firm of J. Eissler und Brüder.

It was a very old firm. Bernhard Eissler had founded it in 1825; and when that pioneer passed to his Maker his four sons—Heinrich, Johann, Jakob and Moritz—not only carried on the tradition, but greatly extended the scope of the enterprise. At the outbreak of the World War its ramifications covered the whole of the vast forest domains of Austria, Hungary and neighboring states.

TRUE to the ancient Jewish tradition that children should remain subject to their father's leadership during their lifetime, the four brothers had made an arrangement by which their sons could become members of the firm only on the death or retirement of the father.

Don't sigh so impatiently, Markham old dear; for this arrangement was, in a way, the crux of the terrible and incredible events that were to follow.

Johann and Jakob died, and their sons—Alfred and Hermann—succeeded to membership. The son of Moritz—Robert—being an ambitious and able youth, did not take kindly to his two cousins' thus getting the better of him, as it were, and enlisted his uncle Heinrich's help in persuading his father to admit him to the firm before the old gentleman's death.

Uncle Heinrich, who evidently had a soft spot in his heart for his nephew, interceded and managed to obtain Moritz' consent, with the latter's stipulation, however, that Robert should invest 600,000 kronen—$120,000—in the business.

Robert hadn't the money—maybe his father thought that this stipulation would keep Robert out of the firm. But Uncle Heinrich again took a hand. He turned *schatchen* and arranged a marriage for Robert, which

FOOL!

By S. S. Van Dine

Illustration by G. Patrick Nelson

¶ *Behind the uncompromising judge, Otto saw Robert sneering at him from the grave.*

brought him the required capital. And then Robert's father died, and the newest member of the firm, because of his forceful personality and unquestionable ability, became the manager of this vast enterprise.

Robert was not a nice man, Markham. He had qualities not dissimilar to some of our American magnates'. He was hard and unscrupulous, turning everything to his own ends and showing no mercy to anyone who stood in his way. I don't say he was after personal aggrandizement—the firm of which he was now the head had become his golden calf.

Scarcely had he seized the reins of management when he decided that his uncle Heinrich—to whom he owed his position—was not the proper person to be the senior partner of the firm. Heinrich was filled with principles of integrity and exuded a charitable public spirit. He actually had refused to sign a tax return because he deemed it too low!

Such old-fashioned honesty didn't appeal to Robert's sense of commercial *Schrecklichkeit*, and he went to work to oust the older man. He submitted a contract—which the trusting Heinrich and his son Otto accepted in good faith—to the effect that, upon the retirement of a partner, the partner should not receive any share of the tremendous reserve funds but only his portion of the capital itself.

Having thus taken his first Machiavellian step, he decided to rid himself completely of the old gentleman, who was now seventy-eight. And so, after an honorable reign of forty years, Heinrich Eissler was asked to resign. When he refused, Robert took the matter into court, demanding his retirement on the grounds of general inefficiency.

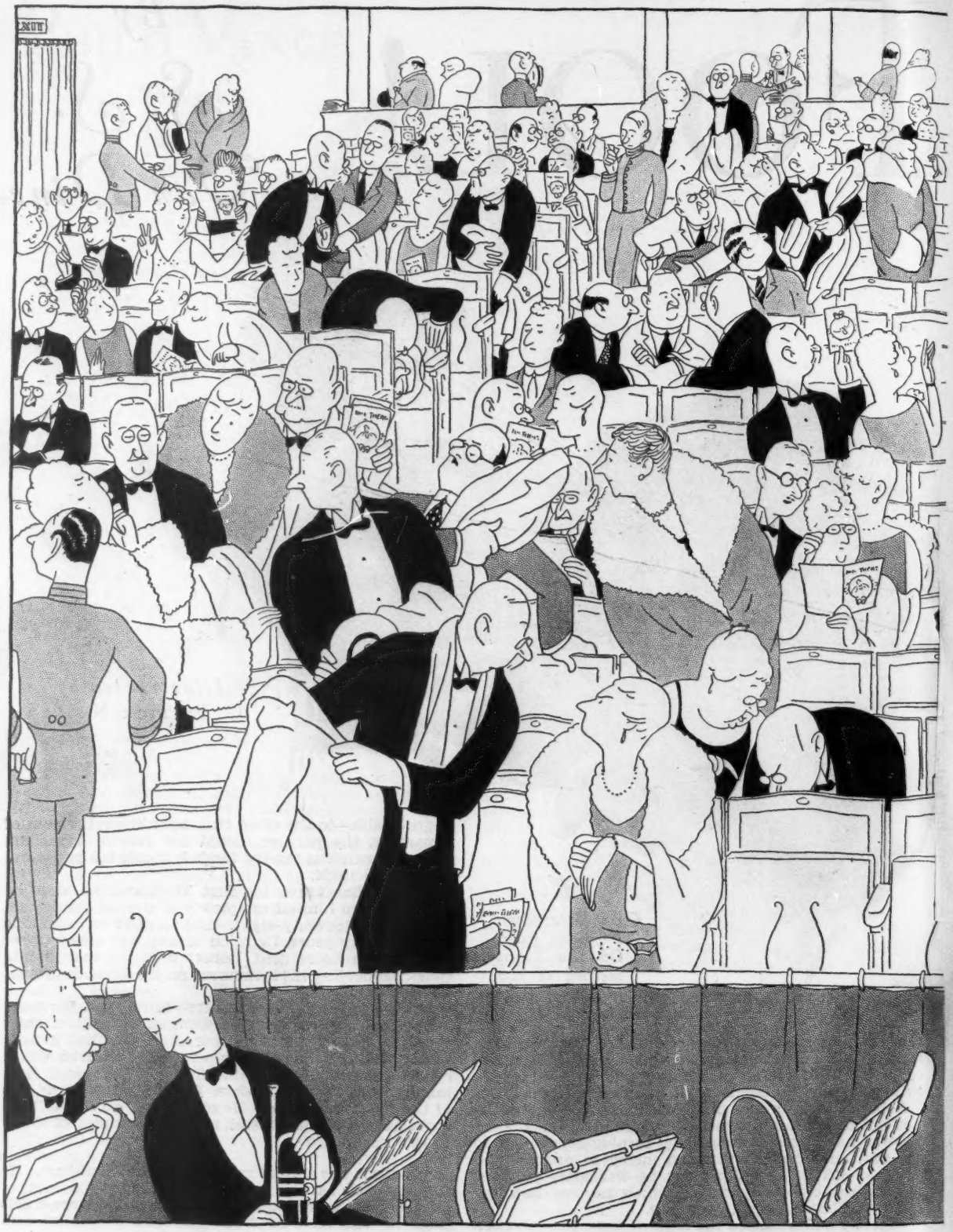
The two other junior partners—Alfred and Hermann—were too much under the domineering will of their cousin to oppose him; and moreover, they had artistic rather than commercial temperaments. Alfred was a collector of miniatures and first editions; and Hermann's collection of modern French paintings is one of the finest in Europe. He owns some excellent Delacroix canvases and several notable examples of Géricault's work.

GÉRICAULT was a great realistic painter, Markham. He was not as vigorous and artistic as Courbet or Daumier, but a craftsman who deserves far more credit than he has received from the critics. Gérard and Gros loosened Ingres' drawing; and Géricault, with the help of Guérin, completed the disruption of the *méthode David*.

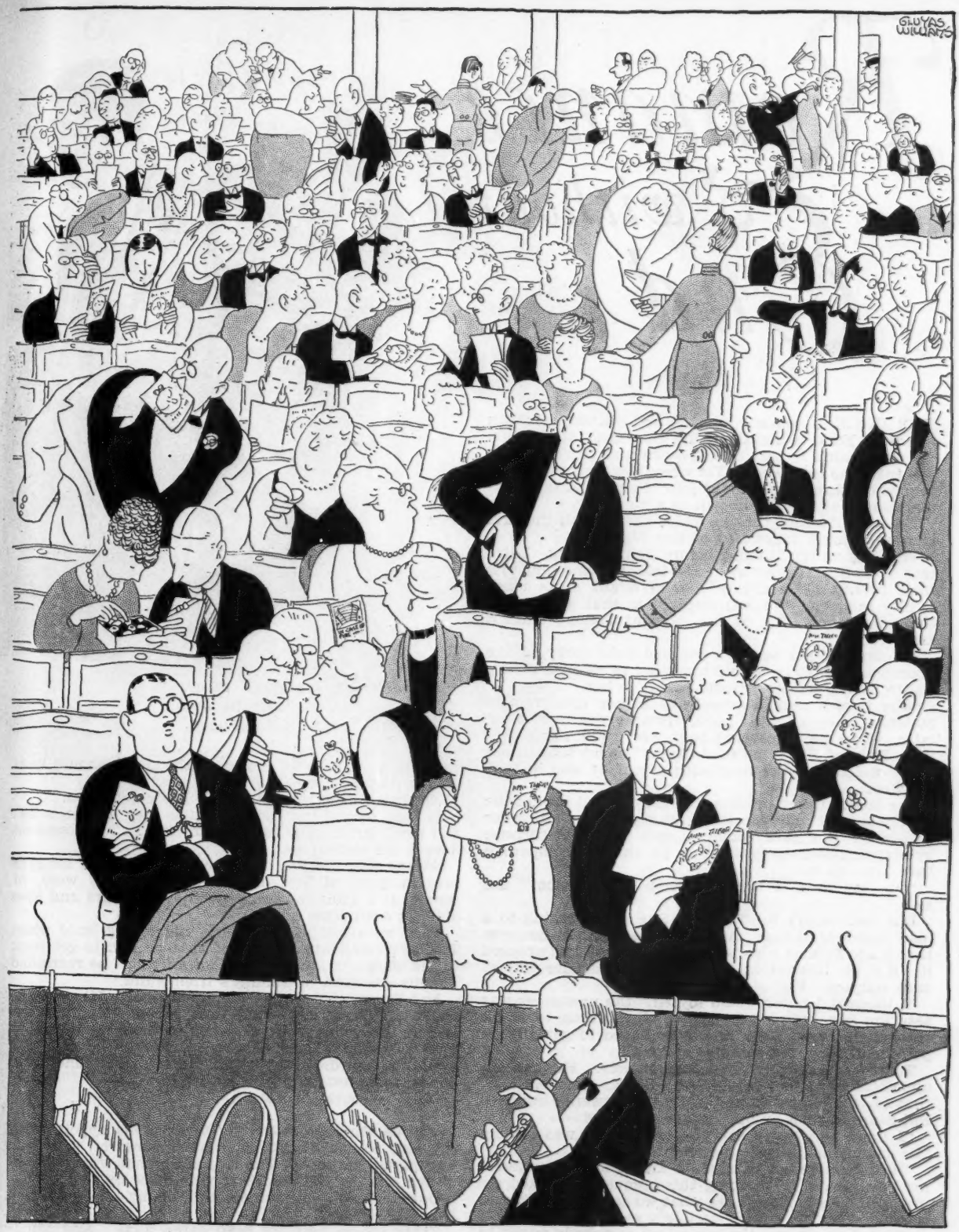
(Markham heaved an audible sigh, and shifted in his chair.)

Forgive me, old dear (Vance apologized without the slightest intonation of contrition); but after all, don't y'know, art is far more inveiglin' than crime. However, we will forgo æsthetics *pro tempore*.

Robert did not succeed in (*Continued on page 114*)



Seeing Ourselves *as the* Actors



See Us—*by Gluyas Williams*

Romance without End

¶ "*They make a picture,*" *thought Tommy.* "'*Love Cuts Its First Tooth.*' *Something to bite upon.*"

IN SPAIN a peasant sneezes and within a month New York is fighting the 'flu. And that's life. Everything is part of a pattern and there are actually no loose ends. Yet when two apparently disconnected threads suddenly join, there is always astonishment at what is known as a coincidence.

The sort of thing, that is, which began with the first glimpse Tommy Jones had of Eve Weston.

This was on the Monday before Thanksgiving. Later that same day Tommy was to be told, in something less than twenty seconds, how a man might make twice twenty millions. Eve was involved in that, too; hence the coincidence. But at the moment Tommy did not know that.

He glimpsed her across a crowded hotel lobby, at the noon hour. That he should mark her in all that throng was in itself a tribute to some quality in her.

"She is well named—she *looks* as her most remote maternal ancestor must have," Tommy was to remark, later, when he discovered that her given name was Eve. In brief, Eve rated the interest Tommy took in her as he waited for the man with whom he was to take luncheon.

The latter rushed up, late, and they moved toward the check room. Eve stood close to this, plainly waiting for somebody. She gave Tommy a split second of surprise by stepping swiftly forward as he and his companion bore down on her.

"Oh, my dear, I thought you'd never come!" she said.

But that wasn't for Tommy. She was speaking to a man just behind him. And there was that in her eyes that made Tommy turn to look at him who had aroused it. But his interest in the latter's appearance was at once eclipsed. For:

"I thought I never would myself," the newcomer was assuring her. "I've been trying all morning to break through to Sears. I've finally managed to get an appointment for a few minutes at four."

Tommy's ears quickened instinctively. He had an appointment at four himself with Sears. Samuel Sears, that is—the man who had made twice twenty millions. But Sears was not an uncommon name and——

"I hope he doesn't eat you alive," Eve was saying. "He sounds like a veritable ogre to me."

"He'll be more apt to have me kicked out," prophesied her companion. "I'm doing this because you asked me to—but honestly I don't see what we can gain. If Sears has made up his mind I certainly can't change it."

"Well, I think just the same that somebody ought to warn him that it would be just like murder," maintained Eve.

They had moved behind Tommy and his companion, all waiting in line. So that the haughty young goddess who had presumably descended from high Olympus to take the hats and coats of mere men and hold them for ransom might get at them. Tommy could not help overhearing what they were saying.

"It's all such a mess," Eve was mourning. "We are even taking an awful chance lunching here. If anybody should see us and Peter the Great should hear of it he'd murder me."

"Or more likely me," retorted her companion.

At that second the young goddess took Tommy's hat and coat and handed him his check. So he moved on toward the restaurant.

Nevertheless, he was interested enough to let his eyes rove in quest of Eve and her escort. They were, of course, at a table for two; and they had ears and eyes only for each other.

They were still talking much and eating little when Tommy's companion remarked that he had to get back to the office. "*I* have to work for a living," he reminded Tommy—as most of Tommy's friends did.

And Tommy, as always, merely grinned. He paid the check and they left. And that, presumably, was the last of the young man who was to have an interview with a veritable ogre named Sears and the girl who would be murdered by Peter the Great if she were known to be lunching here with him.

Only, of course, it wasn't.

AT FOUR, Tommy was ready to keep his appointment with Samuel Sears. The latter, however, kept him waiting five minutes. The reason for that was disclosed as the door of the chief's private office opened.

Out of it came the same chap Tommy had seen with Eve.

Evidently he had not been eaten alive. And somewhere in New York the girl he had lunched with was waiting for him and for some report. But Tommy had no time to speculate on that. He was passed directly into the chief's office.

Sears, as lean, as fit and as bald as Cæsar in his fifties, smiled up at him and motioned him toward a seat.

"I'm sending you up to Easterly, Rhode Island, Tommy," he said. "I've just acquired control of a company up there—the Weston Manufacturing Company. There was a young chap in here a few minutes ago who

Our Young Friend
TOMMY JONES
Finds the Soul of a Soulless Corporation

By Royal Brown

Illustrations by
George Brehm

asked me point-blank what I planned to do about the company," he went on. "He did not exactly question my motives in buying control but I suppose the old notion that any capitalist is a pirate at heart dies hard."

He smiled dryly. "I don't know whether I convinced him that the idea was foolish or not. You can't seem to convince any considerable portion of the public that millions can be made without there being crooked work somewhere. I suppose that goes back to the way the railroads were once rigged and the way the stock market is still rigged at times. But the funny part of it is that no man who tried to make a million that way ever held on to it.

"The truth is, Tommy, that a man can't make and *keep* a million without serving his fellows in some way. That's a large statement—but it can be abundantly proved."

He let that sink in, his eyes holding Tommy's. Then: "I can give you the recipe for making a million—or forty," he went on, relaxing a bit. "Either invent and market something that means improved service at lower cost, or take some process and so improve it and reorganize it that the operating costs are materially lowered. That's sure fire—and all there is to it."

To which, after a second, he added, "I'm not an inventor, of course. I get my profits out of the leaks I stop. Take the Weston Company——"

A phone call interrupted him. He was busy with it for just a moment.

"I seem to have delivered quite an oration," he remarked ironically as he replaced the phone on the stand. "But I got back to the Weston Company, anyhow, and I'll tell you why I'm interested in it."

He did so, briefly. The Weston Company was one of the many comparatively small, yet astonishingly profitable industries that dot New England. It manufactured various types of locks and door hardware. Sears' interest was in the site it occupied. He had an eye to the future and to the development of aviation.

"The plant and the land it stands on were appraised by my own experts at ten million dollars," he explained. "The value of all the outstanding stock at market was only eleven millions. It seemed cheaper, therefore, to buy control in the company than to make a straight offer for the plant and site. I did so and I think that is what worries our young friend."

Sears turned, picked up a small cylinder lock from his desk and studied it.

"A Weston product—and a good one," he remarked. "This links up with what I told you a few minutes ago. Take this lock. You'll find it in some form in universal use now, accepted everywhere as a common, ordinary thing with its small flat key. Yet I can go back to my own boyhood and remember other locks and keys. Particularly the keys. The size of them was almost incredible."

Sears tossed the lock back onto his desk, nodded toward it.

"There's something better. More convenient, more serviceable, more secure. And there were millions in it

for its inventors and its developers. I don't know whether it can be bettered as a product. I do know that manufacturing costs can be lowered. I'm not asking you for a report on the business. I've had that all gone over."

And that, as Tommy knew, was the chief's inevitable procedure. He bought a stock not to manipulate it but because he saw possibilities of greater profit for all in it. What he went into he stayed in.

"I know exactly what I want to do with the company," he went on. "Eventually there will be a new plant elsewhere but that is in the future. The thing that bothers me now is what to do about Peter Weston."

Peter Weston? Something clicked in Tommy's mind. "If anybody should see us and Peter the Great should hear of it——"

But Sears was going on. "Peter Weston founded the business. He's been making locks like this for almost fifty years. He's president of the company and although he's over seventy he's very much in harness."

He glanced at his desk clock. Eighteen after four.

"I can force him out—shelve him," he added abruptly. "But I've just been warned that that would be equivalent to signing his death warrant. That sounds melodramatic, I suppose, but it's true enough. I've had that feeling myself all along. I think you'll understand it when you see him." He rose at that.

"I've had copies of all my reports made for you. They'll give you whatever information you need. For the rest—well, I'm one with Carnegie. He always maintained that all he did was to get good men and never give them orders—just suggestions."

"And are you suggesting that I report on some way of easing old Peter out of the picture gracefully?" asked Tommy directly.

SEARS smiled ruefully. "I doubt if that can be done," he confessed. "I'd be content if I could put some young man—picked, of course—in as assistant to the president. The company needs new blood, new ideas, and young shoulders to take some of the routine from old Peter's. The question is how to get him in—and whether old Peter will work with him."

He paused there. Then: "If old Peter should die tomorrow there isn't a man in the organization with the executive ability to carry on. The young chap who was in to see me was the right type—and old Peter quarreled with him. Violently. He didn't tell me so but you'll find reference to that in the reports too."

Sears hesitated a minute, then added: "What you won't find in the reports is the rather surprising fact that though old Peter practically kicked him out he came here to put up a plea that old Peter shouldn't be kicked out. He ruffled me for a moment," he admitted, "but I rather like that young man."

Then he held out his hand.

"I don't know just what can be done or how you'll do it," he said. "But I have a feeling you'll manage something. In any event, you'll discover how much of drama and even romance there is to a so-called soulless corporation before you get through."

This ended the interview. A minute later Tommy was bee-lining it for the Grand Central. He had checked a bag there just before four, although he had had no idea then what was coming.

"Me? Oh, I just run personal errands for the chief," Tommy was wont to explain when asked what *his* excuse for drawing a salary might be. "In fact, I'm getting to be such a hardened traveler that if I'm ever in a train wreck I'll probably sleep on, thinking that they are just adding another car at Albany."

¶ *"Did Chris Weston have any luck with Samuel Sears?" This time Tommy scored. "Why, do you know Chris?" Eve asked uncertainly.*

NOW, thanks to his foresight, he was able to make the Bostonian. Nor was he the last passenger aboard. Eve lingered at the gate. And she was not alone. He recognized her and her companion at once.

This time it did not seem quite so much of a coincidence. The girl was on her way back to Rhode Island—and Peter the Great.

The gatekeeper was gazing at his watch with portentous gravity. "All aboard," he announced.

Eve lifted her face swiftly and—— "And there's one bit of romance connected with a so-called soulless corporation right off the bat," decided Tommy.

As it happened, Eve had a chair in the same car. She was seated diagonally across the aisle from him. This presented her profile to him. He studied it. Her charm was undeniable, even though some of that intense aliveness that had attracted his attention earlier in the day was now muted. She seemed thoughtful, subdued. But that was understandable. She was returning to another angle of her problem; to Peter the Great who would murder her if he knew with whom she had been. All part of the pattern, but all tangled up.

As if conscious of his interest, Eve's head turned and her eyes met his long enough to recall him to a sense of his manners.

Swinging his chair around, he opened his brief case and produced the report with which Sears had provided him. This held his attention as the train ran on through the mist and murk of the November night. For here, as the chief had prophesied, were romance and drama. Take, for instance, the biography of Peter Weston that was included.

Drama? Peter Weston had gone to work when a modern child is just emerging from the kindergarten. He had been not quite seven years old when he had entered a mill at fifty cents a week, for fourteen hours a day. The child workers began their daily drudgery an hour and a half before they had their breakfast, and for that they were allowed but thirty minutes.

A Spartan environment. And out of it Peter Weston had lifted himself to amass a fortune and to lift the whole Weston family with him.

"And nowadays they say a child must not even be disciplined lest he develop an inferiority complex," ruminated Tommy. "No wonder the old boy thinks

that the modern Westons are all soft."

That he did, two paragraphs in one of the preliminary reports made clear. These read:

> The stock of the corporation is still largely held by various branches of the Weston family. To obtain control would be impossible without cooperation from some of these stockholders. Certain ones have been sounded and are willing to come into the pool. Their names and holdings are listed on a separate sheet. (A9)
>
> These are of the second and third generation since the founding. They hope for larger profits. But it is also apparent that there is resentment engendered by Peter Weston's determination to remain the family as well as the business dictator. His caustic criticism of their easier ways of living has bred ill feeling.

And so they had betrayed him. Of course he would think that was what it had amounted to.

This had been in their power because of the combination of family and feudal instinct blended in him. The company had been his achievement but he had seen that his four brothers should be identified with it. He had survived them, as he had survived his own son and his daughter-in-law. He had made all these other Westons, their descendants, nominally rich. And that they might be a little richer, enjoy more of the soft things that his own Spartan hardihood made possible for them, they had sold him out.

Tommy resumed reading:

> Weston is in his seventy-fifth year. His only living direct descendant is a granddaughter, Eve Weston, who lives with him.

He stole a glance at Eve. "And he must be a murderous person to live with these days," he realized.

A book lay open in her lap but it had failed to hold her interest. Her eyes were turned toward the car window, though outside all was murk save for a clustering of lights now and then that indicated one more of the innumerable little New England manufacturing cities the train was tearing through.

Drab enough in their physical aspects yet, as Sears had said, dramatic in essence. Any city is the fruit of human efforts and ambitions, the product of fierce rivalries and bitter frustrations.

"I'll be writing novels next myself," thought Tommy satirically—and returned to his reports.

> The company is definitely a one-man organization. The other Westons identified with it in various capacities are negligible quantities. Weston will not tolerate a strong personality in his own province.
>
> Four years ago one Christopher Weston, distantly connected, graduated from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and applied for a job. He was given one and for a time was in high favor with Peter Weston, who referred to him as "the only real Weston in the lot."
>
> The belief then held was that Christopher Weston would be groomed as Peter Weston's successor. The younger man, however, had ideas of his own and these led to a violent rupture, it is reported.
>
> The story is that Peter Weston gave him an hour to clean out his desk and clear out of the plant.

Tommy's eyes again went to Eve. "And of course Chris had to be the man she'd fall for, just to make it all a bit more involved," he summed up. "Life loves to play that trick—the same old Romeo and Juliet *motif* with a few modern improvements, or rather complications."

But at least he was beginning to get a picture of the situation. Things were coming into focus. He knew now why Eve met Chris clandestinely. It was not because she lacked courage.

"It's just because she can't hurt Peter the Great—not just now," diagnosed Tommy. "She feels that everybody else has let him down—and she can't. If things had shaped up differently——"

But they hadn't. And there again one had the way life runs to a pattern. All incredibly intricate but with no loose ends.

A multimillionaire becomes interested in an aviation project and in developing it secures control of a comparatively small Rhode Island corporation. And immediately life currents are changed. How many one could not guess.

There Tommy's thought broke. The train was coming into Easterly.

Easterly was new to him in one way, familiar in every other. One might, without seeing it, anticipate it. A fourth-rate city, Easterly—Pop. 108,000.

The November murk had developed into a drizzle. The sky was hung with a luminous light-shot mist. The searchlights of many parked cars made a sort of golden fog. Through this the disembarking passengers moved mysteriously, each pursuing his or her destiny.

Tommy noted but one. Eve, of course. She took a station taxi. He wondered about that as he taxied to the hotel that was to be his headquarters.

"I wonder if Peter the Great considers even an automobile too soft," ran his thought. The answer to that lay with the morrow, however.

Before bedtime he had finished the reports. The list of renegade Westons interested him particularly. Several, he noted, had left Easterly. One of the stockholders pledged to work with Sears had a Paris address; another was domiciled in Greenwich Village.

"Third-generation Westons gone in for art," he decided, and added, "It used to be three generations from shirt sleeves to shirt sleeves; now it seems to be three generations from shirt sleeves to a smock."

Yet there was still quite a representation of Westons in Easterly. Tommy had no intention of seeking them out personally, but the report had quickened his interest in them and around that he shaped his plans. "A good walk in the morning may add something to my stock of general information," was the way he summed these up.

In the morning the drizzle had departed; the sun was abroad. The air took on a new tang and freshness as Tommy left the business section behind.

The first address on his list was that of the second-generation Westons who had pledged a quarter of a million of the company stock to the Sears pool. "And that, at the average dividend of twelve percent which the company pays, means thirty thousand a year net," computed Tommy. "The Roger Westons ought to do themselves well on that in a city of this size."

They did. They lived on the heights overlooking the city and harbor in a house in which the charm of the colonial was blended with at least four baths and every imaginable convenience. The grounds were ample and had been landscaped. Even the garage was notable—and it was built for four cars.

"I can see where the Roger Westons might cause old Peter to comment on the habits of wasters," decided Tommy, as he studied all this. "And also how the Roger Westons might wish old Peter would attend to his own business—and make more money for them to spend."

This particular section was that chosen by almost all the second- and third-generation Westons still living in Easterly, he discovered. Their homes had one quality in common: the love of luxury.

"And I shouldn't be surprised if each one of them spent every dollar he could without touching his capital," ruminated Tommy.

The home of old Peter he purposely came to last. Tommy gave it one glance. "If architecture is frozen music, then that is 'Silver Threads Among the Gold' played on a particularly dismal cottage organ," he decided.

The house was big enough. It was built of brownstone to which ivy tried to cling. The roof was mansard. There were also what, in the 'eighties, were described as grounds.

The inescapable conclusion was that old Peter had built this house not only to live in but to die in. It was put together to endure. He probably reckoned it as good as the day it was finished and on it—or in it—he stood pat.

A drive swung from where he stood to the house and then around to the back. But there was no garage, only what had once been used as a carriage house and stable. Tommy recalled Eve's taxi and credited himself with another correct hunch. This time he was wrong, however, as he was to discover.

He had finished with his prolonged survey of the house but was still absorbed by its details as he started to cross the drive. An automobile horn blown almost in his ear requested him to take heed. A car had been about to enter the drive. Now it was stalled, with its bumper a scant six inches away from his left leg. In it was Eve Weston.

Tommy recognized her at once. That she also recalled having seen him before became apparent.

"She thinks there is something familiar about my face and she's afraid that on the slightest provocation there may be something familiar about my manner too," guessed Tommy.

In any event, the ice was forming and he felt that he might do well to try to break it. He wanted to talk to Eve. And so, without removing himself, he removed his hat—and bowed his head.

"Let us hold a brief service of thanksgiving here and now," he suggested. "I shudder to think what might have been my fate if this car had not been equipped with four-wheel brakes."

Abruptly and delightfully Eve laughed. "I hope it will be very brief," she commented. "And also that you will offer up a special prayer for those who step off the sidewalk without looking where they are going."

"I usually do," protested Tommy. "But I've been studying the house and there is something about it that fills the vision."

"Perhaps I'd better warn you that it is my home," interrupted Eve.

"You may *live* there but *home* is where the heart is," protested Tommy. "And I simply can't believe that that is the home of your heart." Eve's eyes widened. But before she could speak he went on coolly: "In fact, I doubt if you'd spend ten minutes longer than you had to within its walls if it were not for your grandfather."

The ice he had so deftly broken had formed again. Eve reached forward

without a word and started her engine.

"And somebody once told me that women have a lot of curiosity," mourned Tommy. "I don't seem to have had much success in piquing yours. But before you run your Juggernaut over me, let me try once again. Did Chris Weston have any luck with Samuel Sears?"

This time he scored.

"Why, do you know Chris?" Eve asked uncertainly.

"No; but I do know Samuel Sears. In fact, I've been sent here to Easterly as his representative."

"You mean you've come to see grandfather?" asked Eve anxiously.

"My instructions were to use tact," he told her. "And—well, perhaps the best answer to your question is another. Do you think any representative of Samuel Sears would be given a chance to use tact if he went to your grandfather's office and sent his card in?"

Eve flushed. "Why should he? If you had spent almost fifty years in building up a business, and then had some outsider get a foothold through treachery, would you——"

"Probably not," confessed Tommy. "And that's why I'm feeling my way instead of going to your grandfather. Looking the ground over and——"

"And trying to find the easiest way of forcing him out?" she flashed.

"The easiest way would be to call a stockholders' meeting and vote him out," Tommy reminded her. "But—believe it or not—what I hope to discover is some way to keep him in."

That checked her for a second, but she could not believe it. Tommy saw that, even before she said: "That should be easy. Just *don't* call a stockholders' meeting."

"But how about the stockholders? They should be considered."

"Why?" she demanded passionately. "There would be no company at all if it weren't for grandfather. Most of the stockholders owe all they have to him. And now just because they think he's old and—and a bit autocratic——"

"Just because of that they say practically what Chris himself told your grandfather," Tommy cut in coolly. "That new blood and new ideas would make it a bigger and better company. That *is* what Chris said, isn't it?"

Eve, being feminine, preferred to sidestep that. "You seem to know a lot about our affairs," she commented.

Tommy grinned. "Why, you'd be so dumfounded I could knock you over with a feather," he said. "For instance, I might tell you that if Peter the Great knew you occasionally saw Chris in New York he'd murder you."

But that did not surprise her. "So *that* is where I saw you first. I remember now!"

"Flattered!" murmured Tommy. "I had no idea that you saw anybody but Chris at the moment."

Eve colored deliciously. "I only see Chris that way because——"

"Oh, give me credit for some intelligence," protested Tommy. "I've given you credit for a lot, please realize."

"You mean, by telling me you are——"

"Exactly!"

"Why do you?" she demanded. "I'd go to grandfather in a moment and tell him you were here if I——"

"If you thought best. But you don't. And I've told you I'm here because I want to talk things over. With you and Chris. Is he coming up this way soon?"

Eve's eyes considered him for a second. Then: "He'll be home for Thanksgiving. I had planned to see him during the day just for a moment."

"And that is one of those times when two would be company and three an awful crowd," remarked Tommy. "Yet I wonder if it wouldn't be wise for you to take me along. I suppose you'll drive somewhere. This is your personal car?"

"Grandfather refuses to own one, or even drive in one."

"I suspected as much."

"But it isn't just that he hates change," she protested. "It's because my mother and father were killed in one when I was just a baby. Grandfather practically brought me up and—he's always been wonderful to me. He——" She paused, striving to find the words to express what she meant. Then: "If people will only let him do things his own way he's one of the most generous men that ever lived. But he can't be pushed and he simply can't be gracious.

"Of course I'd always wanted a car dreadfully but I'd never mentioned it because he hated them so. Then one morning while we were still at breakfast a man brought this around. I couldn't understand it. But Peter the Great just snapped, 'Well, you wanted one. Now go off and kill yourself!'

"You'd have to know him to know that that was just his way. I didn't even dare to thank him. He just stalked off to the factory and he has never mentioned the car since. But I know how hard it was for him to let me have it. He feels things so much more than people realize." There she stopped short, realizing that her outbreak might seem absurd to a stranger. "I had no intention of exploding that way."

"I'm glad you did," Tommy assured her. "Everything helps. In fact I've just the glimmering of an idea."

"What is it?" demanded Eve.

"Just a glimmering," repeated Tommy. "I've got to work on it. May I phone you later?"

Eve gave him permission. She wondered about that afterwards. He had appeared out of nowhere, the self-confessed emissary of Samuel Sears. Yet she had believed in him implicitly. Why should she?

Through her solitary luncheon—Peter the Great never came home for that meal—she wondered if she had been wise. As she finished luncheon she glanced at her wrist watch. Another gift from Peter the Great. Platinum set with diamonds. She had found it beside her plate on her birthday.

"Oh, it's wonderful. Just what I wanted!" she had pæaned.

"Won't keep time for five minutes," Peter the Great had grunted.

Peter the Great carried an old silver watch almost the size of an apple. "Doesn't vary a split second a week," was his boast.

Eve's watch said that the time was one-forty-five. Which, she computed, probably meant about one-thirty. She might just catch Chris at his club.

Long distance got the connection for her, but not from her grandfather's house. There was a curious quickening of pulse as she waited for his voice. Then it came and she told him about Tommy, and received swift reassurance.

"Well, if Sears has sent him to Easterly to find some way of keeping Peter the Great in the company, you can bet he's going to break his neck trying to find a way to do just that," said Chris.

Eve might have doubted that could she have seen Tommy then. He was at the Easterly Country Club, where he had borrowed clubs from the profession. At the moment he was addressing his ball on the first tee. The driver went back, came down, went through.

"Not so bad," commented Tommy, his eyes following the flight of the ball. If he could have heard what Eve was saying he would merely have grinned.

"You think it's all right to trust him?"

"Sears struck me as a decent sort," Chris reminded her. "Just as I told you—a big man in every way. I'll see you Thanksgiving, and we can discuss——"

"He wants to see you too," Eve put in.

"Let's hope he makes it brief," said Chris. "Because——"

The rest was extremely private. Although the operator, cutting in briefly, did overhear: "Oh, Chris, you know I do. Always and forever. It's just this awful mess we're in."

It might have interested them both to know that Tommy had also put through a long-distance call to New York to the Sears office. "The name is Christopher Weston," he had said. "I'd like a report on him by tomorrow night."

Now as he picked up his clubs and pursued the ball he was also pursuing an idea. "If people will only let him do things his own way he's one of the most generous men that ever lived." So Eve had said, and he hoped she was right. Tommy knew precisely what he'd like to have Peter the Great do.

"The question is how I can let him do it in his own way," was how he summed up his particular problem.

At four he turned in the clubs he had borrowed. He had decided to take a squint at the Weston plant. It was, after all, part of the picture of Peter the Great.

The early dusk of November had fallen when he reached it. Night had diminished the uncompromising lines of the plant; a thousand golden windows flecked the deepening shadows into which it dissolved. The flame from a towering chimney shot high, aspiring to an evening star.

It was just after five; the employees were leaving the plant, almost three thousand of them.

They went their way but Tommy lingered on. The value of the site to Sears was apparent. Here were almost thirty acres, of which ten were held in reserve. Railroad tracks running into the yard connected with the lines of the New Haven and there was a wharf on the arm of the harbor that lay beyond.

"He's getting both a plant that can be converted and an airport on the direct line between New York and Boston," realized Tommy. Here was vision, looking into the future. Tommy was projecting his imagination thither when his attention was diverted.

A man had emerged from the main entrance. Tommy quickened. The inescapable stamp of authority was that thickset, still powerful figu "Peter the Great—in person!" guessed. Tommy had no intention, th of speaking to Peter the Great. eyes no more than took him in as crossed the street.

There, not so far from Tommy, paused and turned to gaze at somethi that must have been as familiar to h as the back of his own hand. A shad yet uncompromising figure, stand stone-still. Why had he stopped? W did he see?

"The lengthened shadow of himself," plagiarized Tommy swiftly.

The plant was not only a picture of Peter Weston; it was also akin to a picture Peter Weston had painted.

"And that is why he can't stand criticism of it," realized Tommy. "He may think he sees it just as a business but he can't. It's his life work, an expression of himself."

That was why he had broken so violently with Chris, and so unfairly. Yet

We predict for 1930

January

Many thousand women will be delighted by the summery sweet-smelling freshness Fels-Naptha gives even to clothes that are winter-dried.

February

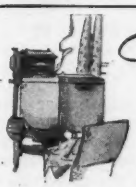
Many a once-grouchy husband will smilingly admit that, aided by Fels-Naptha, his wife has practically a dry-cleaner's knack for removing spots.

March

A great many hands will have come through the worst of the winter with their softness and smoothness intact—because Fels-Naptha suds are gentle.

April

Housecleaning housewives will exclaim over the way Fels-Naptha freshens painted woodwork and makes window-panes glitter.



May

A lot of women are going to be even more enthusiastic about their washing machines after they've tried them with Fels-Naptha.

June

Wedding linens will be much admired—and the best housekeeper she knows will tell the bride to wash them with Fels-Naptha.

July

There will be quite a little front porch talk of Fels-Naptha's ability to keep summer dresses looking their best.

August

In many bathrooms, fixtures and tiling will shine brighter—and stay shining!—thanks to the discovery of this added use for Fels-Naptha.

September

School clothes will once more swell the hamper—but that won't worry the mothers who use Fels-Naptha.

October

More women who believe in boiling clothes will thankfully discover that Fels-Naptha gives the same *extra* help in the wash boiler that it gives in water of any temperature.

November

In every town, certain lucky babies will crow contentedly in clothes that Fels-Naptha has gotten clean clear through with less work on their mothers' part.

December

Women who have used it during the year will agree in saying, "Nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha."

THIS prediction isn't guesswork. Each year more and more Fels-Naptha is sold . . . which means that each year thousands of women are discovering Fels-Naptha's *extra* help. It's the *extra* help of two active cleaners working together; not "just soap" but good golden soap hand-in-hand with plenty of dirt-loosening naptha. Let this be the year—and let today be the day (provided of course it's not New Year's Day)—that *you* discover it. Get a few bars of Fels-Naptha Soap from your grocer and learn the comfort of having *extra* help with every soap and water task.

SPECIAL FREE OFFER

Thousands of women have regularly chipped Fels-Naptha Soap into their washing machines, tubs or basins, using just an ordinary kitchen knife. Some now find it easier to use the Fels-Naptha Chipper to get fresh golden chips containing plenty of naptha, made just as you need them. The Chipper—a simple, handy little device—will be sent you postpaid on request. Just mail the coupon!

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FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa. C. 1-30

Please send me, free and prepaid, the handy Fels-Naptha Chipper offered in this advertisement.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

. . . extra help for millions of women

if Eve was right he was basically neither unfair nor ungenerous. He just had to do things his own way.

At that point the idea Tommy had been gunning for clicked. He stood still for a second. Then: "I shan't push him and I won't expect him to be gracious," he assured himself. "But here goes. Let's see if he can be made to do it his own way."

He moved toward Peter the Great. "Mr. Weston?" he asked.

Peter the Great turned, gave Tommy a swift glance. "That's my name," he replied. Curtly, of course.

"Mine doesn't matter," continued Tommy. "I've come to Easterly to ask you a question. I suppose I ought to have presented myself during office hours but I shan't take more than five minutes of your time."

"Of which one minute is nearly gone," observed Peter the Great sarcastically. "Well, what is it?"

"*That's* right across the bowsprit," Tommy informed himself. "Well, here goes for a return shot amidships."

To old Peter he said, "Why did Christopher Weston leave your employ?"

FOR a second it looked as if Peter the Great was about to blow up. Then: "Why do you ask me a question like that?" he snapped.

"But why not?" protested Tommy. "When a man is being considered for a position, his past record is always investigated."

"I believe he is employed in New York. You can get whatever information you need there."

"Not quite. You see, we've had a report that he was close to you and that after working more than three years for you he was discharged and given but an hour to clear out."

Tommy paused. The November dusk seemed sulphurous for a second.

"I told him to get out because he seemed to think he knew more about running the business than I did," exploded Peter the Great. "That's all."

"And enough," Tommy assured him gratefully. "I'm ever so sorry I had to bother you but it *was* less than five minutes—and I'm ever so much obliged." He nodded blithely and started off.

"Hey!" bellowed Peter the Great, and as Tommy paused, added savagely, "What sort of job is he after now?"

"He isn't exactly after it; in fact, he knows nothing about it," replied Tommy. "But there is a pretty big job he might be offered if he had all the necessary qualifications. He seemed to have them but in order to make sure it was necessary to get your opinion of him."

"What's that got to do with it? He might get along with another man."

"Good boy!" approved Tommy—but not audibly.

"And he's smart enough," added Peter the Great.

"No one questioned that," replied Tommy. "But if he's bullheaded or too aggressive, he's not the man for the job."

"Who said he was bullheaded or aggressive?" demanded Peter the Great.

"You just did—in effect," Tommy reminded him. "And if he couldn't get along with you, he's not the man we want."

Peter the Great glared at him like a baited bull. "I can tell you one thing, young man," he thundered. "And that is that no man ever got far in this world without being aggressive—and bullheaded at times."

"At times," conceded Tommy. "But tact and diplomacy are useful qualities too."

"Tact and diplomacy!" snorted Peter the Great. "A man who won't speak his mind isn't worth his salt. I'd have no use for him."

"All employers are not so liberal," Tommy reminded him. "And the job I speak of would be a difficult one. It's a big chance for the right man, but he's got to be precisely the right man."

He paused there. The rest was going to be ticklish. Then:

"The company might be the twin of yours," he plunged. "It is as big and the owner is your age. He is not ready to retire by a long shot but he does need a capable assistant. Somebody with ideas and executive ability who can carry part of the burden now and who can carry on when he is gone. There isn't a man in the organization who could fill his shoes. And you know the danger of that."

There he paused. If Peter the Great suspected!

But Peter the Great did not. "Well, if he *wants* a man like that, Chris——"

"A man is jealous of what he has created," Tommy cut in. "He may think he welcomes new ideas but any improvement suggested is, after all, criticism of what he has been doing. And if he has been successful, why——"

Tommy gestured expressively, and let it go at that. Peter the Great started to say something, then changed his mind. So:

"You can see that if Christopher Weston couldn't get along with you, he isn't the man for the job," added Tommy. "It's plain that he gave you extreme provocation and I think it's generous of you not to want to stand in his way. But that's out."

Peter the Great gave him an infuriated, baffled glare which Tommy ignored.

"Good night—and thanks again," he said.

"G-rrr!" said Peter the Great.

This time he made no attempt to stop Tommy. But Tommy was content. He had shot his bolt. Returning to the hotel he prepared to check out.

First he called up Eve and canceled the engagement he had made for Thanksgiving. She was surprised and, though she had assured herself he could do nothing, she felt let down.

"You mean you are leaving Easterly so soon?" she asked.

"I think the sooner I get out now the better," explained Tommy. He hesitated a second, then added: "I've just tried out a favorite old recipe and I'm going away to give it a chance to jell."

"Oh, you're coming back later?"

"I hope it won't be necessary," said Tommy. "But I want to see you and Chris just the same. Could you both take lunch with me on Friday—at the same place you and Chris lunched on Monday?"

"I don't know. I've sort of an engagement for Friday."

"You may have more of one if you come," suggested Tommy.

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"Come and see!"

The next morning he was back in New York at Sears' offices. The assistant to whom he had phoned the day before glanced up as he entered.

"I mailed you that report you asked for on Christopher Weston ten minutes ago!" he announced reprovingly.

"Good work," applauded Tommy. "Now you can let me have the carbon."

This was produced and Tommy prepared to digest it.

"You and Sherlock Holmes would make a good team, Eddie," he announced presently. "Do you happen to know what Mr. Sears' engagements are for today—and when I can see him?"

"Sure," grinned Eddie. "He's in Detroit. You can see him there—or wait until Friday. He's due here at one."

"And I have a luncheon engagement for one!" murmured Tommy. Then: "Get out the office code, Eddie," he directed. "I'll have a message to put on the wire before long."

This · ent in code at eleven. At five the answer came. It read:

> Splendid if you can arrange it Stop What makes you think you can Question

Tommy stuffed the wire back into the envelope. "Question is correct," he assured Eddie. "If they'd only postpone Thanksgiving I might have more—or less—reason to be thankful."

To which Eve might have added that so far as she was concerned Thanksgiving could be postponed indefinitely, even though she was to see Chris on the morrow. She was thinking of that this Thanksgiving Eve, and feeling a little sick, as always, at the amount of arranging it required and the deception so far as Peter the Great was concerned.

He never mentioned Chris. Not since the day when he had ordered him from the factory, forbidden him the house.

Eve might have protested that. Told Peter the Great—what? There had been nothing definite to tell, then. Instead she had played for time. So here she was, pulled one way by Peter the Great, the other by Chris.

And tonight she was worried about Peter the Great. He was always a silent man, given to preoccupation, but there was something more serious than usual on his mind. After dinner she followed him into the library; took up a book. But her mind went back to Chris. Supposing some time Peter the Great should ask her if she ever saw him!

At that instant Peter the Great looked up at her over his paper. "Do you ever see Chris?" he demanded harshly.

Eve's heart seemed literally in her mouth. "Sometimes!" she admitted—and held her breath.

"Er—humph," grunted Peter the Great and returned to his paper.

Minutes passed. The ancient clock on the mantel ticked them off. Then finally—Eve herself never guessed the conflict that those minutes marked—he again lifted his eyes.

"Is he coming home for Thanksgiving?" he asked.

"I—I think so," said Eve warily.

Silence again! But only for seconds. Peter the Great had made his decision.

"You might ask his young and high mightiness to step around and see me," he growled—and buried himself in his paper again.

Eve sat stock-still, afraid to move. She did not know what to make of that.

But if Tommy could have heard that conversation he might have astonished the passengers on the train that was carrying him home for Thanksgiving by turning handsprings down the aisle.

AS IT was, it was not until he glimpsed Eve standing almost in the same spot where he had seen her first that he knew that his idea had clicked. Chris was with her and her eyes were turned up toward his. They did not even see him until he spoke.

"May I be among the first—if not the first—to offer felicitations?"

Eve turned quickly, blushed miraculously. "Felicitations?" she echoed.

"They are customary at such times, aren't they?" teased Tommy. He glanced at her left hand. "But perhaps I'm a bit premature. I see you have no ring, but you are going to get one this afternoon, aren't you?"

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"Why, how on earth did you know?"

Tommy grinned. "Oh, I'm simply wonderful . . . Let's eat."

They went into the dining room and were seated.

"I think we ought to tell you at once," began Eve, "that——"

"That your fiancé is also the new assistant to the president of the Weston Manufacturing Company?" suggested Tommy. "Oh, I suspected that too. Do you care for *hors d'œuvre?*"

Eve's eyes went to their widest. "But you couldn't possibly know that. It was only settled yesterday! And"—her lovely eyes became defiant—"of course we all realize that Mr. Sears may block it if he chooses, but Peter the Great says if he does there'll be a battle that——"

"There will be no battle," Tommy assured her. "I can tell you—perhaps you had better not tell Peter the Great—that Mr. Sears will be as pleased as you are about this. In fact, Mr. Sears has already O.K.'d the appointment, provided that Chris is to be a *real* assistant," he qualified.

"Oh, that's just what Peter the Great wants," Eve broke in excitedly. "He is not ready to retire by a long shot but he does need somebody with ideas and executive ability to carry part of the burden now and to carry on when he is gone. He used those very words."

Tommy grinned. "And he might have taken them right out of my mouth," he assured her. "Now, can I interest you in the *hors d'œuvres?* They are very good here."

It didn't matter. Food was again merely something that was put before them.

"Isn't it wonderful that Peter the Great should come around that way?" Eve marveled anew. "Right out of a clear sky!"

"The sky *was* clear at that," murmured Tommy, thinking of a vivid planet that had burned behind the plant as he talked to Peter the Great.

But Eve hardly heard him. She was gazing ecstatically at Chris, the miracle of miracles glowing in her eyes.

They did not even cross-examine Tommy as they might have in a saner moment. Of his talk with Peter the Great he said nothing. Why mention it, so long as Peter the Great hadn't?

But he did, of course, tell Sears the whole story. The latter sat silent until Tommy came to his climax. Then:

"I see. A variation of what might be called the Socratic method," he commented, his eyes at once amused and approving. "But how could you feel so sure old Peter would act as he did? He seemed so bitter against Chris."

"The bitterness was all on the surface. The two men had been close and I felt that there was real affection there. And I was willing to gamble that when it began to sink into old Peter that he had spoilt Chris' chance of a big job he would—well, mull it over and offer him one himself. To square himself with himself. At that point what I'd said about an assistant clicked into place."

"As it usually does, somehow," remarked Sears dryly. He was silent a moment. Then: "Well, so you did discover that there was romance and drama in a so-called soulless corporation?"

Tommy grinned. "No end of drama," he replied, thinking of Peter the Great. And then, remembering Eve and Chris, added, "And romance without end—at least let's hope it's without end."

Jeeves and the Kid Clementina *by P. G. Wodehouse* (Cont. from page 43)

tree. Climb this, tie a string to one of the pots, balance it on a handy branch which you will find overhangs the conservatory, and then, having stationed Clem near the front door, retire into the middle distance and jerk the string. The flowerpot will fall and smash the glass; someone in the house will hear the noise and come out to investigate, and while the door is open and nobody is near Clem will sneak in and go up to bed."

"But suppose no one comes out?"

"Then you repeat the process with another pot. You have the night before you."

It seemed sound enough.

"You're sure it will work?"

"It's never failed yet. That's the way I always used to get in after lockup when I was at St. Ethel's. Now, you're sure you've got it clear, Bertie? Let's have a quick run-through to make certain, and then I must be off. String."

"String."

"Conservatory."

"Or greenhouse."

"Flowerpot."

"Flowerpot."

"Tree. Climb. Branch. Climb down. Jerk. Smash. And then off to beddy-bye. Got it?"

"I've got it. But," I said sternly, "let me tell you just one thing."

"I haven't time. I must rush. Write to me about it, using one side of the paper only. Good-by."

She rolled off, and after following her with burning eyes for a moment I returned to Jeeves, who was in the background showing the kid Clementina how to make a rabbit with a pocket handkerchief. I drew him aside. I was feeling a little better now, for I perceived that an admirable opportunity had presented itself for putting the man in his place and correcting his view that he is the only member of our establishment with brains and resource.

"Jeeves," I said, "you will doubtless be surprised to learn that something in the nature of a hitch has occurred."

"Not at all, sir."

"No?"

"No, sir. In matters where Miss Wickham is involved, I am, if I may take the liberty of saying so, always on the alert for hitches. If you recollect, sir, I have frequently observed that Miss Wickham, while a charming young lady, is apt——"

"Yes, yes, Jeeves. I know."

"What would the precise nature of the trouble be this time, sir?"

I explained the circs.

"The kid is A.W.O.L. They sent her to bed for putting sherbet in the ink, and in bed they imagine her to have spent the evening. Instead of which, she was out with me, wolfing the eight-course table-d'hôte dinner at seven and six and then going on to the Marine Plaza to enjoy an entertainment on the silver screen. It is our task to get her back into the house without anyone knowing. I may mention, Jeeves, that the school in which this young excrescence is serving her sentence is the one run by my aunt Agatha's old friend, Miss Mapleton."

"Indeed, sir?"

"A problem, Jeeves, what?"

"Yes, sir."

"In fact, one might say a pretty problem?"

"Undoubtedly, sir. If I might suggest——"

I was expecting this. I raised a hand. "I do not require any suggestions, Jeeves. I can handle this matter myself."

"I was merely about to propose——"

I raised the hand again.

"Peace, Jeeves. I have the situation well under control. I have had one of my ideas. It may interest you to hear how my brain worked. It occurred to me, thinking the thing over, that a house like St. Ethelburga's would be likely to have near it a conservatory containing flowerpots. Then, like a flash, the whole thing came to me.

"I propose to procure some string, to tie it to a flowerpot, to balance the pot on a branch—there will, no doubt, be a tree near the conservatory with a branch overhanging it—and to retire to a distance, holding the string. You will station yourself with the kid near the front door, taking care to keep carefully concealed. I shall then jerk the string, the pot will smash the glass, the noise will bring someone out, and while the front door is open you will shoot the kid in and leave the rest to her personal judgment.

"Your share in the proceedings, you will notice, is simplicity itself. How about it?"

"Well, sir——"

"Jeeves, I have had occasion before to comment on this habit of yours of saying 'Well, sir' whenever I suggest anything in the nature of a ruse or piece of strategy. I dislike it more every time you do it. But I shall be glad to hear what possible criticism you can find to make."

"I was about to express the opinion, sir, that the plan seems elaborate."

"In a place as tight as this you have got to be elaborate."

"Not necessarily, sir. The alternative scheme I was about to propose——"

I shushed the man.

"There will be no need for alternative schemes, Jeeves. We will carry on along the lines I have indicated. I shall give you ten minutes' start. That will enable you to take up your position near the front door and self to collect the string. At the conclusion of that period I shall come along and do all the difficult part. So no more discussion. Snap into it, Jeeves."

"Very good, sir."

I felt pretty bucked as I tooled up the hill to St. Ethelburga's and equally bucked as I pushed open the front gate and stepped into the dark garden. But just as I started to cross the lawn there came upon me a rummy sensation, as if all my bones had been removed and spaghetti substituted, and I paused.

I don't know if you have ever had the experience of starting off on a binge filled with a sort of glow of exhilaration, if that's the word I want, and then, without a moment's warning, having it disappear as if somebody had pressed a switch. That is what happened to me at this juncture, and a most unpleasant feeling it was.

The truth came to me like a bit of ice down the neck. I remember reading somewhere that it is a defect of generous and high-spirited natures that they are apt to allow themselves to be carried away by what you might call the exuberance of the moment. I can't recollect the exact words, but that was the nub of the thing, and I could see now what the fellow who wrote it meant. What he was driving at was that blokes

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like myself tend, when stirred, to spread themselves a trifle excessively, with the result that before they know where they are they find themselves committed, if you follow me, to a course of action which, when contemplated in cold blood, doesn't look any too juicy.

This was what had happened to me. I perceived that I had been a dashed sight too impulsive. Purely in order to score off Jeeves, I had gone and let myself in for what promised to be the moldiest ordeal of a lifetime.

You see, it wasn't as if I really liked doing this sort of thing. The world may be divided broadly into two classes: fellows who enjoy prowling through other people's gardens in the dark in order to climb trees and tie string to flowerpots, and fellows who do not.

The nearer I got to the house, the more clearly was it revealed to me that I belonged to the second class, and I'm bound to say I wished more and more that I had been a bit less haughty with Jeeves when he had tried to outline that alternative scheme of his. An alternative scheme was just what I felt I could have done with.

At this point I found myself at the conservatory door, and a few moments later I was inside, scooping up the pots.

Then ho! for the tree, bearing 'mid snow and ice the banner with the strange device "Excelsior!"

I WILL say for that tree that it might have been placed there for the purpose. My views on the broad, general principle of leaping from branch to branch in a garden belonging to Aunt Agatha's closest friend remained unaltered; but I had to admit that, if it was to be done, this was undoubtedly the tree to do it on. It was a cedar of sorts, and almost before I knew where I was, I was sitting on top of the world with the conservatory roof gleaming below me. I balanced the flowerpot on my knee and began to tie the string round it.

And, as I tied, my thoughts turned in a moody way to the subject of Woman.

I was suffering from a considerable strain of the old nerves at the moment, of course, and, looking back, it may be that I was too harsh: but the way I felt in that dark, roosting hour was that you can say what you like, but the more a thoughtful man has to do with women, the more extraordinary it seems to him that such a sex should be allowed to clutter up the earth.

Women, the way I looked at it, simply wouldn't do. Take the females who were mixed up in this present business. Aunt Agatha, to start with, better known as the Pest of Pont Street, the human snapping turtle. Aunt Agatha's closest friend, Miss Mapleton, of whom I can only say that on the single occasion on which I had met her she had struck me as just the sort of person who would be Aunt Agatha's closest friend. Bobbie Wickham, a girl who went about the place letting the pure in heart in for the sort of thing I was doing now. And Bobbie Wickham's cousin Clementina, who, instead of sticking sedulously to her studies, spent the springtime of her life filling inkpots with sherbet . . .

What a crew! What a crew!

I mean to say, what a *crew!*

I had just worked myself up into rather an impressive state of moral indignation and was preparing to go even further, when a bright light shone upon me from below and a voice spoke.

"Ho!" it said.

It was a policeman. Apart from the fact of his having a lantern, I knew it was a policeman because he had said "Ho!" I don't know if you recollect my telling you of the time I broke into Bingo Little's house to pinch the dictaphone record of the mushy article his wife had written about him and sailed out of the study window right into the arms of the Force? On that occasion the guardian of the Law had said "Ho!" and kept on saying it, so evidently policemen are taught this as part of their training. And, after all, it's not a bad way of opening conversation in the sort of circs in which they generally have to chat with people.

"You come on down out of that," he said.

I came on down. I had just got the flowerpot balanced on its branch, and I left it there, feeling rather as if I had touched off the time-fuse of a bomb. Much seemed to me to depend on its stability and poise, as it were. If it continued to balance, an easy nonchalance might still get me out of this delicate position. If it fell, I saw things being a bit hard to explain. In fact, even as it was, I couldn't see my way to any explanation which sounded convincing.

However, I had a stab at it.

"Ah, officer," I said.

It sounded weak. I said it again, this time with the emphasis on the "Ah!" It sounded weaker than ever. I saw that Bertram would have to do better.

"It's all right, officer," I said.

"Ho!"

"Oh, yes. Oh, yes."

"Ho! What you doing up there?"

"Me, officer?"

"Yes, you."

"Nothing, sergeant."

"Ho!"

We eased into the silence, but it wasn't one of those restful silences that occur in talks between old friends. Embarrassing. Awkward.

"What you doing up that tree?"

"Tree?"

"Yes. Tree."

"Well, it's like this——"

"Ho?"

"It's rather hard to explain, but——"

"Ho?"

"It's quite all right, though."

"Ho!"

There was another lull in the conversation.

"You'd better come along with me," said the gendarme.

The last time I had heard those words from a similar source had been in Leicester Square one boat-race night when, on my advice, my old pal Oliver Randolph Sipperley had endeavored to steal a policeman's helmet at a moment when the policeman was inside it. On that occasion they had been addressed to young Sippy, and they hadn't sounded any too good, even so. Addressed to me, they more or less froze the marrow.

"No, I say, dash it!" I said.

And it was at this crisis, when Bertram had frankly shot his bolt and could only have been described as nonplused, that a soft step sounded beside us and a soft voice broke the silence.

"Have you got them, officer? No, I see. It is Mr. Wooster."

The policeman switched the lantern round. "Who are you?"

"I am Mr. Wooster's personal gentleman's gentleman."

"Whose?"

"Mr. Wooster's."

"Is this man's name Wooster?"

"This gentleman's name is Mr. Wooster. I am in his employment as gentleman's personal gentleman."

I think the cop was awed by the man's majesty of demeanor, but he came back strongly. "Ho!" he said. "Not in Miss Mapleton's employment?"

"Miss Mapleton does not employ a gentleman's personal gentleman."

"Then what are you doing in her garden?"

"I was in conference with Miss Mapleton inside the house, and she desired me to step out and ascertain whether Mr. Wooster had been successful in apprehending the intruders."

"What intruders?"

"The suspicious characters whom Mr. Wooster and I had observed passing through the garden as we entered it."

"And what were you doing entering it?"

"Mr. Wooster had come to pay a call on Miss Mapleton, who is a close friend of his family. We noticed suspicious characters crossing the lawn. On perceiving these suspicious characters, Mr. Wooster dispatched me to warn and reassure Miss Mapleton, he himself remaining to investigate."

"I found him up a tree."

"If Mr. Wooster was up a tree, I have no doubt he was actuated by excellent motives and had only Miss Mapleton's best interests at heart."

The policeman brooded.

"Ho!" he said. "Well, if you want to know, I don't believe a word of it. We had a telephone call at the station saying there was somebody in Miss Mapleton's garden, and I found this fellow up a tree. It's my belief you're both in this, and I'm going to take you in to the lady for identification."

Jeeves inclined his head gracefully.

"I shall be delighted to accompany you, officer, if such is your wish. And I feel sure that in this connection I may speak for Mr. Wooster also. He, too, I am confident, will interpose no obstacle in the way of your plans. If you consider that circumstances have placed Mr. Wooster in a position that may be termed equivocal, or even compromising, it will naturally be his wish to exculpate himself at the earliest——"

"Here!" said the policeman, slightly rattled. "What's all this?"

"Officer?"

"Less of it."

"Just as you say, officer."

"Switch it off and come along."

"Very good, officer."

I MUST say that I have enjoyed functions more than that walk to the front door. It seemed to me that the doom had come upon me, so to speak, and I thought it hard that a gallant effort like Jeeves' should have failed to click.

Even to me his story had rung almost true in spots, and it was a great blow that the man behind the lantern had not sucked it in without question. There's no doubt about it, being a policeman warps a man's mind and ruins that sunny faith in his fellow human beings which is the foundation of a lovable character.

I could see no gleam of light in the situation. True, the Mapleton would identify me as the nephew of her old friend, thus putting the stopper on the night in the prison cell, but, when you came right down to it, a fat lot of use that was.

The kid Clementina was presumably still out in the night somewhere, and she would be lugged in and the full facts revealed, and then the burning glance, the few cold words and the long letter to Aunt Agatha. I wasn't sure that a good, straight term of penal servitude wouldn't have been a happier ending.

So, what with one consideration and another, the heart, as I toddled in through the front door, was more or less bowed down with weight of woe. We went along the passage and into the

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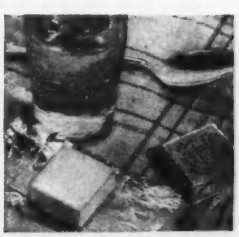

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study, and there, standing behind a desk with the steel-rimmed spectacles glittering nastily, was the boss in person. I gave her one look, then shut my eyes.

"Ah!" said Miss Mapleton.

Now, uttered in a certain way—dragged out, if you know what I mean, and starting high up and going down into the lower register, the word "Ah!" can be as sinister and devastating as the word "Ho!" In fact, it is a very moot question which is the scalier.

But what stunned me was that this wasn't the way she had said it. It had been, or my ears deceived me, a genial "Ah!" A matey "Ah!" The "Ah!" of one old buddy to another. And this startled me so much that I ventured to look at her again. And a stifled exclamation burst from Bertram's lips.

The breath-taking exhibit before me was in person a bit on the short side. I mean to say, she didn't tower above one, or anything like that. But, to compensate for this lack of inches, she possessed to a remarkable degree that sort of quiet air of being unwilling to stand any rannygazoo which females who run schools always have. When *in statu pupillari,* I had noticed the same thing in my old head master, one glance from whose eye had invariably been sufficient to make me confess all. Sergeant majors are like that, too. Also traffic cops and some post-office girls. It's something in the way they purse up their lips and look through you.

In short, through years of disciplining the young—ticking off Isabel and speaking with quiet severity to Gertrude and that sort of thing—Miss Mapleton had acquired in the process of time rather the air of a female lion-tamer. But now, though she still resembled a lion-tamer, her bearing had most surprisingly become that of a chummy lion-tamer—a tamer who, after tucking the lions in for the night, relaxes in the society of the boys.

"So you did not find them, Mr. Wooster?" she said. "I am sorry. But I am none the less grateful for the trouble you have taken, nor lacking in appreciation of your coufage. I consider that you have behaved splendidly."

I felt the mouth opening feebly and the vocal cords twitching, but I couldn't manage to say anything. I was simply unable to follow her train of thought. I was astonished. Amazed. In fact, dumfounded about sums it up.

The hellhound of the Law gave a sort of yelp, rather like a wolf that sees its Russian peasant getting away.

"You identify this man, ma'am?"

"Identify him? In what way identify him?"

Jeeves joined the symposium.

"I fancy the officer is under the impression, madam, that Mr. Wooster was in your garden for some unlawful purpose. I informed him that Mr. Wooster was the nephew of your friend, Mrs. Spenser Gregson, but he refused to credit me."

THERE was a pause. Miss Mapleton eyed the constable for an instant as if she had caught him sucking acid drops during the Scripture lesson.

"Do you mean to tell me, officer," she said, in a voice that hit him just under the third button of the tunic and went straight through to the spinal column, "that you have had the imbecility to bungle this whole affair by mistaking Mr. Wooster for a burglar?"

"He was up a tree, ma'am."

"And why should he not be up a tree? No doubt you had climbed the tree in order to watch the better, Mr. Wooster?"

I could answer that. The first shock over, the old sang-froid had returned.

"Yes. Rather. That's it. Of course. Certainly. Quite. Absolutely," I said. "Watch the better. That's it in a nutshell."

"I took the liberty of suggesting that to the officer, madam, but he declined to accept the theory as tenable."

"The officer is a fool," said Miss Mapleton. It seemed a close thing for a moment whether or not she would rap him on the knuckles with a ruler. "By this time, no doubt, owing to his idiocy, the miscreants have made good their escape. And it is for this," said Miss Mapleton, "that we pay rates and taxes!"

"Awful!" I said.

"Iniquitous."

"A bally shame."

"A crying scandal," said Miss Mapleton.

"A grim show," I agreed.

In fact, we were just becoming more like a couple of love birds than anything, when through the open window there suddenly breezed a noise.

I'M NEVER at my best at describing things. At school, when we used to do Essays and English Composition, my report generally read, "Has little or no ability, but does his best," or words to that effect. True, in the course of the years I have picked up a vocabulary of sorts from Jeeves, but even so I'm not nearly hot enough to draw a word picture that would do justice to that extraordinarily hefty crash.

Once, when I was in New York, I stopped at a hotel about six yards from where they were putting up that new Grand Central building, and I thought that had taught me all there was to know about noise. But it was only now that I discovered what noise could really be. Try to imagine the Albert Hall falling on the Crystal Palace, and you will have got the rough idea.

All four of us, even Jeeves, sprang several inches from the floor.

Miss Mapleton was her calm, masterful self again in a second.

"One of the men appears to have fallen through the conservatory roof," she said. "Perhaps you will endeavor at the eleventh hour to justify your existence, officer, by making investigations."

"Yes, ma'am."

"Try not to bungle matters this time."

"No, ma'am."

"Please hurry, then. Do you intend to stand there gaping all night?"

"Yes, ma'am. No, ma'am. Yes, ma'am."

It was pretty to hear him.

"It is an odd coincidence, Mr. Wooster," said Miss Mapleton, becoming instantly matey once more as the outcast removed himself. "I had just finished writing a letter to your aunt when you arrived. I shall certainly reopen it to tell her how gallantly you have behaved tonight.

"I have not in the past entertained a very high opinion of the modern young man, but you have caused me to alter it. To track these men unarmed through a dark garden argues courage of a high order. And it was most courteous of you to think of calling upon me. I appreciate it. Are you making a long stay in Bingley?"

This was another one I could answer.

"No," I said. "Afraid not. Must be in London tomorrow."

"Perhaps you could lunch before your departure?"

"Afraid not. Thanks most awfully. Very important engagement that I can't get out of. Eh, Jeeves? Have to catch the ten-thirty train, what?"

"Without fail, sir."

"I am sorry," said Miss Mapleton. "I had hoped that you would be able to say a few words to my girls. Some other time, perhaps?"

"Absolutely."

"You must let me know when you are coming to Bingley again."

"When I come to Bingley again," I said, "I shall certainly let you know."

"If I remember your plans correctly, sir, you are not likely to be in Bingley for some little time, sir."

"Not for some considerable time, Jeeves," I said.

The front door closed. I passed a hand across the brow.

"Tell me all, Jeeves," I said. "I am fogged."

"It is quite simple, sir. I ventured to take the liberty, on my own responsibility, of putting into operation the alternative scheme which, if you remember, I wished to outline to you."

"What was it?"

"It occurred to me, sir, that it would be most judicious for me to call at the back door and desire an interview with Miss Mapleton. This, I fancied, would enable me, while the maid had gone to convey my request to Miss Mapleton, to introduce the young lady into the house unobserved."

"And did you?"

"Yes, sir. She proceeded up the back stairs and is now safely in bed."

I frowned. The thought of the kid Clementina jarred upon me.

"She is, is she?" I said. "A murrain on her, Jeeves, and may she be stood in the corner next Sunday for not knowing her collect. And then you saw Miss Mapleton?"

"Yes, sir."

"And told her that I was out in the garden, chevying burglars with my bare hands?"

"Yes, sir."

"And had been on my way to call upon her?"

"Yes, sir."

"And now she's busy adding a postscript to her letter to Aunt Agatha, speaking of me in terms of unstinted praise."

"Yes, sir."

I drew a deep breath. It was too dark for me to see the superhuman intelligence which must have been sloshing about all over the man's features. I tried to, but couldn't make it.

"Jeeves," I said, "I should have been guided by you from the first."

"It might have spared you some temporary unpleasantness, sir."

"Unpleasantness is right. When that lantern shone up at me in the silent night, Jeeves, I thought I had unshipped a rib . . . Jeeves!"

"Sir?"

"That Antibes expedition is off."

"I am glad to hear it, sir."

"If young Bobbie Wickham can get me into a mess like this in a quiet spot like Bingley-on-Sea, what might she not be able to accomplish at a really lively resort like Antibes?"

"Precisely, sir. Miss Wickham, as I have said, though a charming——"

"Yes, yes, Jeeves. There is no necessity to stress the point. The Wooster eyes are opened." I hesitated. "Jeeves."

"Sir?"

"Those plus-fours."

"Yes, sir?"

"You may give them to the poor."

"Thank you very much, sir."

I sighed. "It is my heart's blood, Jeeves."

"I appreciate the sacrifice, sir. But once the first pang of separation is over, you will feel much easier without them."

"So be it, then, Jeeves," I said. "So be it."

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Speak for Yourself *by Nina Wilcox Putnam* (*Continued from page 49*)

head and went off to produce on his own. He was always wanting to do highbrow pictures, and he had been so successful as a director that he thought he knew it all.

Well, I've read the reviews of Durant's independent efforts in your paper, and I've seen most of the openings, and while everybody in the business admits Durant's stuff is great, artistically, what the box office said is something yet again. Flop after flop! It was a case of letting his art run away with his roll, every time.

HOWEVER, Jake Rausch had released all his stuff; don't forget that, Mr. Jackson! Rausch was too fond of Durant ever to let him go completely. Rausch agreed to release twelve pictures for Durant, and so far eleven of them had failed to pick up any cash. At the very time when Nancy Ambrose eased her way into Hollywood, poor old Tommy was getting ready to take his final plunge, and Jake had broadcast the fact that unless Tom came across with a hot one this time there'd be no renewal of his contract, and Tom could go and state-rights his own pictures, and you know what that means, Mr. Jackson. It would be a whole lot quicker for Tommy Durant to take himself for a ride and leave a note behind telling what kind of flowers he loved best.

It was kind of a sad situation, because Tommy is personally one of the best-liked men out here, and there wasn't hardly a soul who wouldn't have enjoyed seeing him succeed. Say, you ought to know pictures better than to think just because Tom and Jake had this row on that Tommy wouldn't be at Jake's party. Why, in Hollywood, people pan the life out of a person one day and lunch with him the next noon.

Well, anyways, to get back to Jake's party, everybody was there and around eleven o'clock it was getting pretty rough. You see, it had originally started at six o'clock as a cocktail party and a dinner, but at nine-thirty the Japanese cook was discovered to have passed out. And so by the time the after-dinner guests arrived, dinner not yet having been served, well, the jazz was working heavy.

Not that the party was in any way unrefined, Mr. Jackson; please don't misunderstand me. Mr. Rausch's parties are always elegant and high class in every way, and nothing ever takes place at them which is not perfectly gentlemanly and ladylike and you may quote me in your interview as saying so. But, if I may mention it without your misunderstanding me, it was a good party and going strong.

As a matter of fact, I and Wangle were leaning over the edge of the goldfish bowl and Wangle was insisting that the goldfish should come out and perch on his finger. He knew that Jake had some kind of pet that came and perched on the finger when called, and wouldn't believe me when I claimed it was the love birds, but was determined to prove to me it was the goldfish. The rest of the crowd was dancing and et cetera, mostly et cetera, and then all of a sudden the door opened to admit a rush of cool night air and Nancy Ambrose.

It was a good entrance, although she still wore the plain little gray outfit in which I had first seen her, and in one second I could tell that Jake was taken off his feet—and off those of the girl with whom he had just been dancing.

"Well, what a pleasant surprise!" he called. "Come right in, Miss Ambrose; delighted, I'm sure!"

For a minute I was sore. Here this girl, an unknown, not only crashes a job at the studio within twenty-four hours of landing in town, which was after all understandable when you consider that she had practically pulled a gun at Jake's head; but on top of that she crashes an exclusive party. Ordinarily a person has to give practically their eyeteeth to get invited to one of Jake's parties, because when Jake throws a bit of whoopee, he likes to be sure he knows his company.

Yet Nancy didn't look like a party crasher: she looked too refined for that, and you know I am a judge of refinement. But nevertheless she had plainly crashed. Jake pulled her into the room and introduced her to quite a few, including Durant. But Nancy didn't say much. She merely looked the room over quietly, refused a drink, listened a bit to the cracks and so on, and then Tommy Wangle and I wandered off into Jake's private library to—to sort of look at the books, but we couldn't find any books. So we had just sat down in a dim corner, when in came Jake and Nancy Ambrose. And Jake, by gollies, shut the door behind him!

"Is this private enough?" he asked.

"Of course!" said Nancy in that lovely voice of hers. "I asked to speak to you in private, Mr. Rausch, because you've been so wonderfully nice to me that I want to be nice to you in return."

"So!" said Jake in the clubbiest manner possible, seating himself beside Nancy on the divan. Their backs were toward us and believe me, Mr. Jackson, Tommy and I, we felt just about as comfortable as a stowaway on a transatlantic plane—and no more able to leave without being noticed! "So!" says Jake. "Well, that's dandy, on account I was beginning to fall for you, anyways."

"Ah, but you don't understand me," says Nancy gently. "I want to be good to you to show how much I like you."

"Fine!" says Jake.

"Now, Mr. Rausch," Nancy went on, "you know you drink, you smoke, you swear; and that's not right, you know it's not right, and I want to help you to stop it. A man in the great position you hold should set a good example, shouldn't he? And if you stop now, before it is too late, you can not only save yourself, but you can by your example stop all those people in there who are doing the same evil things!"

For a second Jake looked toward the door the way a person would who finds themselves unexpectedly locked up with a lunatic. Then he grinned.

"All right, I'll bite!" says he. "What do we do next, eh? This is a new opening, but I'm game."

"Are you really?" she asked earnestly but happily. "Oh, Mr. Rausch, that's simply marvelous! I felt as soon as I met you that you were really a good man at heart, and that all you needed was a chance—just a little encouragement and sympathy, in order to do right. Out here in Hollywood with so much wickedness going on, I can quite understand how hard it would be to take the first step toward reform all alone. That's why I'm here tonight, to lend the necessary helping hand."

After the first gasp of surprise anyone with half an eye, Mr. Jackson, could tell that Nancy wasn't kidding. Her beautiful face was as serious as a summons, and she plainly meant exactly what she was saying. Jake was so dumfounded when this fact began to reach what he uses for a brain that he actually took the cigar out of his mouth and laid it on the table in sheer astonishment. Nancy misunderstood the action, however, and a smile lighted her face as she patted his hand approvingly.

"That's a splendid beginning," she said encouragingly. "Of course you'll miss smoking at first, but don't get discouraged. When you feel tempted, pray for strength. I will pray with you whenever you like, and help you to conquer the snares of the devil. Oh, Mr. Rausch, how I rejoice at your understanding!"

"But—but!" gasped Rausch. "What kind of a business is this, anyway? I'm not even a member in your church!"

"That's of no importance whatsoever," replied Nancy with infinite kindness. "Race, creed nor color does not enter into matters of religion. It's the way one acts that counts, as you know very well, Mr. Rausch. Just concentrate on the marvelous effect your example will have on the whole industry. With you as my first convert, look at the good I will be able to do. What a beginning!"

"Yes, but what will be the finish, I'm wondering," muttered Jake, still plainly thinking the girl a nut. But from where I sat, Mr. Jackson, she didn't sound crazy at all. Something about her made you realize she was the genuine, dyed-in-the-wool-gathering reformer.

As I listened I began to remember her father, the fiery old Scotchman who used to thunder at us about infant damnation and all like that, and I remembered how as a kid it used to scare me half to death. And to anybody who had known the old boy the same as I had, it was plain as day that his daughter was just like him. That being so, exactly why had she come out here and got herself a job in the pictures? The same question seemed to have hit Jake Rausch, judging from his next remark.

"Say!" he says. "I wonder, Miss Ambrose, did you realize the sort of people you were going to meet when you got that letter from Senator Woolmer and worked yourself a picture job? I'm afraid, with your religious ideas, you are in for more or less of a shock when you go to work at the studios tomorrow!"

"Oh, no, I'm not," she assured him. "I fear I know all too well exactly what to expect. I realized the godlessness of this town long before I ever decided to come here. Indeed, that is why I came. You see, Mr. Rausch, I have always been crazy about the movies. Back home, ever since Father died, I've been going every time they changed the program at the Star, that's our local theater.

"Andrew Shafter, the young man who is our nearest neighbor, and Thomas Thork, who developed the snapshots for our drug store, used to take me, although each of us paid our own way. Andrew and Thomas are both of Scottish descent the same as myself. We went every Saturday because by then the work was done and Andrew and I could get back to the farms before the Sabbath commenced, for it was only ten miles out of town and Andrew had a small car."

"OY, IT sounds like a reckless sort of outing!" says Jake.

"No, no, it was quite economical, I assure you," Nancy comes back at him without a smile. "We always sat in the cheaper seats, down in front, and I could afford it, because the quarter section Father took up is quite a good

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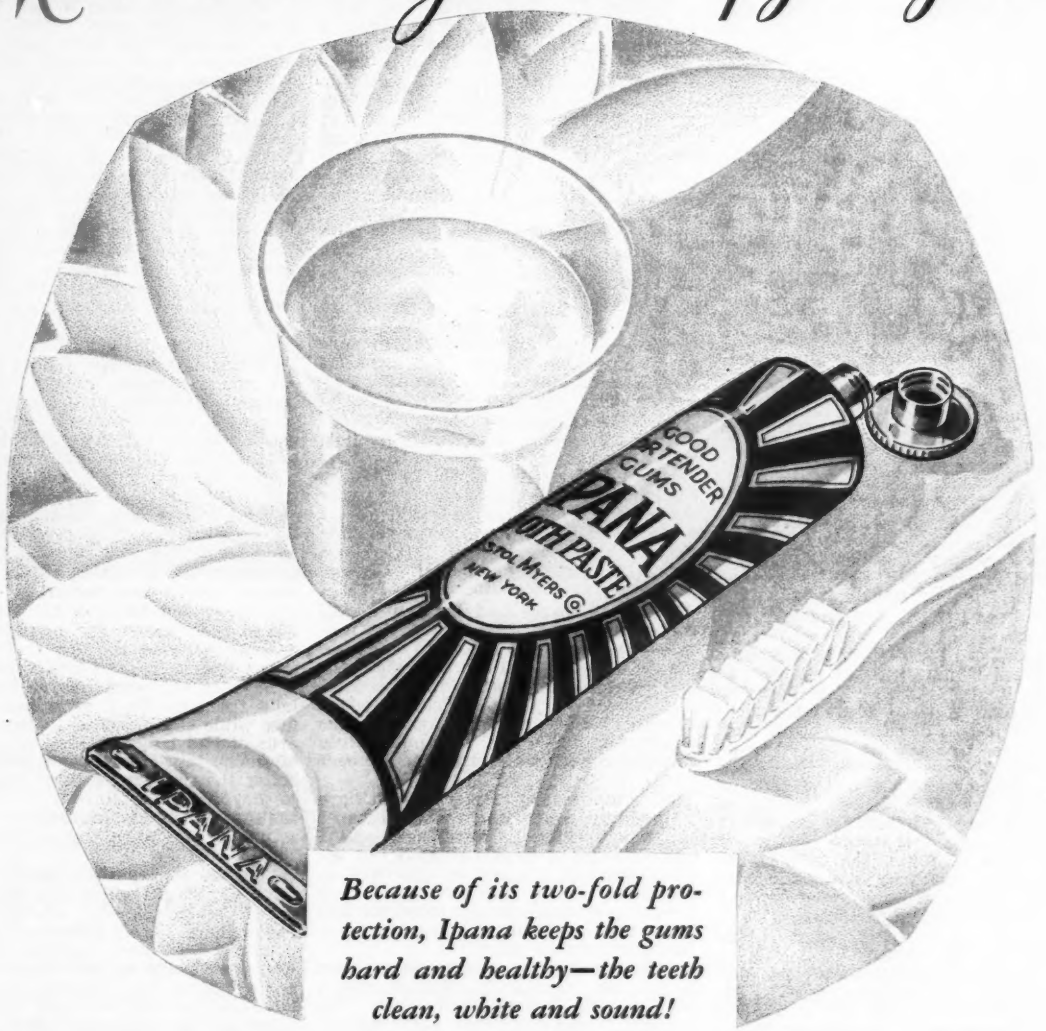

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farm, and I had only myself, for Mother died when I was twelve, and Father and I had always been careful. Andrew has worked the farm for me since Father's death, three years ago, because Andrew's quarter section joins ours."

"So you got a hundred and sixty acres farm of your own back home, and no doubt money in the bank!" Jake commented, thinking of the salary he had squandered on her on the strength of her smart clothes. "But you don't dress like a farm girl, baby; I mean, Miss Ambrose."

"The pictures taught me how to dress," she explained.

"But exactly what work do you mean?"

"To clean up Hollywood!" she says with the rapt stare that made her eyes so lovely. "Mr. Rausch, when I used to gaze at the pure, sweet faces of the actors and actresses on the screen, and realize what lovely people they ought to be in real life; and then when I read in the papers how wicked they really are, I simply could not resist the call to come out here and help them to be better. It's such a great art, the motion-picture art, Mr. Rausch, so capable of carrying a widespread message for good.

"Oh, the people who make them must stop doing wrong and be, in real life, as fine and sweet as they appear on the screen, otherwise they are betraying the faith of the people who go to see them! And I felt that the only way to really help was to become one of them. Andrew and I agreed on that."

"Andrew is the boy friend, I take it?" says Jake.

"Andrew and I expect to be married," she replied simply. "He is adding one room to his house while I am away, so that we can live there when we're married. It's only a three-room house now.

"You see, Mr. Rausch, Andrew realized that this was my call. He agreed that I should come out, but as soon as my work here is finished, I'm to go back and marry him. He thought I ought to count on staying about six months, and at first I felt that rather short, but now that I've made such a splendid start with you, I'm sure I won't need longer.

"You see, Mr. Rausch, what finally decided me was Thork coming here. He's the boy from the drug store that used to go to the pictures with us. He was always of a capable turn of mind, a very religious boy, and devoted to my father. The Lord has rewarded him with great success, I believe, for he is a cutter in one of the laboratories here, getting forty dollars a week. Andrew felt I would be well looked after, with Thork in the same town."

"With your five hundred a week you ought to be able to look after yourself pretty well," Jake says kind of ruefully. "However, while I don't want to discourage any good works, Miss Ambrose, I want to put you wise to the fact that you have bit off quite a job. You'll need some pretty hot stuff to get your act over in this town."

"Oh, but I have some pretty hot stuff!" she cried enthusiastically. "I have Father's last sermon!"

JAKE sort of crumpled in his seat at that, as if the strain was getting too much for him, and believe me, Mr. Jackson, it was getting pretty hard for me to bear, too, because Tommy Wangle had fallen asleep with his head on my knee and my knee had fallen asleep too, and still and all I didn't dare to move. But Nancy was going strong. She was all lighted up like a church, with enthusiasm and conviction and what not, and dog-gone it, when she mentioned that sermon, I swear there was something that held you, Mr. Jackson, a sort of inner light you might call it.

"Father wrote his greatest sermon just before he died," says Nancy in her golden voice. "But he never got a chance to preach it. It is called 'The Open Door' and it is about how we have a bank account in heaven and how every time we draw upon it, there is automatically deposited twice as much to our spiritual account. Only by failing to draw does this account dwindle. It's a great sermon, Mr. Rausch, and I'm going to get its message over to this community, somehow or other."

Well, by then she'd got as much over as was coming to her for one evening, Mr. Jackson, because the gang outside had been enlarged by the arrival of Herman Lustig and Pavloa Grigi who had come to say good-by. They had been let out of their contracts by the Arrow Pictures, Inc., because Arrow was making only talkies and both of them having strong accents, why, that was considered a breach of contract. So they was on their way back to Germany.

Well, this gang had come to say good-by and how, and if Jake thought he could go on tête-à-têteing with the new beauty they had news for him—he couldn't! So they broke in the room and dragged Jake and Nancy off and I woke up Wangle and my knee with equal difficulty, but when the pain was over, I realized I'd better find out where Nancy was living and look after her a little.

A girl as simple and innocent as all that needed more than Thork, the religious drug-store film cutter, to look after her in this man's town. Incidentally, Mr. Jackson, now you see how the stuff your magazine prints affects readers. Photographs of we stars in our kitchens apparently don't fool the public into thinking we are one hundred percent pure.

Well, as a matter of fact I didn't have to wait long to see Nancy again because she was working at Revelation, and I was there next morning trying to see Jake about my contract. He was in conference as he had been every time I went there since our last interview, and I was waiting around to catch him when he came out, the old fox!

I don't know if I mentioned the fact or not, Mr. Jackson, but Rausch wasn't sold on the sound stuff then. He thought it was a fad that would die out with the experiment. But neither was he hiring any big-time people at the moment until he was dead sure, and I'd decided that I wasn't going to be let out like an old shoe after all the years I'd worked for him just because—— Excuse me, was that the phone? No?

Well, then, as I was saying, I was on the lot and Nancy was working on number three with the Colum outfit, and naturally I stopped to watch her work. Colum was directing, and the sequence was a western interior where Nancy, in the small bit of the saloon-keeper's daughter, sees the heavy rob the nuggets out of the secret hiding place. The scene was going strong but not strong enough for Colum, who was watching Blatchford, the heavy, and giving him the usual tongue-lashing.

What Colum was saying to Blatchford, I being a lady couldn't very well repeat to you, Mr. Jackson, but it had more blankety-blanks in it than a new check book. However, having heard the same sort of thing from directors' lips all my career I didn't think anything of it until Nancy walked right across the set with her hand up, headed for Colum like a beautiful thundercloud.

"Stop!" she commanded. "Mr. Colum, what do you mean by using such language? Don't you know that you are imperiling your immortal soul?"

For a second Colum looked like he had been struck by the proverbial lightning, and then he got mad as a wet hen.

"What do you mean by wrecking the sequence?" he shouted. "My footage is 'way overshot, and here you go ditch another five hundred feet. How am I to keep down costs when I have an idiot like this wished on me? Miss Ambrose, you get back and keep your mouth shut!"

"Not unless you keep yours shut, too!" she snapped back at him. "Bad language and bad temper are not a part of your contract, Mr. Colum, and not only do they injure your own salvation but they endanger the morals of those around you. I'm as much under contract here as you are, and there is no provision in my contract for the toleration of such behavior.

"Every time you use such language I'll break the sequence and, as you point out, you're overshot already. And now if you really want to get on with the morning's work, let's go! But remember, if you won't behave yourself, I shall have to save you by interruptions."

WOW! Did that smart, and how, Mr. Jackson! But Colum directed the scene without any more abuse, although he tried to fuss her by using elaborate dictionary terms instead. Nancy merely smiled sweetly and remarked that the practice would improve his vocabulary.

And that wasn't the half of it, Mr. Jackson. During the day I saw her go up to two electricians who were lighting a set that was wanted in a hurry, and hold them up for a good twenty minutes while she preached to them on the evils of bad language and the salvation of their souls. Electricians like nothing better than an excuse to be interrupted, so they listened attentively until Wangle, the studio manager, came up and created a panic, and then, by gollies, Nancy turned on him!

I'm safe to say that was a complete novelty; new girl on her first job, bawling out the studio manager, who could break her without hardly lifting an eyelid to do it! The sheer surprise of it hit Tommy Wangle so hard that he finally apologized to her, although he told me later that he wanted to kill her.

My, my, Mr. Jackson, what a protection beauty is to a woman, to be sure! It was after this that I decided it wasn't necessary for me to get her address. I couldn't afford to make friends with the wrong people just then, and anyways, it looked like Nancy could take care of herself pretty well after all.

I heard considerable more about her reform act, though, Mr. Jackson, including what she did to Wally Woods, Revelation's best box-office attraction. It seems while Nancy was waiting for her set she strolled over to number six where Wally Woods was right in the midst of a gangster sequence, and what does she do but ruin it by pointing out to Wally that deaf-mutes all over the country would be able to read his lips and be corrupted by what he was saying.

Wally went to Jake about it that night and said he would quit unless Nancy was fired. And as Wally was then Jake's best bet, of course Jake had to do something about it, quick. It seems all the other stories about Nancy had been carried back to the head office, too, and Rausch came to the conclusion that, Senator or no Senator, Nancy must get the air. But it couldn't be done crudely without making a serious enemy in Washington, for Jake had checked

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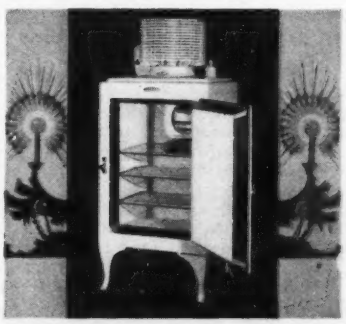

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

ALL-STEEL REFRIGERATOR

up and found out Nancy's father had been a great pet of the Senator's.

Nancy must be got rid of, but tactfully; if possible in such a way that not even Nancy herself would realize she was being canned. And it was in this emergency that Jake thought of poor old Tommy Durant. Excuse me, but are you sure that wasn't my phone? Er—yes, I am kind of expecting a call and I keep thinking I hear it.

Well, then, to get back to Tommy Durant, I guess I mentioned where Tommy was just getting ready to start what might be his last picture, didn't I? Listen, Mr. Jackson, you know Durant, he's always been too far ahead of the industry in everything he's ever done. It was he who made the first war picture, two years before the public was in the mood to accept one.

Then he made "Ride in the Dark," the first underworld story. A perfect wonder it was, but the public was still too unaccustomed to gunmen to regard them as a form of entertainment, and it was shelved. And that's been Durant's history right along—two jumps ahead of his own game all the time, and everybody knows that if you can't make it in one jump, you don't land at all!

But the progressive thing in pictures was Durant's weakness and always has been. And now, with ruin staring him in the face if he had another purely artistic success, he had to go and spend his last dollar refitting his studio for sound! Everybody thought he was a fool to try it, but nobody could stop him, not even Jake, who gave him the best advice possible.

"For Lord's sake, Tommy, give 'em a horse opera, or a nice sex-appeal picture instead!" the big producer begged him. "Sex appeal is sure fire every time, as I've told you good and plenty!"

"I'll say you have!" grinned the big shaggy Irishman. "That's what we parted over, isn't it, so why bring that up? The public are sick and tired of it, and they are entitled to some intellectual fodder occasionally."

"So are they entitled to a dose of castor oil," says Jake, "but you don't see any lines three blocks long forming outside the drug store to get it. As for this all-talking business, you would fall for bunk like that. It's all right in a news reel, but for a feature! Oy, Tommy, it hurts me to see you do it."

But talking to Tommy was like begging Mt. Shaster to quit being a mountain and be a nice, sensible, pleasant valley for a change. However, when it come to taking over Nancy Ambrose's contract, Durant couldn't afford to be quite so stubborn, although he made a terrible kick about doing it.

Gossip travels quick around here, as you know, Mr. Jackson, and by the end of a week everybody had heard about Nancy, her reform movement, her father's great sermon, and how she never hesitated to do the Lord's work at any cost to the studio. In fact Durant had seen her in action once, and he wasn't having any until Jake put the screws on.

"If you won't take her over, don't come to me for any renewals, that's all!" Rausch finally said. "I'll consent to release the one sound picture for you, although I could easy use your making it to break the present contract. But Nancy has got to be in it. She's got a golden voice, so you should care, and to the Senator it'll look like she's been promoted."

"Loan her, then," says Tommy.

"Not a chance!" says Rausch. "You take her contract over; she belongs to you, dearie. Then if you let her out at the end of it, I don't get the blame. Come, come, now, Tommy, be nice."

"Good Lord, I've got handicaps enough as it is!" groaned Durant. But in the end he had to take her.

Well, naturally Tommy expected to give Nancy only a small bit in his picture. Then he commenced testing voices, and it turned out that the girls he had picked as possibilities for the principal female part all had too great high frequency.

What's that? Why, it means not enough of the "*S*" sound. You'd be surprised, Mr. Jackson, at how many people drop their voices at the end of a sentence, and then the Mike don't pick it up.

Well, on account of her slight Scottish accent nobody thought Nancy would register good at all, and so hers was the last voice to be tested. But those slightly rolled *R's* of hers, and the sibilant, if that's the word, "*S*" sound that all Scotch have, well, the Mike picked it up and replated it into pure gold. With the result that Nancy was cast for the woman in the piece—a Salvation Army lass, "The Angel of Hell's Kitchen," for which the story was really named, although Houghton Ferris, the famous English stage actor, was billed as the star.

Well, when I heard of Nancy's good luck, I kinda felt it would be the friendly thing to do if I was to run down to Durant's lot and see her. I felt I might give her some good advice. Besides, while we were waiting for Jake to come to his senses about me, I couldn't very well sit around here all day.

Also I admit I was curious to see what was going on down at Durant's and the only person likely to get me through the gates was Nancy. So I used her name. And when I got in I found her chinning with a dumb-looking young feller who anybody could see at a glance was some sap out of the technical department.

"And is it you, Amantha?" she said. "How are ye—and surely you remember Thork—he's from home, you know!"

Well, when she mentioned the name I did recall the freckled-face boy. He used to pump the organ in church, and now I remembered he was the same one who also thought Hollywood was godless, but, being Scotch, had not been able to resist associating with Mammon. And apparently the cutter's job she'd referred to was on Durant's lot!

"Aw ken ye verra weel indeed!" Thork said to me. "When I first saw your hats in church on the Sabbath back home, I knew you would end in the pictures, but not like our Nancy here, for their betterment."

"Don't mind him, Amantha!" said Nancy smilingly. "Thork is a wee bit severe in his views. But his life here is a fair example for all to behold."

Thork smiled in a silly, infatuated way when she said that.

"Well, I must be getting back to work," he finally announced. "I'll be stopping by tonight, lass, to walk wi' ye to prayer meetin'!" and with that he shuffled off. Nancy gazed after him affectionately.

"He's a good lad," she said, "and would do anything for the faith my father taught him. He's a great comfort to me in this wilderness."

Well, after that I distracted her mind by asking her to show me around and arrange for me to come and watch her work next day, which wasn't easy, even for so prominent a person as myself, because they were awful particular about letting anybody on the sound-proof stages then. But Durant's publicity man saw some advantage in letting me visit next day.

And then Nancy got leave to go home and we left the studios together. Outside on the steps I looked about wondering which was her car. In another minute she had pointed it out.

"Here comes my car!" said she, as a trolley rounded the corner. And would you believe it, Mr. Jackson, it seems she spoke the truth! Nancy Ambrose, with five hundred dollars a week salary, was using a street car. Why, according to Hollywood standards it didn't seem hardly decent. So of course I offered to take her home in my car, and then it turned out that she lived in the same bungalow court as me. Directly opposite, too, but I'd never happened to see her.

On the way home I tried to get her to talk about the picture she was making, but she wanted to talk about Garden City instead, and about Andrew, from whom she heard every day. I doped out that she was crazy over Andrew and all the sheiks in Hollywood hadn't even made a dent in his image.

Well, Mr. Jackson, my refined instinct has always led me to go with the right people, in other words those who are on the up and up, and since Nancy distinctly might be, it come about kinda easily that I should take her out to the studio next morning and chatter with her while she got into her make-up. The Salvation Army disguise fitted her as natural as if she had worn it all her life, and when she had the bonnet strings tied we went on over to the set, where everything was ready for shooting her last and biggest scene.

Now you will easily realize, Mr. Jackson, that 'way back in the early days of the sound pictures, months ago, things was very different from today. To begin with, the companies didn't use playbacks like they do now—I mean the phonograph records on which talking sequences are tried out at a sort of dress rehearsal. At the time I am talking of, they had an idea that the scene could be roughly rehearsed a couple of times to be sure the actors knew their lines, but once it was shot, it was shot, see, and doing it over was a mighty serious matter. Especially to poor Tommy Durant, who was operating literally on the skin of his financial teeth. I want you to get that well in your mind before I tell you what happened next.

Well, it was a street-corner sequence they were shooting, and in it, Nancy, as the Angel, was supposed to preach to the crowd at an Army meeting. The Salvation Army Band was to play, see, and then Nancy did her stuff.

Well, they ran through it roughly, to test the Mikes; the sound-man for once couldn't complain very much, and then the real business commenced.

"Lock her up!" said the director, and the sequence was on.

The band played, the crowd moved across the set, and then, when the music stopped, Nancy came out of the little group of uniforms and began to speak. I knew the minute I set eyes on her that something was up, because no ordinary acting could have given her that rapt expression.

Honest, I am telling you no more than the truth when I say that light seemed coming through her face. For a second she stood there wordless, and then she began to talk.

"Suppose you had a bank account, and the more you drew against it, the more there was automatically deposited to your credit?" she was saying. "Would that make you happy? Friends, you have such a bank account, every one of you, in the Kingdom of Heaven!"

There was something peculiar about the way she said it, Mr. Jackson. It

to the man

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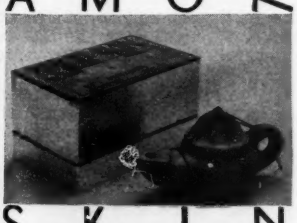

SKIN

OPOTERAPIA BERLIN

sounds like nothing when I pull the same line, but when Nancy put it over, it was like magic. And it wasn't until she was nearly through that I fully realized what she was preaching. Sure, Mr. Jackson, it was her father's sermon, the one she'd told Jake about that first night.

No, sir, you're wrong, it was never written into the script of Durant's picture, I got news for you! Nancy had calmly substituted it for the one in the script, but not too calmly, see? And nobody stopped her. Nobody even tried to. They were tied and gagged by the way she preached it, and not until it was over did anyone realize how tremendously overshot they were on the scene.

Don't ask me how Nancy got away with it; if you'd been there you wouldn't have to ask! It was a sheer case of something bigger than Nancy herself occupying that stage for five minutes or so.

Well, Tommy Durant wasn't there when the scene was shot, and so he didn't know what had happened until the next night when he heard the rushes. He was terribly anxious about them and when the street-sermon scene commenced he was like a cat on hot coals.

Yeah, I was there too, because Nancy wouldn't let me out of her sight and had made me come along. It was the first and only time I ever saw her nervous and upset, and it seemed as if she was just living to hear what Durant had to say.

At first he said nothing, and pretty soon I could tell from watching the back of Durant's head in the dark that the sequence was holding him just as it had hypnotized the director who allowed it to make itself. But when it was over, and the lights had been flashed back, Tommy came to life with a bang.

"Who let that footage run?" he roared. "I suppose all we have to do is fill our ash cans with money, eh? My Lord, the minute I have to turn my back this studio goes goofy! Who wrote that piece, anyhow? It's not in the script."

"Please, Mr. Durant!" said Nancy, nervously grasping my hand but speaking in her usual calm voice. "Please, Mr. Durant, my father wrote it, and it's so much better than the sermon in the story."

"Who's making this picture, anyhow?" Tommy howled. "Why the devil did you put that in, Miss Ambrose?"

"Because I promised my dying father that the world should hear that sermon!" said Nancy, almost crying now. "And I can't get a pulpit out here, and nobody seems to want to listen to it, and so——"

"And so you thought you'd wreck my picture with it, hey?" snapped the boss, completely forgetting that he himself had let the whole thing run without interruption. "Well, I wish to high heaven that you'd keep your religion and your job separate, young lady! One more interference like this and your contract's busted, see?" Then he turned and called to the operator. "The first part is pretty good, though," he conceded. "Just run that again, Joe."

Out went the lights, and the sequence started over again. The band played, the crowd murmured, then Nancy stepped out of the circle and spoke the opening lines. After the first sentence Durant held up his hand.

"Cut there!" he said to the script boy. "Cut there and pick up the murder scene where the feller is climbing out of the window."

Nancy didn't stay to see any more. She gave my arm a little tug, and we stole out of the projection room while the heads started fighting over the murder-sequence. Once outside in the cool night air, Nancy seemed to get a little of her Scotch calm back again, but she was still shaking with indignation.

"'Tis a shame!" she said breathlessly. "The simpletons, they know not what they do! That's the great sermon, Amantha, and it must not be cut. I promised my father, and we Ambroses always keep our wurred."

"There, there, don't take on so," I comforted her. "Say, dearie, you're not the only person to have their best picture idea spoiled by the chief. After all, these guys do know their box office, and it's all they care about."

"But this is a matter of principal!" says she.

"Well, with them it's not alone a matter of principal," says I. "It's a matter of interest—interest on a half-million-dollar investment!"

But Nancy wasn't the type to see a joke. All the way home she seemed to be working something over in her mind, but she didn't tell me what and she was pretty glum company for the next weeks while the finishing touches were being put to the picture. She didn't talk to anyone much, in fact, except that comedy cutter friend of hers, the sanctimonious Thork.

Well, Rausch wanted some retakes on my last picture, and so I was pretty busy and didn't see anything much of Nancy or anybody else until long after Durant's Last Gasp, as the industry had named it, was finished and in the can. Poor old Tommy didn't seem to be getting the breaks at all just then, because his father died, back East, just before this Angel picture was shown to the distributors, and he had to go to Connecticut in a big hurry since his mother was alone there.

But one item of news cheered him on his way. "The Angel of Hell's Kitchen" had passed the censors with a whoop.

Jake was generous enough to send Tommy a telegram to the train about it, and even added that the sound picture had carried the rest of the Revelation program past the Watchman of the Might. But it wasn't until Tommy got back West that the real fun began. I was in the office when Jake was showing Tommy some of the telegrams that were coming in from the exhibitors all over the country, and also the press notices of the Hollywood opening.

Believe it or not, Mr. Jackson, Tommy was crazy over his father to such an extent that he had not even read the Los Angeles papers about his own show. That's the kind of a man he was, always allowing his own feelings to blind him to business. And besides, of course he'd been four days on the train.

"Angel packs 'em in," read one wire from St. Louis. And a Kansas City wire remarked that the houses were giving extra midnight shows, playing to capacity. From all over the country, the verdict was the same. But the Pennsylvania telegrams were what most puzzled and delighted Durant.

"What does it mean, anyhow?" he says. "Here, read this one, for example, Jake."

I looked over Jake's shoulder to see what it was all about, and it was from the manager of the Palace chain theaters. It read: "Congratulations on Angel stop Want two weeks extension as sermon in second half has knocked 'em cold and gets around Sunday law stop Local clergy are recommending stop Can I get prints for sound houses in Chicago and Milwaukee stop Goldstein."

"What does it mean?" says Jake. "Why, it's that sermon of hers, of course. Lookit, my boy, all of them say the same. She's got every church in the country behind her. There ain't a state in the Union can close a theater Sunday with a sermon like that being preached from the screen. You don't know your country, boy; it's a religious country, I'm telling you, and while I always knew you was a genius, your letting Nancy preach her dad's sermon puts you in a class all by yourself. You're a great boy, Tommy, and I always had faith in you!"

For a moment Tommy stood as if he had been hit on the head, and in a way he had been, Mr. Jackson. Then he turned on me, all of a sudden.

"What do you know about this, Gloria?" he demanded. "You're a friend of hers. What did she do?"

"Don't ask me!" I says indignantly. "I didn't put the old sermon back. In fact, I was right there when you had it taken——"

"Shut up!" says Tommy rudely. "I beg your pardon, but I mean never mind about that now. Sermon, sermon? Just let me at a print of that picture; I want to hear it quick."

Oh, yes, Mr. Jackson, I read your piece in this month's Movie Mirror all about the wonderful Mr. Thomas Durant, creator of "The Angel of Hell's Kitchen" and discoverer of Nancy Ambrose, and the glass tears come into my crocodile eyes when I read of how Mr. Durant had a message for the world about our spiritual bank accounts in heaven, and how he had found in Miss Ambrose, the minister's daughter, the perfect mouthpiece for expressing his ideals. It was a swell piece of hokum like all them interviews in those papers—all but the one you are going to write about me and my refined prejudices against the talkies! And after all, it wasn't really your fault, was it, if you were misled?

But if you could have seen the drama when Tommy Durant had Nancy and Thork, the cutter, up on the carpet, you would of written even a better story, Mr. Jackson! I guess you, being in the interviewing business, are a pretty good detective: good enough to dope out what had happened without my telling you by what means that sermon had managed to hop back complete into the can, just before the can was sent out.

Of course Thork had stayed up all night to do it, at Nancy's instance. You know, one reformer can do a lot all alone if they are sincere, like Nancy Ambrose, but when you add another nut like Thork, you get a team that's practically unbeatable!

And I suppose you think Durant bawled the two of them out when he got wise about it? Well, he didn't, I got news for you! The Last Gasp had turned out to be the biggest clean-up in years, and Tommy, who is nothing if not fair, didn't hesitate to tell 'em both so. Thork took the raise he got very solemnly and the warning he was handed at the same time, he took equally seriously. But not so Nancy Ambrose. All she did was lift her beautiful arched eyebrows at Tommy in mild surprise.

"And did ye expect anything different from the spreading of the Word?" she asked mildly. And then she walked out on him.

And after that, as you say, Mr. Jackson, she disappeared. Right at the moment when she had everything a girl could hope for out of the pictures: fame, success, popular acclaim, producers running after her, interviewers dogging her, offers of unheard-of salaries, her picture plastered all over the country and her name on everybody's lips. Yeah, she was the sensation of the hour, and yet she disappeared! Well, well, yes, I know; don't get impatient, now, just let me tell you

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Niraus

MADRID

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"THE basis of all complexion care is, or should be, to cleanse the skin thoroughly twice a day, using soap and water." That is the opinion of Niraus, well known beauty specialist of Madrid, Spain.

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"All my clients are asked to use no soap except Palmolive," says Niraus. "The pure palm and olive oils of which it is made give the skin the deep, thorough cleansing that is required in order to rid the pores of all accumulations."

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5075

what I know about it in my own way.

It was early one morning when Nancy's success had become beyond question, that I walked across the court here to see her. I had got real fond of Nancy, and yet it suddenly struck me I had never actually seen where she lived. When I knocked, she let me in herself, and would you believe it, Mr. Jackson, she didn't even have the whole bungalow, but had hired one bed-sitting room and a bath-kitchenette arrangement from the landlady. Imagine! In Hollywood, with five hundred a week and the biggest success in the industry, there she was living as simple as a church mouse!

A few flowers in a land where flowers are cheap was the only luxury she had allowed herself, and the one room was as neat and bare as your hand. Nancy had on a checked gingham apron, too.

She was slick as a new pin, and cheerful even that early in the morning and at once asked me to have some breakfast with her. And believe it or not, Mr. Jackson, she was eating a big bowl of oatmeal and cream, and nothing else! Well, I am naturally always on a diet, Mr. Jackson, but I must confess I fell for it, because I hadn't had a dish like that since I was going to school, and even then Ma could never cook oatmeal like Nancy—it was the Scotch in her, I guess.

Well, anyways, while we was thus economically enjoying ourselves who should come up the path but Jake Rausch, cigar and all, and not in evening clothes on the way home, either, but up and dressed so spry and early that I knew right away there must be a contract in his pocket, and I have news for you, there was!

Nancy offered him some oatmeal too, but much as he was prepared to do for her, he didn't go that far. Instead, he began telling her what a great actress she was, and how he wanted to sign her up for three years, and she could practically name her own figure. And just as he was going strong, the bell rang again, and there was Durant. All this before nine A.M., do you get it? Well, the two producers glared at each other for a moment, and then Durant spoke.

"Rather premature, aren't you?" he says to Rausch. "You know I've got her under contract for eight months yet."

"Yeah, but such a contract!" sneered Rausch. "It's signed over merely from me to you, without the consent of the first party, and our lawyer says it won't hold in court."

"We'll see about that!" snapped Durant. "Possession is nine-tenths of the law. And after all, I made her."

"But I found her," yelled Jake, "and legally she's mine! Where do I come in, I mean get off, eh? Didn't I put you wise about her in the first place? Wasn't it me told you she was a preacher?"

"Yes; preached you all off your own lot!" retorts Durant. "But I was the one had the faith to take her and put her over. Are you trying to tell me that your dirty lawyer will attempt to break that contract, because if you are I'll——"

"You'll do nothing at all!" announced Nancy in her cool, golden voice. "Gentlemen, gentlemen, wait a minute, please! As a matter of fact I belong to neither o' ye! I've already been to a lawyer; in fact, I sent a copy of the contract to Senator Woolmer, and he declares that my agreement is valid with neither of you. You see, I signed for still pictures, Mr. Rausch, not for sound, and there is nothing said in any writing about my voice, so as a matter of fact I am free as air!"

That put the razz on them for a moment, Mr. Jackson, and stopped them dead right where they stood. For it was true. But as soon as they got their wind they began to tackle her with new offers: a five-year contract, anything she wanted! Rausch had gone over to sound pictures with a wallop, and you know how those big men are when they want something; they go absolutely bugs trying to get it. But nothing either he or Durant offered moved Nancy.

"But your father's work, you should carry it on!" Jake declared persuasively. Nancy shook her head.

"The world is hearing his best sermon," said she, "and I could never write another like it."

"But Nancy!" pleaded Tommy Durant. "Your own work, think of that."

"I don't want fame, nor grandeur for maself!" said she.

"And how about poor Hollywood?" Jake struck in as a last resort. "You come out to reform Hollywood, and surely you ain't going to lay down on the job yet?"

"Mr. Rausch, I am sure you mean well," said Nancy earnestly. "And I will never forget that you were my first convert. But a greater force than I has done my work here for me, automatically. I mean the talkies. The need of silence has done much to eliminate the bad language of the director and his assistants, as you must realize. The need for clear voices and real personalities has cut down the night life.

"Why, the necessity for scientific knowledge is bringing a better type of men into the industry all the time, and even the extravagant sinful waste of money is being carefully considered since the talkies came. No, Mr. Rausch, my work here is in other hands, due to the miracle of the talkies, and I am going home."

For several moments Rausch and Durant stared at her helplessly. And then Rausch sighed.

"If it's a question of money," he began, "I could double the salary."

"Nay, 'tis not money," said she, pulling at a bit of yellow telegram paper which I had noticed tucked under her oatmeal bowl. "'Tis not money I want, for I have a telegram from Andrew this very morning, and it appears that oil has been found on both our lands. We will be wealthy indeed. And a' the more reason I should hurry home to be married, for Andrew, the extravagant wretch, has put two rooms to the old house instead of one, on the strength of it! I must get back before he becomes mair reckless, for money is a great responsibility, Mr. Rausch, and I must remind him that it cannot buy those things which are most worth while in life!"

So that's where Nancy disappeared to, Mr. Jackson, and oh! excuse me, but it really is the telephone this time! Yes, just a minute, please!

Well, Mr. Jackson, sorry to have been so long on the phone, but that was Jake Rausch. He's made up his mind at last about my contract and there's a part for me in the next production. It's the part of a show girl in a play called "Bright Chicago," and say, while it's not so refined, I guess I'd rather eat than not, so you better forget the interview about my views on the talkies, unless you want to make it something to the effect "Gloria Devine Sacrifices Her Principals to the Great New Art!" After all, I have my public to think of before they forget to think of me!

Mother's Boy *by J. P. McEvoy* (*Continued from page 75*)

little bit and said yes I would take her out but I wasn't going to stay up late, that I had a lot of work to do and wanted to be home early.

The truth was, Al, I had made another date by that time with a hot little blonde from the chorus for after the show, so I had to figure some way to ditch Ruthie. Well, it all worked out pretty well. I took Ruthie to dinner and a movie afterwards and she told me some more about this Capistrano bird, how sweet he was and simple, except that he was all full of a lot of these psychosis things. He was afraid of strangers and afraid of crowds and he had a mother fixation—that's where a boy is so crazy about his mother he can't see anybody else. That always puts a girl on her mettle. It always burns a woman up to think another woman is more interesting to a man than she is, even if it is his own mother, so Ruthie was having a busy time reading all the books in her little lending library on psychoanalysis and then working out the results on little Capistrano.

I'm convinced, Al, that's really all there is to it. Ruthie isn't the type that could be interested in a man like that only intellectually. I know, because when I kissed her in the taxi she didn't act like I had any mother fixation.

Well, anyway, I dropped her at the house but this discussion sort of delayed me, so when I got down to the theater the little blonde was just coming out. As soon as she saw me I noticed she looked sort of pale. She said I'm awfully sorry, I hope you don't mind, but I've got a dreadful headache and I'm going right home. Let's make it some other night, so I did some quick thinking and said sure. Luckily, I held a taxi so I hopped right in and went back to Ruthie and I didn't get home till four o'clock this morning.

I guess you're wondering what all this has got to do with the crime wave I was telling you about, but the only connection is that as I was coming home there was an early edition on the street and a big headline about Bully Hogan being bumped off and I couldn't help but think what a big town Chicago is, where all sorts of things are going on and you never see them or wouldn't even know about them if it wasn't for the papers.

I'm going over today and get that big reorder of Friendship cards Ruthie promised me last night when she didn't know what she was doing.

Denny

Chicago, Ill.

Dear Mother,

I love your arms that sheltered me,
Your eyes that watched me tenderly,
Your lips that kissed my tears away,
Your hands that held me lest I stray.
Your gentle heart, your tender breast,
Where all my childish griefs could rest,
Your smiles, your sighs, your counsels, too,
I love them all . . . for they are you.

I have been rather busy here, Mother, but I think I'll be all finished up in a few days, then I will be home with you again. I have been telling Miss Davis about you and she hopes to meet you some day.

Your loving son,

Ramon

Chicago, Ill.

Mr. Al. Evans,
The Gleason Greeting Card Co.,
Minneapolis, Minn.
Dear Al,

I don't see how you can say I'm not hitting the ball here in Chi the way I ought. Just look at the Marshall Field order enclosed. That's the biggest Mother business we ever did with Fields and they're hard-boiled. These little one-jane shops like Ye Blue Birde Neste and the What Ho Gifte Shoppe are a pipe for a good-looking egg like me, but it takes more than charm to razzle-dazzle an institution that's a block square and colder than an undertaker's smile.

Speaking of undertakers, they've certainly been having a lot of home work here during the past week or so. Even the oldest inhabitant—that's anyone who has managed to reach thirty-five—can't remember when there has been such a bunch of killings.

Of course, I will say they're considerate enough to kill nothing but other killers. It seems to be strictly a family affair with the north-side gang on the receiving end. There can't be very many of them left, the way they are being popped off.

The police, as usual, have a lot of clews and are also baffled and are busy with their dragnets, whatever those are, but Sunshine tells me the cops haven't the slightest idea who's doing the dirty work. Sunshine is that dizzy little chorine I wrote you about. She knows quite a few of the north-side mob. She met them on a party and she's been dishing a lot of inside dirt to me how the racketeers racket in this town.

Boy, you and I picked a piker's game when we decided to spread cheer throughout the land. It's nothing to cheer about, if you ask me. Take Mother Day cards for example and then imagine the profit in a quart of Scotch and a barrel of beer for every mother in Chicago! Now throw in a slot machine. Now give Father a quart of Scotch, a barrel of beer and a slot machine. Let the kiddies have some too.

Do you get the idea? Why, for those boys, every day is Mother's Day in this town. And Father's Day. And Christmas and Fourth of July and Decoration Day and Pay Day too.

Haven't seen much of Ruthie lately. Been concentrating on Sunshine. Had them meet each other too. What do you think of that? Sunny wanted something nice to send to her mother, so I told her I'd take her to where she could get some nice cards at a good price, so she wanted to know if she could get enough for some of the other girls too, so I says sure, thinking I could do Ruthie a good turn and also help her get rid of some of her poor sellers so she could buy more Gleason cards.

Always mix business with pleasure, says I. So yesterday afternoon I took Sunny over to the What Ho and of course Mother's boy was there looking soulfully at Ruthie while she psychoanalyzed him between sales. I can't say she's done him much good. We hardly had a chance to say hello before he mumbled something about having to go and then did his trick disappearing act.

You mustn't mind him, says Ruthie to Sunny, he's got ochlophobia. Well, he looked all right, says Sunny. Can you catch it from shaking hands? Oh, it's not a disease, says Ruthie, it's a complex. Some of my best friends have complexes, says Sunny brightly, but I prefer a limousine. What does your little dark-eyed boy friend do? I could learn to care for him in a big way. I don't

Don't be a 10 o'clock Business Man!

GETTING in at 10 o'clock may not cause any consternation to your stenographer, but it doesn't bring any cheers from the president's office! When you crawl out of bed with a "logy", half-sick system here's the simple way to a quick recovery and business send-off!

Take down your bottle of Sal Hepatica from the bathroom shelf . . . into a glass of fresh water drop a spoonful. (Measure with the bottle cap if more convenient.) Drink the sparkling mixture!

It works promptly. It clears your system thoroughly, yet gently. Women find this splendid combination excellent for their complexions. Men prefer it because it banishes, with dispatch, the ill effects of a sluggish intestinal tract. It gets you to the office on time, in the "pink" of form and fitness.

For constipation . . . headaches . . . colds . . . rheumatism and other common ills vanish before Sal Hepatica! It fights acidity, it purifies the blood, it sweeps away toxic wastes.

Physicians — in this country and abroad — endorse the great advantages of this saline method. Thousands of people go to Europe annually to drink the health-renewing spa waters. Sal Hepatica contains the same salines and is the efficient American equivalent of these world-renowned springs.

From your doctor learn more of this saline way to health. Ask him about Sal Hepatica. Buy a bottle today from your druggist. And when you wake up tired, dull and gloomy, put a spoonful in your first glass of water!

Sal Hepatica

At your druggist's *30c, 60c and $1.20*

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Kindly send me the Free Booklet that explains the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.

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really know what he does, says Ruthie; he travels for some New York concern.

Yeah, says I, and he's afraid of crowds and afraid of strangers and he thinks of nothing but his mother! You can imagine what a hot traveling salesman he is. Well, says Ruthie, traveling salesmen can be interesting without being hot.

That was for my benefit, Al, but I didn't let on as though I noticed it. All I said was, well, I'd rather be hot than crazy. That put her in her place, Al. I could see she was hurt. I guess she's really keen about this little guy, so I thought I wouldn't ride her any more.

I just helped Sunny pick some cards for herself and the other girls in the show and got Ruthie to give her a good discount which was just as well, because the first thing I knew Sunny had outfumbled me for the bill and I found myself paying for all of them. Well, that was a good joke on me, Al, buying a lot of bum greeting cards when I'm supposed to sell them. It gave me a good idea how the other half lives.

WELL, Al, guess what we're going to do tomorrow night? Sunny knows a little café on the north side where a lot of gunmen hang out and she's going to take me up there to look see. She invited Ruthie too and Ruthie is going to ask Mother's boy to go with her. She isn't going to tell him where we're going because he's one of these timid little guys and he'd run out on her if he had any idea where she was taking him.

I'm going to get a kick out of this. I've never seen a gunman except in the movies. Sunny says Butch Keeley usually goes there late. They say he's the guy who engineered that garage massacre. She says you'd never think he was a killer; looks more like a big altar boy out of a job.

Well, I'll look them over for myself and give you the real dope, Al. They'd better not get gay with me—I'll slap them right down and saunter off. Like Kelly will, says you. Says me, too.

Denny

Dear Mother,

Longing, Mother, all the while
For your wistful little smile;
Longing, Mother, everywhere
For your tenderness and care;
Cheerful, tearful, glad or blue . . .
Longing, hungering for you.

I'm almost finished with my work here, Mother. I've only three more men to see, then I'll be back home with you. How would you like for me to bring you a new daughter? I know you would love Ruthie.

Your loving son,

Ramon

Chicago, Ill.

Mr. Al. Evans,
The Gleason Greeting Card Co.,
Minneapolis, Minn.
Dear Al,

I guess you've seen the papers by this time. You must have been surprised to find me mixed up with a gang-shooting here in Chicago. Well, your surprise is nothing to mine. I still don't know what it's all about. One day I'm peddling sunshine, the next I'm out under heavy bail as an important witness to the killing of three notorious beer runners and gunmen.

The funniest thing is, I was right there and I don't know any more about how it happened than you do. I told you about the start of it in my last letter, how Sunshine was going to take us to this hang-out on the north side.

Well, after the show I picked her up and we went down to Ruthie's shop and got her and Capistrano. The shop was closed but he was down there helping her arrange some counter displays. Or so she said. Well, that was okay by me. I was with Sunny, anyway, and we sat around and talked awhile, and then the four of us got in a cab and went up to the near north side to a little dump called the Sunrise Café.

The fellow at the door knew Sunny so we had no trouble getting in. Well, we were sitting at the table having some drinks and listening to the radio broadcasting an orchestra from a big hotel. There wasn't anyone in the dump except us and I was thinking how surprised that ritzy hotel orchestra would be if they knew they were playing for us as well as the gold coast.

It was a grimy little dive right on the street level and we were sitting in the corner near a window swilling beer. You could just see the people passing by outside through the shutters and every once in a while a cop would go by and look in—just to satisfy himself, I suppose, that we were getting good service.

Well, we must have sat there for about an hour during which we heard all the latest dance hits. I was beginning to wonder when these desperate characters were going to show up when Sunny suddenly grabbed my arm and says, look, here comes Butch and his two pals. I looked and saw three young fellows come in and take a table across the room.

They looked about as much like gunmen as I do, Al. In fact, they could just as well have been greeting-card salesmen, and I says as much to Sunny. Don't kid a little boy from the country, says I; those aren't gunmen. Not so loud, says she. They're floor-walkers, says I. Yeah, says she. Well, that fellow sitting in the middle is Butch Keeley. He's the head of the north-side mob since Bully Hogan was bumped off. And the other two are killers.

Well, I looked at Mother's boy to see how he was taking it but he didn't seem to be paying much attention. He and Ruthie were mooning into each other's eyes and talking together as if they were all alone on a desert island. Ruthie did register that she was thrilled but you could see she was getting a much bigger kick out of her Mother's boy. Well, I didn't care, I was with Sunny anyway. So I let them talk while Sunny and I had another beer.

PRETTY soon Capistrano excused himself, said he'd be right back and oozed out of the room. I was kidding Ruthie about him probably having another attack of ochlomania, or whatever she calls it, when Sunny says, I'm going to call Butch over and we'll buy him a drink, what do you say? Do you know him? says I. Of course, says Sunny; I've been out with him. He's a swell fellow. Of course, he mightn't come over, but it won't do any harm to ask.

So she calls over to him and when he comes to the table she introduces him and I says, how about a little drink? and he seemed to hesitate but Sunny says, aw, come on; you can't be afraid of the stuff, you make it yourself. So he says all right, and I says, well, ask your friends over too. So he did, and all three of them sat down with us.

Well, the waiter brought a round of beer and we were sitting there drinking it and talking about nothing in particular when all of a sudden, Al, this Butch, who was sitting right in front of me, gave a sudden jerk and fell right on his face on the table. He had hardly landed before the other two, one right after the other, did the same thing. And then all three of them sort of slid off on the floor and lay there.

Well, we were so paralyzed, I don't think we moved. Just sat there with our steins half in the air and looked at these dead men who just a few seconds before had been talking to us.

The rest of the night is a blur of policemen and patrol wagons, crowds and flashlights, and that look of surprise on Butch's face when the bullet hit him and his dead hand with the big diamond ring on it resting on the edge of the table with him on the floor. Ruthie and Sunny and I were grilled all night by the police but we didn't know any more about it than they did. In fact, they had to tell us what happened—that Butch and the other two fellows had been shot in the head by someone standing outside the window with a Maxim silencer.

They finally let us go after I got a lawyer I know here to dig up a bondsman for us, but we're being held as material witnesses. Of course, Mother's boy would get out of it, the lucky stiff. Some guys gets all the breaks. I wish I had had sense enough to go crazy with him, and sneak out when he did. I wouldn't be in this jam now.

Well, I'm cured of slumming, Al. Anybody who wants to go out and see the cute little gunmen at play can go by themselves for all of little Denny Kerrigan. When I think that I could just as well have had one of those slugs in my head as not, I get goose flesh like goose eggs.

Yours in a cold sweat,

Denny

Dear Mother,

Mother, the steadfast faith of you,
Your love so tender, deep and true,
Have guided me along life's way,
Have brought me to your feet today
With thankfulness I can't express
And wishes for your happiness.

By just a lucky chance, Mother, last night I happened to see all three of those men I've been trying to get in touch with, so now I'm all finished here in Chicago. I'm having a farewell dinner with Ruthie tonight and I leave tomorrow for home and you.

Your loving son,

Ramon

Chicago, Ill.

Mr. Al. Evans,
The Gleason Greeting Card Co.,
Minneapolis, Minn.
Dear Al,

I've just come back from seeing Ruthie. She's in the county jail having hysterics one after the other. I had no idea she was so keen about Mother's boy, but she told me she was crazy in love with him and they were planning to get married just as soon as he could go back to New York and get things straightened up. Now that he's dead, she doesn't know what to do.

I suppose you've already read in the papers what happened. It was one of the most sensational killings in this town, which rather prides itself on that sort of thing.

Ruthie told me all about it just the way she told it to the police. She said Ramon had taken her to dinner, and then because he was going away the next day and she had a lot of work to do in the store, she asked him to come back and keep her company while she did it.

You see, Sunday is Mother's Day, Al, and Ruthie wanted to make her window

SERVICE

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Far back in 1908, when the first Model T Fords were made, there were few people who understood the operation of an automobile and fewer places to which the purchaser could go when repairs were needed.

Frequently in those days, Mr. Ford would deliver the car personally to the new owner and see to it that some arrangements were made to keep it in good running order.

Usually he would find the best mechanic and explain the construction of the car to him. Sometimes, when no such mechanic was available, the town blacksmith would be pressed into service.

Then, as the business grew, capable men were appointed, in a widening circle of towns, to devote their entire time to the care of Ford cars. These men, wherever located, worked under close factory supervision and according to certain set standards.

For just as the Ford Motor Company was the pioneer in making "a strong, efficient automobile at a low price," so it was also the pioneer in establishing complete and satisfactory service facilities.

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Today there are more than 9000 Ford dealers in the United States alone, with thousands of others located throughout the world. Their mechanics have been trained in special schools conducted by the Ford Motor Company and they have been equipped with all the latest service machinery. The well-ordered cleanliness of the shops and salesrooms and the uniform courtesy of all dealer employees are particularly appreciated by the woman motorist.

Wherever you live, or wherever you go, you will find the Ford dealer prompt and businesslike in his work, fair in his charges, and sincerely eager to do a good and thorough job at all times.

His constant effort is to relieve you of every detail in the care of your car and to help you get thousands upon thousands of miles of satisfactory, enjoyable motoring at a very low cost per mile. That is the purpose for which the Ford car was designed and built. That is the true meaning of *Ford Service.*

Ford

FORD MOTOR COMPANY
Detroit, Michigan

display, the one you sent her all the posters for, and she thought Ramon could help her dress the window while he kept her company. So he came back to the store after dinner and they were picking out the cards for the window when he ran across one which he liked when he saw the samples.

I told you about it, remember? Number 25M-7 I would bring you a smile, Mother, for each tear I have caused you? Well, he begged Ruthie for one, saying he would like to mail it to his mother that night so she would get it just before he got home. So he wrote a little note on it and dropped it in the box in the lobby of the building where Ruthie's shop is.

Then he came back into the shop and Ruthie who was in the rear of the store called out to him to take out all the cards they had selected and carry them into the window. So Ramon picked up a big armful of cards and posters and stepped into the lighted show window and the next thing Ruthie heard was a roar of gunfire, the crashing of glass and one scream out of Ramon.

She rushed to the window just as a closed car speeded away, and then she saw the plate glass all riddled and Ramon with his arms full of bloodstained Mother cards lying dead in the show window. A crowd had already started to gather outside attracted by the shooting and she was trying to pull Ramon out of the window when the cops came in the door and took charge.

Early this morning the cops found the car that had been used by the killers with the machine gun still in it, and a couple of hours later they nabbed the guy who drove it. They gave him the works and he came through and told them everything.

Well, Al, you won't believe it, but here's the story. This meek little Mother's boy who was afraid of crowds and full of complexes and everything was a notorious killer which the south-side gang had imported specially from New York to bump off the north-side leaders. He was getting a thousand dollars apiece for every one he killed and he managed to get away with eight of them in less than two weeks.

He got three of them the night he was out with us, Al. Just excused himself from the table, cool as you please, slipped outside and let them have it through the half-closed shutters, one right after the other. This practically finished up the job and he was all set to go home, but the south-side mob who hired him had different ideas about that.

It was much safer all around for everybody concerned if he never got out of Chicago alive, and as soon as the job was done three of them trailed him in a closed car with a machine gun waiting for a good chance. When he appeared alone in the show window they were parked outside. The street was fairly deserted and they figured this was as good a chance as any, so they let him have it right through the plate glass.

I don't think Ruthie knows yet the whole truth about little Ramon but I guess when she does it'll teach her a good lesson. I always knew there was something queer about that guy, but then Ruthie was so full of complexes and things it was no use for a sane, intelligent fellow like myself to try and tell her anything.

The worst of it all is, I've lost a good account, Al. She says she will never open the shop again, that she would always see Ramon lying there in the window. That's what you get for having these fool complexes, Al. Just imagine with all the publicity and the crowds hanging around it what a whale of a business she could do in Gleason cards!

Denny

Dear Mother,

I would bring you a smile, Mother,
For each tear I have caused you,
I would bring you a joy, Mother,
For each grief you have had,
I would hold you in my heart, Mother,
And guard you with devotion,
And make all your days to come
Beautiful and glad.

I'm sending you this from Ruthie's store tonight, Mother. I'm leaving Chicago tomorrow and will be home with you soon.

Your loving son,

Ramon

Fool! *by S. S. Van Dine* (*Continued from page 83*)

eliminating his uncle, and a sort of peace was eventually patched up. It lasted only a year, however, for the following summer old Heinrich died.

Otto Eissler—the tragic Don Quixote of this sardonic tale—was the son of Heinrich; and upon him Robert vented his wrath and contempt. He had consistently refused to admit Otto to partnership in the firm, but when the peace negotiations were being threshed out he permitted Otto to become a silent partner upon the payment of 750,000 Swiss francs—$150,000—and the latter's relinquishment of all his rights in the Bosnian branch of this business, which amounted to over $1,000,000.

On the break-up of the old Austrian Empire, the Eisslers had claimed Czechoslovakian citizenship and had fortified their hold on their great lumber enterprise by forming a ring of subsidiary companies in the Succession States. The wealth of the firm was colossal.

Oh, I say! Are you awake, Markham? I'm deuced sorry and all that to have been so soporific; but if you *will* go in for crime, you must force yourself to tolerate the necess'ry preambles.

The share of this great business which old Heinrich left to Otto amounted to nearly 8,000,000 Swiss francs, or more than $1,500,000; and Robert—with his Vergilian *auri sacra fames*—decided that the firm, rather than Otto, could use this fortune to advantage.

Consequently, he instigated one of the most astoundin' maneuvers of financial jugglery in modern history under cover of the collapse of Austrian currency. When the ledger value of the firm's capital had been reduced to a minimum, through conversion and reconversion of its assets, he paid Otto his entire share in the business with a check for 15,000 Swiss francs, or $3,000! And this sum included not only Otto's inheritance, but the $150,000 which he had put into the firm the preceding year!

Here was high finance with a vengeance. One can hardly blame Otto for being angry.

And my word! he was angry, Markham. It was the impotent and disorganized anger of the neurotic weakling—the most dangerous of all passions. But Robert, obsessed with his lust for power and contemptuous of all human inferiority, did not know it. Had he been able to look into the future he certainly would have treated his cousin differently, for when he signed that $3,000 check he also signed his own death warrant. With that stroke of the pen he turned Otto into a murderer and himself into a corpse. Very distressin'.

Still, don't y' know, one can't help admiring Robert. He was so dashed consistent—a strong, domineering man with an *idée fixe*.

And Otto was a weakling—there can be no doubt of that. He was soft and petty—and pathetic. He was on the side of righteousness, and Robert represented the powers of darkness—as the theologians would say. But humanity, for all its caressin' platitudes, does not admire piety and weakness nearly so passionately as it admires strength.

Robert was a symbol of strength. The terrible, coruscatin' irony of the events which followed revealed the natures of these two disparate men; and even in death Robert maintained the ascendancy.

Otto, however, is a more interestin' character from a psychological point of view. Never, perhaps, in the history of crime have the gods been as cynical as they were when they manipulated the drama of Robert Eissler's murder. The thing was Sophoclean.

Otto Eissler had spent an empty and desolate childhood among nursemaids, teachers and sycophantic servants. His father—the soft-hearted Heinrich—had been absorbed completely by business affairs; and his mother—a cool, unloving and aloof woman—paid scant attention to him. At school he was noted for his taciturnity, his brooding seriousness and his abnormal attitude of suspicion.

And so he grew up, a stubborn, sullen, self-centered hypochondriac, who feared his family and his friends, but who still had a warm understanding for the sufferings of humanity. He worked for fifteen years in the firm of J. Eissler und Brüder, but in commerce he never felt at home. The overshadowing ability of Robert was too much for his sensitive nature. And he developed a marked inferiority complex which sought temporary relief in a desperate stubbornness.

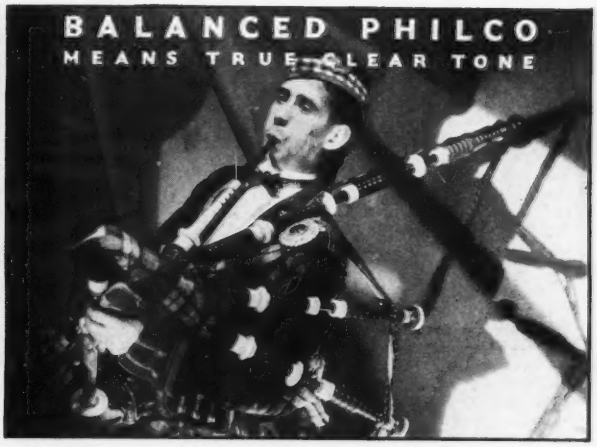
He had scorned the age-old tradition of his race and had refused to emulate his cousin Robert in contracting a marriage of convenience. But at his father's behest, he refrained from marrying the woman who was to be the one ray of light in his drab and miserable life.

Anna Heimerle had been his companion for many years, and his love for her and their three children was all that seemed to matter to him. But even the self-sacrificing love of Anna was insufficient to banish the constantly deepening shadows of neurotic disturbance.

When the war of his tribe, headed by Robert, was directed against him and his father, his vague feelings of distrust and suspicion began to reveal symptoms of paranoiac delusions. At his trial many witnesses testified to his peculiar behavior. During his visits to the various lumber camps, he would be found stark naked walking with an umbrella in one hand and a revolver in the other. At night he would barricade his bedroom door with furniture. His food had to be tasted before he would touch it, for he was obsessed with the idea that poison plots were being hatched against him.

At about this time he developed a bacteriophobia and lived in an atmosphere of disinfectants. His newspapers had to be warmed before he would touch them.

Pictured above is the distorted tone, typical of the average radio whose units are only in approximate balance.



Pictured above is the wonderfully true, clear tone which Philco achieves in every set, by extraordinarily exact balancing of all units.

Perhaps you don't need a radio as fine as PHILCO SCREEN GRID PLUS!

The Philco Screen Grid Plus is a super-radio built for people seeking super-performance. Frankly, many of its advantages are not needed for normal use. For all but the most exceptional radio requirements we recommend the Philco Neutrodyne-Plus and the Philco Screen Grid as the very finest sets that can be found.

But for people whose requirements are *unusual*, the new Philco Screen Grid Plus offers these entirely new super-features—which *Philco challenges any radio at any price to match.*

1. Automatic volume control, automatically reducing fading.

2. Entirely new circuit which, at any given volume or distance, automatically reduces background noises, including static.

3. New and literally enormous power, making it easy to get distant stations even in the daytime.

4. New super-sharp selectivity *over the entire dial*, bringing in distant stations, even in the midst of strong locals.

5. Almost auditorium volume without tone distortion—the result of the entirely new multiplex detector circuit.

In Addition—The Philco Screen Grid Plus offers, in common with the famous Philco Neutrodyne-Plus and the Philco Screen Grid, these important features:

6. Wonderfully true, rich tone—tone made entirely free from distortion by Philco's unique super-exact balancing of electrical units.

7. Exceedingly handsome cabinets and unusual value-giving at every price.

8. Extreme simplicity of operation—just plain, simple, single dial control. (Both the Philco Screen Grid Plus and the Philco Neutrodyne-Plus include built-in aerials for use wherever an external aerial is inconvenient.)

So that you may prove for yourself that this is beyond comparison the finest radio the world has ever heard, any Philco dealer will be glad to have you test this new Philco against any other set you desire. Easy payments if you decide to buy.

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PHILCO
BALANCED-UNIT RADIO

For all these eccentricities he would give glib pseudo-scientific explanations; and the very ardor with which he disclaimed anything abnormal in his behavior characterized him as a neurotic whose lifelong repressions some day would bring him to the bar of justice.

Robert Eissler became the center and symbol of his hatred; and this hatred was intensified by the unwilling admiration and envious love which he could not withhold from the stronger man. Robert was for him everything that he was not, yet everything he wished to be. He alternated between an instinctive desire to combat the iron rule of his antagonist and an impulsive wish to submit to the other's will.

Otto's deep and overpowering desire to provide for his children made him anxious to settle financially with the firm and to come to an amicable understanding with his cousin. It was because of this desire that he agreed to accept payment for his share in the business at a time when Robert had reduced the nominal value of the firm's holdings to almost nothing.

When he had accepted the $3,000 as payment of his inheritance of nearly $2,000,000, his eyes suddenly opened. But it was too late to avoid the jaws of the trap that Robert had sprung on him. He attempted to get more money; but the courts decided in favor of the unscrupulous, iron-willed *Übermensch* who had trampled on the *Sklave*.

And then a change came over Otto Eissler. Hitherto Robert had been his private enemy; now Robert became for him an enemy of mankind, an Antichrist, an Attila, a Genghis Kahn, a Tchaka, a scourge, a besom of unholy destruction. And in Otto's breast there grew up a distorted sense of duty which demanded atonement for the wrongs that Robert had done to humanity.

In the summer of 1923 Otto's nervous disturbance reached a stage bordering on mania—a condition augmented by Robert's contemptuous and sneering attitude. The neurologists whom he consulted warned him of a collapse, and advised retirement and absolute quiet.

But in vain. This poor desperate creature fought on for a hopelessly lost cause. He importuned Robert constantly in the hope of obtaining redress.

And then one word began riding in on his tortured brain. That word was "Fool." Robert had called him a fool since his childhood; and now that appellation took on venom and became fraught with terrible significance. A score of times he had gone to Robert and pleaded for more money for himself and his children, and each time Robert had answered him with a sneer and that devastating epithet—"Fool."

Poor Otto! With his permeating sense of inferiority he could not withstand the gibe. He knew it was true. He was indeed a fool—a tragic, hopeless fool. The bulk of the $3,000 had been eaten up in litigation, and he saw only ruin ahead.

Otto had always carried a small automatic with which to protect himself from his imaginary enemies. But now he bought another larger gun. A catastrophic idea was forming in his mind. And always he could hear Robert's derisive voice calling him a fool.

On the thirtieth of August, 1923, he called on Robert. The head of J. Eissler und Brüder sat smugly at his desk and regarded the visitor contemptuously. Otto made his last plea for justice.

"I will carry on a suit for seven years rather than pay you a heller," Robert told him. He then leaned forward across the desk at which Otto's father had sat for forty years. "For all of me," he said, "you can rot. Fool!"

(A smile, half pathetic, half sensitive, flitted over Vance's mouth.)

Y' know, Markham, I've sometimes wondered whether Otto realized what took place during those next few moments. I'm inclined to think that he only saw, as in a haze, the fire from his gun as he sent six shots into Robert's body.

There were seven bullets in the gun—the seventh was intended for his own head. But as he raised the weapon to his temple, Robert, having fallen to the floor in mortal agony, spoke. And those words stayed Otto's hand. They brought the whole of the murderer's life crashing down. They were incredible—and yet consistent. As Robert gasped at Otto's feet, a sneer passed over his face.

"How often did that fool shoot?" he asked.

Fool! Again that epithet!

Otto for once was to have been the master—for once he had hoped to overcome his cousin's iron will and to force him to take cognizance of a weaker kinsman. To this end he had sacrificed everything. He had become a killer in order to have one supreme moment of domination—one supreme moment of superiority in which he could feel that he had administered a triumphant retribution to the man he hated.

But in his great moment, to which he had sacrificed everything, he had only evoked the old contemptuous taunt—"Fool."

Otto's extravagant deed of heroism was to Robert only a stupid accident, not the fiat of a stronger will.

Without resistance Otto allowed himself to be disarmed and arrested. The world had toppled about him. He had steeled himself to a great deed which was to have given him back his self-respect—and for all his pains he had been called a fool by the dying man.

On the eighth of April, 1924, Otto Eissler stood trial before the Austrian Criminal Court.

The alienists—who, according to Austrian law, do not form a part of the defense corps, but who are appointed by the authorities to investigate and report on the responsibility of the accused—had a deuced difficult task; for Otto stubbornly repudiated any idea of insanity. They were unable to find that his phobias and hallucinatory manias were symptoms of true paranoia; but they did report that Otto represented a highly neurotic type whose lowered mental repressions caused him to succumb easily to his violent hatred. They therefore decided that he must stand trial, though they suggested that he should be accorded extenuating circumstances.

During the preliminary investigation Otto had changed attorneys several times. His *mania persecutoria* caused him to see enemies and spies in everyone with whom he came in contact. Even Doctor Teirich, whom he finally selected, had a most tryin' time with him. Poor Otto apparently preferred to risk the maximum sentence of life imprisonment rather than plead insanity . . . By the bye, Markham, you know the death penalty was abolished in Austria in 1919.

I'm rather inclined to believe that Otto's greatest tragedy would have been to admit his own insanity—he had fought against the idea so long, d' ye see.

He insisted upon basing his defense on the plea of extreme provocation. Furthermore, he denied that the murder had been premeditated.

But alas! his purchase of the second gun, and his waiting for the moment when Robert would be alone, told heavily against him.

Moreover, the Sophoclean irony beneath the whole affair was still working. The presiding judge, Doctor Ramsauer, was a type of jurist somewhat on the order of Robert himself. He had a Nietzschean temperament and could feel no sympathy for a man of Otto Eissler's character. He was stern and uncompromising. He had no concern save for the letter of the law and its enforcement.

As I've said, his character was similar to that of the man whose death he was avenging, and he may have felt an understanding sympathy for Robert.

The testimony was, on the whole, favorable to the unhappy prisoner. The witnesses related in detail the many symptoms of neurotic tension which finally broke down his self-control.

Unfortunately for Otto, when the motives were discussed, when the details of the financial jugglery were presented, and when fantastic figures of depreciated currency and doubtful foreign-exchange transactions were presented, the twelve good men and true were so confused that they chose to regard the murder as an act of sordid revenge rather than retributive justice on the part of a deeply wronged man.

Even the prosecuting attorney admitted Otto's strong provocation for the deed and showed a fine humaneness. But nothing except the offended letter of the law existed for the judge, and his summing-up was against the defendant.

After a brief deliberation the jury found Otto guilty of premeditated murder, by ten votes to two. According to the Austrian law the presiding judge has a wide discretion in imposing sentence in murder cases, which varies from one year to life imprisonment. But only if the sentence exceeds ten years has the prisoner the right to appeal.

Judge Ramsauer, anticipating the probable result of an appeal, promptly sentenced the prisoner to exactly ten years, thereby allowing him no loophole through which to escape. For a man of Otto's age and broken health those ten years were tantamount to a life sentence. Again—at the end—he had been defeated by a stronger character.

Y' know, Markham, I cannot help feeling that behind the stern face of that uncompromising judge Otto Eissler saw the face of Robert sneering at him from the grave. And when the judge passed sentence upon him I'm inclined to think that poor Otto once again heard the voice of Robert saying to him: "Fool!"

. . . . . .

Markham was silent for some time.

"An ironical tragedy," he murmured at length. "And it's hard to say just where justice lay. The law is inadequate when dealing with such cases. I'm inclined to think, however, that in this country Otto would have had a fair chance to escape. He might have been proved insane despite his protestations—especially in view of his frank, unsubtle method of murder."

"True." Vance smiled cynically. "But what would our courts have done with Grete Beier—the last woman to be publicly executed in Germany? She, I am convinced, was a genuine psychopathic case; yet she plotted her crimes with infinite skill—there was nothing frank or unsubtle about Grete; she was the apotheosis of chicanery and shrewdness. Personally, I'd have been more content to see Otto sent to the block than Grete . . . What an astoundin' case the Beier affair was!"

The following Sunday night Vance related the Grete Beier tragedy; and in my next article I shall try to retell it as Vance told it to us.

An Officer—but Not a Gentleman *by Peter B. Kyne* (Cont. from page 31)

on deck and preempted my quarters, eh? I'm pleased to meet you, Mr. O'Bannion. I'm always pleased to meet a resolute man. Come up to my quarters. We must get acquainted."

"I have no time, Misther Runyon. Things are goin' to the divil entirely here an' if I don't haze this gang av marine imposthers around a bit——"

"I said: 'Come up to my quarters,' Mr. O'Bannion. I am your superior officer. I have given you an order. Obey it—unless you prefer a court-martial."

"For two cints," Mr. O'Bannion murmured, "I'd take ye apart as I would a handful av waste. However, ye interest me shtrangely, so I'll go up wit' ye—but mind ye, av me own free will."

In Lieutenant Commander Runyon's quarters, Mr. O'Bannion made the discovery that they were the chief engineer's and that his baggage was no longer visible. "I had your dunnage removed to the first assistant's room," Runyon informed him. "Sit down, lieutenant. Your ignorance of navy custom and discipline is at the bottom of your extraordinary conduct, so I shall forgive and forget it. Meanwhile I'm going to tell you something about the navy."

Mr. O'Bannion was fair according to his lights. "I'll listen to that, me bucko," he agreed, "but have a care would ye thry to tell me things about the Maverick's ingine room. *That* I'll not shtand for."

After listening more or less patiently for half an hour to a kindly meant lecture, and incidentally discovering that he was junior to Runyon, Mr. O'Bannion said: "I've been shwindled. What did the navy hire me for, if it wasn't to use me as a chief ingineer? Why, 'tis fifteen year since I got me chief's ticket. An' now I've got to share a room wit' the second assistint."

"He is an officer and a gentleman."

"That may well be, but a reliable ingineer he is not, an' I'll not be responsible for what goes on in his watch. Divil a hair. I'm through. I quit. I'd rather be chief ingineer on a stern-wheel river shteamer nor an admiral in the navy. How manny years have ye been in command av ingine rooms, laddie?"

"This is my first command."

"How manny years have ye been to sea?"

"I was graduated from the Naval Academy six years ago and have had four years of sea service. Of course we had the annual cruise——"

Mr. O'Bannion laughed harshly in his superior's face. "Ye'd rate a job as wiper in the mercantile marine," he jeered. "I'd been eight years at sea before I got me third assistint's ticket. Fireman, wather-tendher, wiper an' iler I was firrst, an' a long, hot apprenticeship 't was, nor did I grumble at me lot, for I was l'arrnin' the things they niver put in books. Well, since I can't be chief here I'll quit."

Lieutenant Commander Runyon was far wiser than his years might indicate. Said he: "Well, if you intend to resign your commission I suggest you do it immediately. We're pulling out for the Atlantic seaboard tomorrow morning. I suggest that you go up to Naval Headquarters and have a talk with the Admiral in command."

"I'll do that," Mr. O'Bannion replied—and did. An hour later Mr. Kendrick had a telephone call from the Admiral.

"Tell me about O'Bannion, formerly chief engineer of your steamer Maverick, Mr. Kendrick," he pleaded. "Now that he's been commissioned and assigned to his old ship, he finds a young and, it must be confessed, somewhat inexperienced lieutenant commander over him. He says he won't work on the Maverick and has verbally resigned from the navy. A most peculiar man."

So Mr. Kendrick told the Admiral all about Malachi O'Bannion. "He's a wizard in an engine room—an artist, perhaps, and like all artists, he's temperamental. He belongs to the old school. He has never known discipline in our employ, but the way he maintains it in his engine room is nobody's business. He's touchy, suspicious, humorous, hard-working, loyal, self-sacrificing, brave, mutinous, belligerent, brutally frank and possessed of a fierce high pride. He talks a lot and makes criticisms freely without being asked for them.

"He makes repairs at sea with his own crew that most chiefs send to a shop; he's a miser on fuel oil, neat as a pin and resourceful as Robinson Crusoe. He is known as Windy O'Bannion and we paid him fifty dollars above the regular scale."

"Thank you, Mr. Kendrick. He's too good a man for the navy to lose. I'll have him sent somewhere on the East coast where he'll have entire charge of his own engine room. In that way we shall avoid trouble. Thank you."

While crossing the continent to his new destination, Mr. O'Bannion read the Naval Regulations, a book on naval etiquette and a few other volumes kindly furnished him by the Admiral for his future guidance and peace of mind. In New York, he received orders directing him to report for duty to the commanding officer of the destroyer Gregory at the Philadelphia Navy Yard.

At sight of his new home Mr. O'Bannion's heart sank. Indeed, so low did it sink that he was not even conscious of a bluejacket's relieving him of his suitcases. He merely stared at the Gregory and murmured: "Hivin be me comforter! She looks like a slice av cheese. Glory be, if it wasn't she's tied to the dock, she'd be rollin' thirty degrees in a dead calm. Ochone, 'tis the Irish that gets the wurrst av it always."

He sought the commanding officer's quarters to report himself, and in order to get to the commanding officer he had to pass through the office of the executive officer. And who should be seated at the executive's desk but Johnny Kendrick, wearing two stripes and looking very handsome indeed!

"Johneen, darlint," bellowed Mr. O'Bannion, and fell upon his late employer with every evidence of a delight most paternal. "Ye young divil! Oh-ho, but isn't God good? Whin I looked at this crate I felt the cowld chills run down me back, but now that I see I'm to be shipmates wit' you, divil a hair I care. Where's the ould man? I'll be reportin' to him."

"I'm his mouthpiece, lieutenant. Let me see your orders."

So Malachi produced his credentials and Mr. Kendrick became aware that the former chief engineer of the Maverick now not only ranked him but was to be in charge of the engine room of the destroyer; whereat, Mr. Kendrick experienced a signal sense of gratitude to his Maker.

"Sit down, Malachi," he requested kindly, "and listen to a tale of woe."

"I'll belave it wit'out the tellin', lad. Sure, this is a divil av a navy entirely, wit' the officers thinkin' av their rank inshtead av their jobs an' everythin' topsy-turvy till it's enough to make a man cry, so 'tis. Bad luck to the day I iver got into it."

"We've been chucked into a war unprepared, so we have to take what we can get and make the best of it. We'll get straightened out after a while.

"Malachi, there are six of these destroyers, all of the same type—one hundred eighty-six feet over all, twenty-two feet beam. They've been built hurriedly here and have just been put into commission. They've never had a trial trip—and tomorrow morning we're starting for the Azores, via Bermuda—all six of us, Malachi, and each one of the six has to tow one of those one-hundred-and-ten-foot wooden subchasers lying across the dock."

"Why should we tow thim?" the practical Malachi demanded. "They have three two-hunder-an'-fifty h. p. gasoline motors each."

"But no gasoline, Malachi. You see, we're giving or lending these subchasers to the French. Yesterday their French crews landed in New York and this morning they took possession.

"Well, we're ordered to the Irish coast with these six destroyers and the thrifty French have fixed it to have us save gasoline money by towing them to Fayal. They are to operate from a base there."

"If we run into a bit av dirty weather an' our tows get adrift, we'll see no more av the Frinchmin, I'm thinkin'."

"If we can make the Azores ourselves we'll be lucky, Malachi. I tell you your engines have never been turned over except alongside the dock. We're furnished with a sextant that has no correction index, and two chronometers that have never been rated, so we don't know whether they lose or gain. As for our crew, they are boys sent down from the Great Lakes Training Station, after three months of alleged sea-training—on land. They don't know anything and they have no discipline."

Mr. O'Bannion was an optimist. "Well, thank hivin, we can knock sinse an' discipline into thim, Johneen. Show me me quarthers, there's the good lad, an' I'll get below."

For the first time in his life young Mr. Kendrick gazed upon Windy O'Bannion with affection. For the first time since coming aboard he felt he had a hope of survival. An experienced shipping man, he knew those untried engines would develop sundry disabilities before settling down to business after working in—and he had no faith in the young gentleman from the Naval Academy who, it seemed (until Malachi O'Bannion reported for duty), was to command the engine room.

He could scarcely wait to report Malachi's arrival to the officer in command. "He's a gift from heaven, sir," he declared. "He's not navy material and his crew will hate him until they learn to respect him, but please be patient with him, sir, and I'll try to steer him in the way he should go. He'll come to me with all his troubles. In the navy or out of it he will always regard me as his boss, so I'll see that he behaves."

His superior gazed at Mr. Kendrick with a far-away look in his eyes. "I don't know whether our compasses have ever been adjusted, Mr. Kendrick," he said wearily. "Probably not. So let's pull out to sea, swing the ship and adjust them."

Never having been aboard a destroyer before, Mr. O'Bannion was dumfounded at the mess of machinery he found in her vitals. With his next in command

he went over the works carefully, asking questions, familiarizing himself with everything. He had the engines turned over slowly, while he prowled hither and yon, his ears alert for little sounds that would have meant nothing to one less experienced. And at the finish of that first inspection he said simply: "There'll be the divil an' all to pay an' no pitch hot," and promptly sought the executive.

"Johnny, dear," he announced, "this ship is not fit for sea. We should have a trial thrip an' a week to iron the bugs out av me ingine room."

Mr. Kendrick sadly quoted:

"Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die.

"Malachi, our orders are imperative—straight from the Secretary of the Navy. We sail in the morning and may the Lord have mercy on our souls. We're going outside to swing the ship and adjust the compasses. Be grateful for that brief opportunity to try out your engines."

"I think," Mr. O'Bannion murmured thoughtfully, "I'll jim her up so's to delay our sailin' an' give us a chanct to go to sea later like seamin should."

"For heaven's sake, don't," Mr. Kendrick pleaded. "If you do you'll be relieved and court-martialed—and we can't afford to lose you. Besides, they'd only repair us in a hurry and send us to sea alone later. And we don't want to be alone. The leading destroyer of the flotilla may have a sextant and chronometer the navigating officer can rely on—and we can follow the leader, since the slowest ship determines the pace."

They went to sea with the subchasers in tow next morning. In the chop of the Gulf Stream all hands got seasick, for the destroyer rolled horribly. Even Mr. O'Bannion, hero of many a stormy passage, had his first attack of *mal de mer*.

His crew simply disintegrated, and the engine room was a horror. Nevertheless Mr. O'Bannion staggered about, doing five men's work, keeping his eyes on everything, pleading, begging, commanding, lifting the weak ones up by the nape and shaking them into a semblance of his own terrific courage.

Somehow they got through, but Mr. O'Bannion could not be everywhere or look after everything, so somebody forgot to fill the big oil cup over the main bearing of the port engine and it froze and put that engine out of business, which naturally got the commanding officer on the engine-room howler. Mr. O'Bannion paid no attention to his calls, however, so presently the old man came to him with blood in his eye.

But Mr. O'Bannion anticipated the trouble. Lurching up to his commanding officer he yelled:

"Sor, do ye love yer counthry?" The old man nodded. "Shtick in this stinkin' hole another minute an' ye'll change yer mind," Mr. O'Bannion bantered.

Just then the old man surrendered, and leaned against Mr. O'Bannion. "Never mind—what's happened to the port—engine," he gurgled. "Help me up on deck, please, or I'll die."

"Ye would lave the clane fresh air to come down to ax me foolish questions," Mr. O'Bannion howled. "Climb on me back." And, half dead as he was, he carried the old man up on deck. The old man, by the way, was twenty years Mr. O'Bannion's junior. "The high an' mighty airs av these bhoys," O'Bannion sobbed—and returned to his duty.

Safe in the harbor at Bermuda, he ascertained why they had put in there instead of proceeding direct to Fayal. Some real navy officer in Washington, realizing the conditions but powerless to aid, managed to sell the idea that it would be well to have these six new destroyers touch at Bermuda en route, in order to make repairs there.

O'Bannion overhauled the main bearing of the port engine; put a new gasket in the starboard low-pressure cylinder; overhauled his pumps, which kept clogging on him; got the refrigerator system working, though not in time to save a lot of fresh beef from spoiling (as they subsequently discovered); found he needed a lot of packing and purchased it ashore with his own money to save time; worked himself and drove his crew forty-eight hours without rest, doing a hundred things that clamored to be done, and put to sea again knowing he had not done more than give his engine room a lick and a promise.

Ordinarily it should have been a six-day run to the Azores. "We'll make it, all right," Mr. Kendrick confided to Malachi, "if we can keep the leading ship in sight. There's an old mercantile marine skipper on her and he has his own sextant, which is reliable."

"I'm dyin' av pathriotism," Mr. O'Bannion sighed. "I lost everythin' but me socks crossin' the Gulf Shtrame. Tin pounds lighter I am nor whin we shtarted, an' losin' a pound a day wit' worry an' loss av shleep. Be the time we get to Ireland I'll be weighin' a hunder pound soakin' wet an' a rock in each hand.

"But what does it matther at all, at all? I'll be coort-martialed an' hung for murther as soon as we get there."

"How are you getting along with your crew, Malachi?"

"Terrible, terrible, Johneen. I can do nothin' wit' thim."

Mr. Kendrick smiled, for he happened to know that Malachi had made them work while seasick; that they had somehow got to their feet and done their best, shamed by their chief's indomitable courage.

"These destroyers are supposed to make twenty-two knots," Mr. Kendrick went on musingly. "Do you think you could get twenty out of ours?"

"I do not. Fifteen would tear her heart out now."

"I must report that to the commanding officer, Malachi. If we meet one of those German submarines that have been operating off Nantucket and Cape Hatteras we'll be out of luck. We would not dare use our ash cans."

"For why, lad?"

"Because we aren't fast enough to get out of our own destruction area."

"Ouch!" cried Mr. O'Bannion. "Why did I iver lave Ireland?"

At dawn the second day out from Bermuda a hurricane struck them. And that was the last they saw of the flotilla, for their towline parted and by the time they had spliced it and got it back to the wallowing subchaser, they were alone, unable to see more than a cable length in any direction because of the driving rain and spray. Nor did they see anything else for the next three weeks.

The first week was dreadful for Mr. O'Bannion, and horrible for the other members of the crew. Fortunately he did not get seasick again, albeit the wallowing of the destroyer, her plunging and bucking in the Gulf Stream were as nothing compared with her antics in the grip of the succession of gales that followed the tail of that hurricane.

Mr. O'Bannion was the first to discover she was straining herself; that she had undoubtedly sheared off a few rivets and loosened a plate, for his bilges frequently had to be pumped and his fresh water grew brackish. Brackish water, he knew, would soon ruin the boilers.

He came up on deck and gazed with haunted, hollow, weary eyes at the subchaser bobbing astern. "Bad luck to ye, ye bearded ba-boons," he growled at her French crew. "If it wasn't for ye Frogs we could shlip our cable an' let that bandbox ye're in go to glory. An' now the dear God alone knows what's goin' to become av us all."

He crawled up on the bridge and reported conditions to the commanding officer, who was frightfully seasick.

"Let her sink," he moaned. "I've been in destroyers before, but never in a boat like this one. Why she doesn't roll herself under I cannot understand. The crazy boneheads in Washington sent us to sea halfcocked. I protested—and got a call-down for it!"

Mr. O'Bannion patted his chief on the back and swore with great feeling.

"I'm lost, O'Bannion," said the commander. "I'm running by dead reckoning. If we miss the Azores in this thick weather we'll run out of fuel oil and grub; we'll be driven up into the North Atlantic and drift around forever like the Flying Dutchman—a ship with a crew of corpses."

"Whin the b'ilers go—as go they will, what wit' the brackish wather—the pumps'll be out av business an' she'll fill up an' go down like a plummet," Mr. O'Bannion declared. "Thank hivin we'll not shtarve to death annyhow. Nor will we thirrst. We can dishtill dhrinkin' wather till the fires go out."

He went below, cut out and blew down his starboard boilers and shut down the starboard engine. He would run on the remaining boilers until they quit on him; by that time the weather might be clear and the skipper enabled to shoot the sun and get his latitude; then he would fire up the starboard boilers and they might last until the destroyer and her tow should reach Fayal. No sense risking all the boilers now. And he had to economize on fuel oil.

Mr. O'Bannion had another great worry. Mr. Kendrick, who had resisted seasickness crossing the Gulf Stream, was down with it at last and in all his life Mr. O'Bannion never had seen a man so ill. The executive could not leave his berth. He could eat nothing, of course, and he prayed for death.

Mr. O'Bannion had never heard of a man dying of seasickness, yet when he looked in on Mr. Kendrick on the tenth day of the latter's illness he realized that Death was stalking his beloved boss; that he was, even now, woefully weak from malnutrition.

"Ye must manage to ate somethin', Johneen," Mr. O'Bannion pleaded.

"I can't. I don't want it. It won't stay down," Mr. Kendrick moaned. "Leave me alone. I want to die. I'm dying now."

"Troth ye are," said Mr. O'Bannion and shed a number of tears. Nevertheless he was not stampeded. Johneen had to assimilate some nourishment, whether he would or no, and in the contemplation of this exigency Mr. O'Bannion's resourcefulness did not fail him.

Having made all ready he went to the galley, got a bowl of pea soup and returned to Mr. Kendrick's room. Here he gagged the helpless young man with a small piece of stick, through the center of which he had drilled a hole. Through this hole he inserted a small funnel and, while holding Mr. Kendrick's head, he poured a modicum of soup into the funnel and thence into Johneen's mouth.

"Faith, I'll force-feed ye, ye gossoon, like ye were a Shtrasbourrg goose," he roared. "Dhrink it, lad, for I'll have no merrcy on ye. Swallow now, or I'll be the death av ye, for I'll fill yer lungs up wit' pea soup an' ye'll dhrown.

"There's the dear lad. A mouthful or two will do ye a wurrld av good—bad luck to ye, Johneen, don't glare at me like that. 'Tis conduct unbecomin' an officer an' a gintleman an' highly opprobrious comin' from a junior to a senior, but if ye'll take three more big mouthfuls, Johneen, I'll not prefer charrges ag'in' ye."

Mr. Kendrick, to save himself from death by drowning in pea soup, had to swallow six mouthfuls. Then Mr. O'Bannion withdrew his funnel, plugged the hole in his wooden gag with a cork and stood by to see if the object of his solicitude would retain the nourishment. He did retain it. He had to.

An hour later O'Bannion removed the gag.

"When I get well—if I do—I'll kill you for this, you foul brute," Mr. Kendrick sobbed. "You dirty, ignorant, windy, low Irish skunk!"

"Ye've hung onto the soup, Johneen, an' for that ye may abuse me from now till come nixt Martinmas Day, but I'll not have the son av yer father die on me hands. Sure, whin I'd meet him in purgathory I'd niver have the courage to face the call-down he'd give me. 'Twould be like combin' yer hair wit' a hoop. There'd be no ind to it."

He went out on deck just in time to see the towline part again. They were an hour getting it back aboard the subchaser and in the next week it parted five times more. To add to the horror of the situation they had to work fast to splice it, for with the subchaser's head falling off she was not likely to live long in the trough of the sea.

They were now battling the elements with little hope of survival. Twice each day Mr. O'Bannion overpowered Johnny Kendrick, who continued to lose weight and grow weaker. Mr. O'Bannion, however, had great faith in defeating anything if only one fought hard enough and long enough.

He was getting along on three or four hours' sleep in twenty-four, and most of that he snatched in the engine room, for he was afraid to leave his post.

On the eighteenth day the French crew on the subchaser semaphored that they were out of provisions and starving. So the destroyer crew lashed some canned goods on a life raft, slid it overside and let it drift astern on a long rope. Providentially the Frenchmen hooked onto it as it bumped alongside; when the craft dipped and took a sea over the bows the raft floated aboard.

Mr. O'Bannion was on the bridge telling the old man his boilers would probably last one more day, when the lookout reported more semaphoring from the subchaser. Translated, their message was to the effect that the food sent them was all canned corn; that the French were not familiar with this staple American dish, and wanted something else.

Just then the old man had a violent attack of seasickness. "Take charge of the situation, Malachi, old man," he pleaded. "I know it's not in your department but at least you're not dying on your feet, and I am."

"I'm not, eh? Sure, a child could handle me now," Mr. O'Bannion keened, but nevertheless he took charge.

"Signal back to thim blasted nuisances that are like to be the death av us," he yelled to the signalman, "to ate that canned corn or shtarve to death an'

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bad luck to thim an' may they all die in the middle av a hot August wit' no ice or embalmin' fluid handy an' divil a coffin to fit thim!"

Evidently the French ate the canned corn, for Mr. O'Bannion resolutely declined to send them any substitutes.

Late in the afternoon the gale freshened; after riding thirty-foot seas the destroyer and her tow now took to the forty-foot variety. Forward the destroyer was continuously awash, with spray going high over her funnels.

Mr. O'Bannion stuck his nose out on deck, saw that he might risk it and decided to prowl aft and take a look at the towing cable. It was none of his business, of course, but since he would have to help splice that cable if it parted again, naturally he felt an absorbing interest in it.

"Kape an eye on me, lad," he ordered a fireman first-class who had come up on the fiddley for a breath of fresh air. "If I go off the tail av this she-divil av a desthroyer ye can certify me death so Mrs. O'Bannion can collect me insurance."

So he went prowling cautiously aft, only to pull up suddenly, pop-eyed with horror. In mid-deck just at the stern the Y gun stood. Mr. O'Bannion knew that was used to throw depth charges, alias ash cans, to starboard and port in case of submarine attack, while the destroyer, at full speed, scuttled ahead and out of the danger area. He also knew that if one rolled overboard it would sink to the depth at which the hydrostatic pressure would release the fuse and explode the depth bomb.

Further, he knew that if the Gregory tried tossing an ash can overboard at her present speed of six knots, the destroyer and her crew and the subchaser and her Frogs would disappear in a shower of mush.

And an ash can was about to roll overboard! There were a dozen of these one-hundred-and-ten-pound infernal machines, loaded with T. N. T., lashed along each rail and held in place (securely, as it had been supposed) by tightened steel straps. And even as Mr. O'Bannion gazed upon them one of these steel straps came loose and an ash can slid out of the broken embrace and rolled across the deck from starboard to port! If it smacked smartly up against its neighbors along the port rail the concussion would probably explode it and that would explode every ash can in the ship.

Mr. O'Bannion's battle cry rang high above the shriek of the gale, and the fireman on the fiddley heard it:

"Hel-l-lp! Mur-r-r-ther! Po-lee-e-e-ce!"

THE fireman ran aft in time to see the ash can, having almost reached the port rail, halted in its peregrinations by a fierce roll of the ship to starboard —whereupon the demon commenced a rapid return journey to its base. It never got there.

Uttering his wild cries, Mr. O'Bannion made a flying leap at it and tackled it, in mid-deck, in masterly fashion. With both arms around it, and with both knees on the deck acting as brakes, he skidded almost to the starboard rail; then the ship lurched to port again and the ash can started to recross the deck so suddenly that it escaped Mr. O'Bannion's greasy clutching hands. So he rose, made a flying leap over it and with his body stopped it as one stops a runaway car by placing a block of wood in front of the wheel.

He grunted with the impact. Then the destroyer climbed to the crest of a fifty-foot wave—and the ash can, obeying the law of gravitation, started aft with the intention of diving over the stern. There was a low railing at the stern; if the bump against this failed to explode the ash can, the missile might, because of the velocity gained as it rolled down a forty-five-degree incline, hurdle this rail and disappear in the wake!

Mr. O'Bannion leaped again, hurled his body athwart its course and stopped it. Then the stern rose as the sea passed under and he had to throw himself in front of it again as it started forward.

The fireman waited not to summon aid from the deck department, for the deck crew were not in sight, being huddled in whatever shelter they could find, mostly below decks. He slid halfway down the ladder to the engine room and bawled: "All hands on deck and aft! The ash cans are loose!"

A chorus of "Aye, ayes" rose above the diapason that filled the engine room, so the fireman ran out on deck and aft and found Mr. O'Bannion sitting astride two ash cans in the middle of the heaving deck and using a foot on each side as a brake to hold his position. And he was not making good weather of it!

"They'll all be chasin' me in a jiffy," Mr. O'Bannion yelled. "Starboard rail—an' kape anny more from escapin'." His face was a bloody, greasy smear.

The fireman sat down on the deck, with his back up against the last ash can in the row along the rail. He pressed the loose steel strap against the file of them; he heaved and held them to the rail.

Meanwhile Mr. O'Bannion's two ash cans, lying cheek by jowl now, wallowed as a unit. The moment they started to roll Mr. O'Bannion threw his body in front of them, and there they stuck until the reverse roll of the ship started them back again, when a flying leap over both enabled him to halt them once more before they could attain sufficient speed to roll over him.

The engine crew came running aft and took the two ash cans away from him, rolled them gently into place and lashed them in temporarily with ropes.

"Me two hands are crushed," Mr. O'Bannion announced, "an' I'm thinkin' what little pretinsions I had to good looks are ruined. The childer'll niver know me if—an' whin—I come home after makin' this terrible worrld safe for democracy. Don't trust thim ropes. They're wet, an' a wet Manila rope'll shrink an' break unless ye lave room for the shrinkage. Wire those wild divils av ash cans in until we can fix that shteel sthrap.

"The half av ye come back to the ingine room wit' me, an' do wan av ye carry worrd to the officer av the deck to sind a shquad av his greenhorrns back here to help ye."

After being patched up by the ship's surgeon, and making his way painfully down to his engine room, Mr. O'Bannion realized his boilers would last about twelve hours longer. So he commenced getting up steam in the boilers he had cut out when he discovered the sea was slowly seeping into his fresh-water tanks. And when he had steam up, he cut out his ruined boilers and proceeded to creep along on the others.

Mr. Kendrick now loathed and feared him. He wanted to die and the animal, O'Bannion, would not let him. He loathed Mr. O'Bannion so that the mere sight of the chief made him semi-hysterical.

The officers aboard had no illusions regarding their predicament, though the enlisted men were usually too ill and wretched and too new to the sea to give any thought to the subject. The old man was so worn and ill and sleepy that presently he began to doubt his own figures and thoughts when casting up his dead reckoning, and took to calling in Mr. O'Bannion to check on them—which pleased the latter very much.

"Well, I've changed b'ilers, sir," he announced on the twentieth day out from Bermuda. "The navy may be able to make shteam wit' salt wather, but it isn't done in the mercantile marine, so I'm thinkin' that unless we make a landfall in forty-eight hours I'll blow down what's lift av me b'ilers. Then we'll all line up on deck an' sing 'God Save the King.' We'll have to, because no American can sing 'The Star-Shpangled Banner.' Havin' sung the anthim we'll give three cheers for nothin' an' prepare to die like the fools we are."

"I've been radioing for help for days, O'Bannion," the old man assured him sadly, "but looking for us in this low visibility is like looking for a needle in a haystack. And I can't give a true position. I can't even give an approximate position, because I haven't seen the sun since we left Bermuda. Nor have I seen a star."

MR. O'BANNION gazed off across the tossing, white-crested, misty ocean. "If I iver meet Josephus Daniels," he murmured in a terrible voice, "I'll l'arrn him somethin' about the navy. 'Tis most inconvenient for me to die. I'm a family man an' sure 'twas me secret hope before this war shtarted that I'd be took out av the Maverick an' made port ingineer for Kendrick an' Son.

"Sure, I ought to be home nights. Me eldest bhoy, Gerry, is gettin' to the age whin he nades a shtrong hand on the nape av his neck an' another at the slack av his pants . . . Now, what's that?"

"What's what, Malachi?"

"I dunno. 'Tis gone ag'in—swallered in the mist an' rain, but a few hunder yard on the shtarboard bow I thought I saw a tall chimney av rock risin' out av the sea."

"Hard aport!" the old man yelled to the man at the wheel. "Hard over!" He gazed through his glasses in the direction Mr. O'Bannion had indicated but saw nothing.

"I hope you did see a tall chimney of rock, Malachi," he declared. "I'm going to believe you sighted for a fleeting instant a rock known as Baixo, about forty miles northeast of Fayal. If so, my dead reckoning hasn't been so bad after all. I'm going to pretend I know where I am and feel my way in."

He did. He was a good sailorman. Off the harbor of Fayal the mist suddenly lifted, disclosing the island and in the offing a Portuguese pilot boat. They signaled and the pilot boarded them. He could not speak English and nobody—not even the versatile Mr. O'Bannion—could speak a word of Portuguese. However, that made no difference to the pilot. He mounted the bridge and took command; to prove he knew his business he reached for both marine telegraphs and rang for full speed ahead.

He didn't get it, for the excellent reason that the starboard engine was dead, the port engine dying.

At four knots the Gregory nosed in. Again and again the pilot rang for full speed while Mr. O'Bannion, down below, gazed owlishly at the indicator on the dial and listened to the bells he couldn't answer. Then the pilot got on the engine-room howler and said things in

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Portuguese, whereupon Mr. O'Bannion replied with equal spirit in Gaelic!

After a while the old man called down to him: "We're coming to anchor, Malachi. The Portuguese's crazy but who cares? He just gave you full speed astern but you haven't complied. Are you angry with him, Malachi? If so, that's all right with me, you wild Irishman, but I expect you to obey me. Kick her astern, Malachi!"

"As hivin is me judge," Mr. O'Bannion yelled, "I can't. Somethin's gone wrong wit' her. She'll creep ahead but I can't reverse her. Run the scut in cirrcles, sir, or we'll pile up on the beach. Or shall I shtop her entirely?"

"Not yet, Malachi. You'll know when she stops." He told his brave boys up forward to let both anchors go by the run. The Gregory was snagged to a halt and again the old man called Mr. O'Bannion on the howler. "I've stopped her," he exulted.

"Thin ye've been intherferin' in the administhration av me command," Mr. O'Bannion shot back at him. "'Tis mutiny to shtop a ship wit'out consultin' the chief ingineer an' axin' him to kill his ingines. Have ye a little dhrop av whisky in yer cabin, skipper darlint?"

"No, it's all gone, Malachi. You know it's against Navy Regulations to keep the stuff aboard."

"Thin do ye come down to me quarthers. An improvident man ye may be and are, but I am not. I have two full quarts of as good Irish moss as iver come out av Belfast. Come down, ye navy man, an' let us dhrink to seamin an' a sailor for the nixt Secreth'ry av the Navy."

They were in Malachi O'Bannion's quarters, with Mr. Kendrick propped up in Malachi's berth and the officer personnel sampling the Irish moss, when a commander of the navy appeared and caught them *in flagrante delicto.*

"Who the blazes let you in?" Mr. O'Bannion growled.

"You are all in arrest," the visitor informed him coldly. "Why was I not received at the gangway in accordance with navy usage? There wasn't even a quartermaster there. In fact, there wasn't even a gangway and nobody would let it down for me, although one man did consent to throw over a Jacob's ladder. Your deck is deserted and your ship is a mess and here I find all you officers drinking whisky in defiance of Navy Regulations.

"No wonder your ship's discipline has gone to the devil. You're all in arrest. Where's your crew? You haven't any watch on deck?"

"I think," said Malachi O'Bannion, lifting his naturally shrill voice to a thin, piping treble in the most insulting manner imaginable, "they're all ashlape. They're awful tired. They haven't had a wink av shlape in three weeks. As soon as we've had another dhrink we'll turrn in, too, an' to the divil wit' you an' to the divil wit' this crate they sind honest min to sea in, an' to the divil wit' the kind av a navy you reprisint, an' get off this ship before I throw ye off, ye unthried, unmannerly, complainin' dude! Gwan, or I'll flatten ye," and he drew back his fist.

"Are you insane?" the visitor demanded. "Have you no respect for rank?"

"Not a bit," the commanding officer informed him. "We had the usual amount when we put to sea but we lost it en route, thank heaven!

"In three weeks we've made sailors out of landsmen, loyal, self-sacrificing, lovable, gallant fighters out of grocery clerks and bookkeepers and, like Malachi O'Bannion, I want a drink and all the gold braid in the navy can't keep me from taking it. Be good enough, sir, to remove yourself and use your imagination if you have any.

"Can't you see we haven't shaved for three weeks? Doesn't that mean anything to you? And don't you try highhatting our Malachi. I'm going to make a special report on him as soon as I've slept for a week. He's got the Navy Cross coming to him for gallant and distinguished conduct over and above the call of his engine room."

"Perhaps," Johnny Kendrick suggested, "if you gave the big bonehead a drink, Malachi, he might get over what ails him."

"Are you all Naval Reserve men?" the visitor queried.

"We are," Mr. O'Bannion lied glibly, for the commanding officer was an Annapolis graduate. However, since the latter was half insane, nobody could possibly have believed this without first inspecting his record.

"No wonder you got lost and lagged behind your flotilla three weeks. A fine lot of farmers they're giving the navy! Well, there'll be an official investigation of this and I shall most certainly prefer charges against the man responsible."

Mr. O'Bannion rose, pressed his dirty right paw full in the visitor's face and shoved violently forward, with the result that the wrathy one found himself in the lobby. Then Mr. O'Bannion closed and locked the stateroom door and eyed Mr. Kendrick affectionately.

"Ah, Johneen," he sighed, "'tis happy we'll be whin we're out av the navy an' back in the mercantile marine. Ye saw what I did to that laddybuck, did ye not? That was to get me in Dutch so's they'll accept me resignation. If they don't, they can dismiss me wit'out honor. 'Twould be betther nor another trip in this narrer-gutted wagon."

"We'll do some crazy things in this man's navy before we get shaken down, Malachi," the old man observed, "but one thing we regular navy chaps will not do is trifle with the honor of one who has served with such honor as have you. I suppose we'll all get an official reprimand for impudence, and it will be noted on our records. But we'll be given credit for good work, too—and that also will be noted on our records.

"And nobody can prove we were drinking whisky if you, Malachi, do your duty as bartender and see that we drink up all the evidence. They can't make us testify against ourselves, you know, because that might tend to degrade us."

"Sure, that's why I threw the laddybuck out," Mr. O'Bannion replied. "I was afraid he'd investigate. Johneen, do ye hate me as bad as ye did?"

"How can I, you idiot? You saved my life. I love you like a brother, you windy Hibernian, and when the war is over and we get our ships back from the government you shall be port engineer for Kendrick and Son."

"God love ye," Mr. O'Bannion murmured with a full heart. "Howld over yer glass an' we'll dhrink confusion to every jackass that brays. 'The rank is but the guinea's stamp'—remimber what ould Bobby Burns said—'A man's a man for a' that.'"

"Thank the Lord," the old man murmured, "the President made you an officer, but thank the Lord again he couldn't make you a gentleman."

Don't Expect Too Much of Women *(Continued from page 45)*

unaccustomed exercise in the warm streets had produced its effect upon him, and, as he walked up that side of the square in which his house was situated, he thought, with the rosiest anticipation, of the cocktail which presently would revive him. As he entered, he met the butler in the hall.

"Bring me a cocktail, Riddock, will you? In the study. Mrs. Coronel has gone, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply. "She left just before you came in. With Mr. Hastings, sir, in the car."

"In the car?" echoed Mr. Coronel.

"They spoke of going to Henley, I think, sir, to dine at the River Club."

"Oh, I see. All right," said Mr. Coronel.

But when the man had gone and the door had closed silently behind him, it was clear that momentarily things were not really quite all right in Mr. Coronel's opinion. He crossed the room and looked vacantly out of the big bow window over the garden and the square.

It was typical of Lorna, he thought, to have taken the car like that. She took everything for granted. How did she know that he himself wasn't going to use it? As a matter of fact he was, so she didn't know—or care.

A car was provided—by him—to be used by her; and it was just the same with everything else which he was able to provide. She took them now with no more thrill than that with which she took the air she breathed.

In nine cases out of ten he hadn't even the pleasure of seeing her enjoy them. Young Hastings had all the fun of that, or if it wasn't he it was someone else who could dance and take her about to things.

Of course, he couldn't dance. All he could do was work all day in a stuffy shop, so that a lot of useless women could decorate their bodies and one woman could have a good time. So his thoughts went on and on, and it would have surprised Mr. Coronel intensely to have been told that he was behaving like a naughty boy who has just been deprived of his toy.

He wanted to play at being a god, and the godlike gesture was denied him. So he stamped and screamed and called people names; though he did so in silence.

Happily, however, the cocktail was not long in making its appearance, and under its beneficent influence Mr. Coronel was able to stop his stamping and calling of names, and become again the cynically tolerant and generous gentleman which normally he was. By the time he had bathed and got into a dinner jacket he was even glad that Lorna had taken the car, and he pictured her, with genuine pleasure, nestling her slender limbs in its luxurious interior while he jogged round in an asthmatic taxi to dine at his club alone.

"I'll take her out tomorrow," thought Mr. Coronel with relish, "and buy her a new frock or two. It's a long while since I saw her in anything new."

After all, that was what women were for. No use expecting more than they could give. Mr. Coronel's philosophy was intact again.

He had an excellent dinner. A little clear soup; a piece of superb salmon; a tiny "poussin," tender as a babe; and some old Cheshire cheese. So wondrous

was the flavor of this last component of the menu that Mr. Coronel was moved to make his third and last gesture on that momentous day, and one which, in the magnitude of its results, was certainly the most important. He ordered some of that cheese to be toasted and served to him as a savory.

Now the true significance of this last and greatest of Mr. Coronel's gestures lay in the fact that, while he adored a Welsh rabbit, he was well aware that in partaking of that delicacy he was literally rushing to disaster. For him to eat toasted cheese was a folly akin to that of one who, liking to hear the sound of a "bang," should let off a bomb in his hand.

It was, therefore, as a gesture, almost insanely heroic, but such was Mr. Coronel's need; and having given the order, he finished his pint of dry champagne and felt distinctly the better for it.

He consumed his rabbit, sipped luxuriously a glass of vintage port, and then, in the gentlest frame of mind, he drank one double brandy with his coffee. Thereafter he played bridge for two hours and he was happily able in that time to add the sum of two pounds ten shillings to the previous profit on the day.

Mr. Coronel sought his bed in deep content. But his rest was disturbed and his slumber banished by the Welsh rabbit he had eaten. For hours he tossed on his box mattress and finally he opened the door into Lorna's room and walked up and down for a while.

He had the place to himself, of course, for Lorna had not yet returned, and it is eternally to the credit of Mr. Coronel that even in his torment he could still consider her comfort. For a cool wind had sprung up in the night, and as it touched with a chill upon his bare ankles, it occurred to Mr. Coronel that Lorna might be cold when she got home.

He went to her bed, therefore, and, turning down the bedclothes, placed his hand upon the hot-water bottle which was thus exposed to view. It was almost cold, as he had expected.

Now Lorna, as Mr. Coronel knew, was one of those ladies to whom a hot-water bottle is a necessity. To come home and find it cold, therefore, plainly would be a hardship for Lorna, so Mr. Coronel boiled the water again in the little electric kettle in the grate, and replaced the bottle in the bed.

At length, being by now a little less mindful of the presence of the Welsh rabbit, he sought his own couch again. He closed the door between his room and Lorna's in order that he might not be disturbed on her return, and as he got into bed he saw by his watch that it was almost five o'clock. He pictured Lorna dancing till the dawn, and lulled by the tenderness which that vision evoked, he fell asleep.

He was awakened, it seemed almost immediately, by a noise suggestive of a staff of amateur furniture removers at work on their first job. Drawers were being opened and shut with a bang, and his eyes were blinded by the lights over his dressing table, as he blinked at the intruder.

It was Lorna.

"What on earth's the matter?" asked Mr. Coronel.

"I'm looking for some aspirin," was the reply. "My bottle's empty."

Another drawer went in with a crash, and Mr. Coronel's head hurt him.

"For heaven's sake, don't bang those drawers," he pleaded. "My bottle's in that silver box on the mantelpiece."

Lorna moved across the room to get it, while Mr. Coronel fought to be just and reasonable in the matter. She was, after all, a woman with a headache. One must not expect too much.

"You put your things in such ridiculous places," Lorna was saying angrily, "or I needn't have disturbed you at all. No one but yourself can ever find anything belonging to you."

Now Mr. Coronel was one of those men who believe in a place for everything. Not extraordinary places at all, but simply convenient and suitable ones.

There was, moreover, no earthly reason why anyone other than himself *should* know where to find them. Such a remark as Lorna's was, therefore, in Mr. Coronel's opinion, manifestly unfair; but Mr. Coronel controlled himself.

He realized that as a man he must make allowances; though he could not but wish that Lorna would say she was sorry for waking him up. His head, too, was aching terribly; but he sat up in bed, and in the kindest voice had said, "I'm sorry about your head, darling," when he suddenly stopped and stared.

"What's the matter?" asked Lorna.

Mr. Coronel answered her question with another. "Is that a new frock?" he inquired. "I don't think I've seen it before."

"Yes," Lorna said; "it came yesterday. I haven't had it on before." Then she shook an aspirin tablet into her palm and turned to leave the room.

"Wait a minute!" cried Mr. Coronel loudly; and there was that in his tone which brought Lorna to a stop with a jerk.

For the words were the words of Mr. Coronel, but the voice was the voice of an outraged husband, charged with the bitterness of a sleepless night and an ill-digested rabbit. Mr. Coronel's eyes were open now, metaphorically as well as literally.

"Do you always keep your new frocks for Hastings, and wear your old ones with me?" he asked; and his voice was so strangled that it surprised him.

"Don't be absurd," said Lorna indignantly, and going into her own room, she slammed the door behind her.

But the possessive male which lurks in the most easy-going husbands was now unleashed, and the man in the bed was devoured by it. It seemed at that moment to Mr. Coronel that never in the whole grim history of man's exploitation by women had so monstrous an injustice been committed.

Only that night he had recalled the fact that all Lorna's frocks seemed old, and now it was clear that that was so merely because she did not think it worth while wasting a new one on him. She had new ones, bought with his money; but she reserved them for other, more favored men.

And he, poor doting idiot that he was, had been going to take her that very next day to buy her some frocks as a surprise. Mr. Coronel's blood and the Welsh rabbit literally boiled within him.

"New ones?" he muttered savagely to himself. "I'll bet she has hundreds of new ones—none of which I see." He swung his legs to the side of the bed, and fumbled into his dressing gown. "I'll have a look," said Mr. Coronel grimly, and strode into Lorna's room.

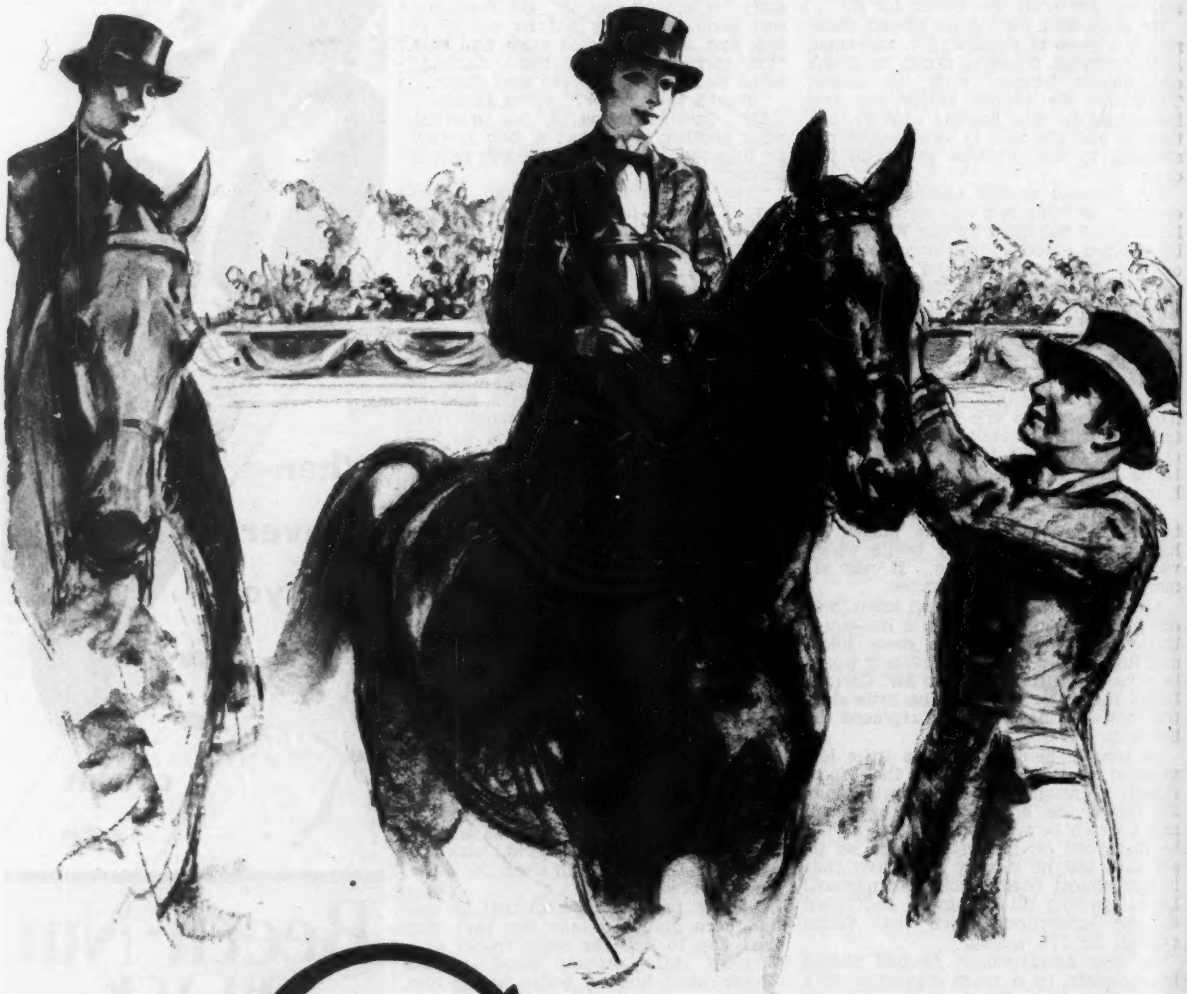
She had just removed her frock when he entered, but not even the delightful picture she presented halted Mr. Coronel in his fury. He strode past her in silence to the other end of the room.

"What do you want, George?" said Lorna angrily. "I wish you wouldn't come in like that. You know how I hate it when I'm undressing."

"Do you reserve that privilege for

...at the horse show it's

FORM!



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young Hastings, too?" Mr. Coronel retorted. He loathed the words as he spoke them, but he was powerless to resist the impulse.

"Are you crazy?" Lorna demanded furiously.

But Mr. Coronel did not reply, for he was buried in a large wardrobe and was grunting and rummaging about.

Lorna dashed at him like a tigress. She tugged frenziedly at him and beat on his shoulders with her fists.

"Get out of my room this instant, George! Do you hear?" she cried. But still the grunting and rummaging continued. "George!" she repeated frantically. "What are you doing? George!"

Then Mr. Coronel spoke again: "I want to see these new frocks of yours. All of them. I mayn't have another chance. I want to see them now!"

He dragged savagely at something, there was a dreadful sound of tearing from within, and the next moment he emerged, red-faced and panting, with a frock between his hands.

"Here's one I haven't seen!" he shouted, flung it into the middle of the room, and dived again into the wardrobe.

So he continued for what seemed hours, grunting, tearing and flinging; while Lorna alternately beat him with her fists and wept.

FINALLY Mr. Coronel desisted; and the next hour was spent in wild accusations to which neither listened, justifications by which neither was convinced, and maudlin and futile apologies at last by which neither was comforted.

Mr. Coronel spent the next day telling himself a thousand times that he had been a fool ever to have complained about the matter of the frock. It was quite likely that, as Lorna had protested, it was a frock for dancing only, and therefore unsuitable for wear at such entertainments as were patronized by Mr. Coronel.

And in any case, what did it matter? He saw her constantly in charming frocks. Why complain if there were a few others in which he did not see her?

As for his remark about her reserving other spectacles exclusively for young Hastings—Mr. Coronel blushed when he recalled it, for such a thought was grotesque. But on that night, both he and Lorna had said many things which, though grotesque, were unforgivable and unforgettable also.

There had been one terrible moment when Lorna had stabbed him in his most tender spot by calling him a dirty old man. Intellectually, Mr. Coronel was aware now that she had not meant it; but none the less he remembered it, and found it hard to forgive.

That night, in fact, each of them had shown to the other, naked, distorted and magnified, every tiny criticism which formerly they had hid. They had behaved grossly and indecently toward each other, and when decent people do these things they are apt to find it hard to forgive the partner in their shame.

So it was with Mr. and Mrs. Coronel until at length, after days of estrangement, Lorna began to cry one nigh and was unable to stop. For two whole days she wept practically without cessation; and at the sound of her weeping it seemed to Mr. Coronel that something in his breast would burst.

Then she ceased crying as suddenly as she had begun, shut herself in her room and refused all food. Their own doctor could do nothing with her, and on his advice Mr. Coronel consulted Doctor Channing.

The hour of his appointment was two o'clock, and Mr. Coronel walked the short distance from his house to Charles Street, where Doctor Channing lived. It was the first time he had walked anywhere since the day of his famous gestures, and the recollection, with its inevitable comparison as to causes, depressed him beyond belief. How happy he had been then! And what a fool he had been to destroy that happiness!

The weather was hot and thundery, with a feeling of oppression and stuffiness which further accentuated Mr. Coronel's gloom, and had it not been for the confidence his general practitioner had in Doctor Channing he would have returned to his house and cancelled the appointment. He had no faith in the power of this man to help him in his trouble.

If Lorna had been suffering from some bodily illness, well and good; but there is no medicine to soothe a wounded spirit. Of that Mr. Coronel felt sure.

It was exactly two o'clock as he rang the bell. The door opened and a solemn butler ushered him into the hall.

He gave his name and the man bowed. "The doctor will see you at once, sir. Be so good as to follow me."

Mr. Coronel did so, up the wide staircase and into a room on the first floor where Channing was waiting to receive him.

Channing greeted him with a smile. "I gave you this hour," he said, "because as you are a busy man I knew I could bank on your being prompt. So many of my patients have nothing to do, and in consequence find it impossible ever to be punctual for anything."

Mr. Coronel smiled, for he had suffered that way himself. He prided himself on being punctual, and on his method in all his affairs. Then he seemed to hear a voice saying, "You put your things in such ridiculous places!" and at once his pride was humbled and the smile stricken from his face.

"Take a seat, Mr. Coronel," said Channing. "I just want to get at my case book, and then we can talk things over."

Mr. Coronel watched him as he "got at" his case book, and the result of his scrutiny surprised him. "He doesn't look a bit like a doctor," he thought. "More like a heavyweight boxer."

And indeed the whole poise and figure of the man, as he stooped over the desk and unlocked the heavy leather-bound volume before him, were suggestive of the trained athlete rather than of the sedentary professional man. Only when Channing settled back in his chair and looked directly at his visitor was Mr. Coronel able to see, in the deep eyes, the sympathy and worldly knowledge wherein his great gift lay.

CHANNING went straight to the point. "Now, Mr. Coronel," he said, "I have heard from your doctor about your wife's condition. The causes which led up to it are what you and I are concerned with, for there you can help me immensely." He picked up his tortoiseshell glasses and toyed with them idly as he spoke. "How do you think it all began?" he said casually.

But Mr. Coronel did not know. "How had it begun?" He had asked himself that a thousand times already without finding an answer. He had always loved Lorna. She had her faults, of course; but he knew enough—especially about women—not to demand more from her than it was fair to expect to receive.

He had loved her without a doubt; and equally without doubt she had loved him. How, then, had they come to say the things they had said to each other on that ghastly night? And how, in any case, could he tell this stranger all the chaotic details of their married life?

While he hesitated, Channing spoke again; and it seemed to Mr. Coronel that the physician had read his thoughts.

"I know how distasteful it is to speak of these things to a stranger," he said. "And apart from that, we're all apt to think we can manage our own affairs best. But advice from an expert sometimes is useful, you know, Mr. Coronel. For instance, you're admittedly a good business man, yet I expect you're not above talking to your broker where a doubtful investment is concerned."

So Mr. Coronel gradually thawed, and instead of trying to tell a clear-cut story he rambled on about his married life, his hopes and his disappointments; he spoke of his business; and even of the incidents of that fatal night.

He found in Channing a good listener, and his casual-seeming questions prompted Mr. Coronel to speak candidly.

Finally Channing put to Mr. Coronel a question which surprised him.

"Why have you such a poor opinion of women, Mr. Coronel?" he said.

"I haven't a poor opinion of them at all," said Mr. Coronel. "But I think it only fair not to expect too much. They're different from men. They'll sell their souls for a useless bit of jewelry, for instance; and because I know that, I try to make allowances for them in other things. I see a good deal of women in my business," he continued. "I'm rather like you in that respect, I imagine."

Then Channing let fall his bombshell. "Exactly," he said quietly. "With the sole difference between us that I don't despise my business." He paused for an instant, and then he asked another question. "Have you ever heard of a 'whipping boy,' Mr. Coronel?"

"A whipping boy? I can't say that I have. But what the devil has that to do with my despising my business? I deny that entirely."

"I'll try to explain," Channing began. "In the middle ages, young princes and nobles not infrequently, like other youngsters, did things which deserved a thrashing. But their exalted position made physical violence toward them a difficult if not a dangerous thing for those who had them in their charge, so the convenience of a whipping boy was evolved to meet the situation. Someone clearly had to be thrashed, so on his unfortunate person was worked off the punishment deserved by another. Quaint idea, wasn't it?"

"Very," admitted Mr. Coronel. "But I don't see——"

"Now I suggest to you," interrupted Channing quietly, "that you have made the female sex the 'whipping boy' for your business. In the back of your mind you realize that that business caters largely to such desires of the human heart as are least praiseworthy.

"As an intensely sane and clear-sighted person you long ago realized this for yourself; and unconsciously you despise that business in consequence. But it is an honest business, and successful; and since it is you who have made it so it is definitely on that account an integral part of your Self. How, then, are you to punish it by your contemptuous opinion, since in that kingdom of your Self over which you reign, your business is the little prince who shall carry on your name?

"Yet it is easy to see what your real opinion of that business is. You spoke just now of 'a useless bit of jewelry'; and I notice, moreover, that you wear neither ring nor scarfpin, and that even your watch chain is of leather, not gold.

"Your studious avoidance of jewelry is, in fact, an unconscious expression of

a fraction of the contempt which you have for your business; but the main bulk of that contempt is worked off on your 'clients.' I suggest that you chose as a 'whipping boy' for your business the sex to whose worst failings it caters."

Mr. Coronel sat still, and not a word of that indictment escaped him. If Channing had used the word "panders" instead of "caters," it is possible that he would have denied everything; but there was something scrupulously fair about it which disarmed Mr. Coronel. He had always prided himself on being fair, on sticking to facts and abiding by the consequences; and he could not deny that there was something in what Channing said.

"I dare say you're right," he admitted at length. "I suppose we all do something of the sort."

"Undoubtedly," said Channing; "but in your case it has been disastrous. Because you expected nothing fine from women you have always, doubtless most generously, been ready to make allowances for them; but women are highly adaptable creatures and are apt to give just as much as, and no more than, the man they care for demands from them. You were much older than your wife when you married her; and you did so not under the compulsion of a violent emotion but really to have someone to be kind to, someone to make allowances for, and someone, in fact, from whom you demanded nothing."

Channing spoke slowly, choosing his words with care. This was delicate ground, and he knew it; and so he was alert for the slightest sign from his hearer that he was going too far.

But Mr. Coronel gave no sign. He sat quietly, with his hands folded; and his face might have been carved in old ivory for all that it showed on its surface.

Mr. Coronel, however, was thinking. His marriage had certainly not been due to any violent emotional compulsion. He had never been much interested in that sort of thing. He had wanted someone to share his happiness and his success, and he had indeed always flattered himself that he had never demanded anything in the way of sacrifice from Lorna. Yet he had been hurt sometimes at her selfishness. Perhaps he had made her selfish. That was a new idea.

"Go on," he said quietly, after a pause.

"Well," continued Channing, "there you have the first pitfall in the path of the man who expects nothing from a woman; he is apt to get from her no more than he expects. But there is still another trap into which he may fall, and one that is even more deadly.

"It is difficult, if you expect to have to make allowances, to avoid interpreting innocent behavior as something calling for that generosity. Then, of course, there's the devil to pay—or a lady's injured pride to deal with, which is much the same thing."

"I think I see what you mean," said Mr. Coronel. "You mean that I went looking for trouble because I expected to find it."

"Well," said Channing cautiously, "let us say that with your particular attitude of mind toward women I think it likely that you may have done just that."

Mr. Coronel dwelt for a moment on that noncommittal statement, and in his mind he appraised it. He rose. "Well, I'll think it over," he said, and Channing was satisfied. From such a man, that admission meant a lot.

"When do you want to see my wife?" asked Mr. Coronel, as he drew out his pigskin pocketbook and placed five guineas on the corner of the desk.

Lipstick
TUSSY

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Channing's heart warmed toward the man. He liked his shrewdness and reserve, and he was flattered by this worker's assumption that no tact was needed when paying for honorable service.

He had formed a high opinion of Mr. Coronel, and he decided to gamble on it. He scribbled a note.

"This is a message to your wife," he said, when he had finished. "If you and she will act on it I think it will be unnecessary for me to see her."

Mr. Coronel took the note, but he was puzzled. "May I read it?"

"Certainly."

Mr. Coronel did so.

"Dear Mrs. Coronel," Channing had written. "Your husband has consulted me on your behalf and his own; and you will be glad to know that, as regards his trouble, he has already cured himself. Will you not bring him around here tomorrow and tell me he has cured you too?"

"I appreciate that," said Mr. Coronel. "I'll try not to let you down. Good-by."

He spent the rest of the day in his office, and dined at his club, and it was after ten o'clock when he let himself into his quiet house and went upstairs. He had made his plans, and he was determined to admit frankly to Lorna all that Channing had forced him to acknowledge to himself.

He knew now with humiliating certitude that it was he and he alone who was responsible for everything. He had treated Lorna, not as a fine and generous creature, but as a lovely toy from whom nothing fine or generous should be demanded; and then, without a shadow of reason, he had suddenly jumped to the most monstrous conclusion and behaved like a bully and a cad.

That was what he had done; and he was prepared not only to tell her so, but to go down on his knees if necessary and ask for her forgiveness. He dwelt with horror on his inexcusable conduct; and by the time he had got into his pajamas and dressing gown he was ready for what he must do.

With a set white face he crossed to the door which led to his wife's room; but as he stretched out his hand the door opened, and Lorna, in her nightgown, flung herself into his arms.

"Oh, George! I've been so unhappy!" she sobbed. "I know you're always so sweet to me—it's been simply awful these last few days to think how unkind I'd been. I've been simply dying to say all this and tonight I felt I had to!" She pressed his head into the warmth of her neck, and her body, under the filmy nightgown, trembled with her emotion. "Can you ever forgive me?" she begged, and the earth stood still for Mr. Coronel.

"Lorna! Lorna!" he said huskily, and there was silence between them.

A few minutes later Lorna made her sole attempt at an excuse. "You see, George, you will set me up on a pedestal, and it's terribly hard to live up to! You must admit that you do that."

"I know," said Mr. Coronel generously. "I dare say I'm to blame as well!"

Fables in the Slang of 1930 *by George Ade* (*Continued from page 19*)

usually they were up and about, inhaling some Grapefruit and an Egg about the time the Decrepit Fossil, after working a couple of easy Cross-Word Puzzles, was getting ready to call it a Day and back into the Alfalfa.

One Evening, when they were getting limbered up for their Midnight Gymnastics, Uncle Philo was in the Living Room, brooding over his Neuritis and the Hardening of the Arteries, and he opened up on them Proper with the Heavy Artillery.

"It's a good Thing for you I'm not your Father," he said, glaring at Virgie.

"You uttered a mouthful," retorted Virgie. "You're not half as happy about it as I am. You'd be an Awful Thing to lead out and show to the Boy Friend. You certainly did some Woman a great favor by not marrying."

"I could have had my Pick," said Uncle Philo, bristling. "What's more, everyone I kept Company with was a Daisy, a Dumpling and a Lamb. She didn't go around half naked, or wear Short Pants like a Man when she played golf, or gamble for Money, or take anything to drink except a little Sherry on New Year's Day."

"With Drinks a Year apart, I'll say she must have been speedy," commented Bertie. "What did she do for the other three hundred and sixty-four Days in the Year?"

"Well, she took Music Lessons and played the Guitar and helped with the Housework and did Embroidery. You can bet she didn't go traipsing around Night after Night with a lot of Tough Nuts who shouldn't be tolerated in any Respectable Home. When she danced it was a Dance and not a Wrasslin' Match."

"We've seen the Woodcuts of her," said Freddie, "and I'll say that if she ever came back she'd stop Traffic. She wore a Mop of Hair and a Balloon Dress that dragged in the Dust and a Corset that made her look like a figure eight."

"At least, she was refined and Womanlike," said Uncle Philo. "She knew that a Woman's Place was in the Home."

"Wearing that Regalia and squeezed all out of Shape, no wonder she stayed at Home," suggested Virgie. "Life must have been just one Thrill after another: getting into the Harness, doing up about a Bushel of Hair and then practicing 'The Maiden's Prayer' on the Harpsichord. Didn't she ever break over at all and go on a Bust and have a Touch of High Life?"

"Yes, we had plenty of Fun in the Good Old Days but not the kind you have now when you jump in a high-powered Car and go out to some Dump and break Furniture until the Federal Officers come along and padlock the place. The well-bred Young Lady of my Time never saw a Cocktail Shaker or took a drag at a Cigaret or talked Sex."

"Did she ever suspect that there was such a Thing as Sex?" asked Herbie, with a Broad Wink at the Others.

"If she did, she never said anything about it," replied Uncle Philo. "She was so old-fashioned that she thought Married Life ought to hold one or two Surprises in Store."

"All of which is Boloney and I'm guessing that she knew more than she let on," said the hardened Junior of the Tribe, y-clept Freddie. "Do you mean to sit there and tell me that the Sweetie of the Dark Ages went the whole Route, from the time she was a Deb up to the Time she became a Ball and Chain, without indulging in any Fussing, Petting, Necking, Clinching or any other Form of Indoor or Outdoor Sport?"

This was indeed a Poser for the Old Boy and he immediately assumed the confused and guilty Air of a Man with a Dirty Past.

"I'm not sayin' that we didn't raise a little Cain now and agen," he admitted. "F'rinstance I had a Side-Bar Buggy that was a Beaut. I owned a nice Roan Stepper that was a Jim-Dandy, a Lap Robe that was embroidered with Roses and a Buggy Whip with a Red Tassel."

"Now we are getting the Low-Down," said Virgie. "Flaming Youth! Anything on the Hip?"

"A Bag of Peppermint Drops," admitted Uncle Philo. "The Gals along about 1880 didn't expect a Young Feller to squander a lot of Spondulix on them. They had more Gumption than these Gol-Blamed Flappers have nowadays."

Uncle Philo was doing his Stuff and pulling a lot of Slang which was current in the Era which produced Henry Ward Beecher, Harrigan and Hart, Victoria Woodhull, Jim Fisk, Billy Emmerson and the James Boys, Frank and Jesse. He wanted to show these pin-feathered Smart Alecks that he had been a Slicker in his Hay-Day even if he was wearing Carpet Slippers and using a lot of Arnica in 1930.

"I'll bet if you came clean you could write some Hot Stuff for these confession and true story magazines," said Freddie. "Did you ever stop on a Lonely Spot in the Road and wrap the Lines around the Buggy Whip?"

"I'm not sayin' I did and I'm not sayin' I didn't," replied Uncle Philo, making an unsuccessful attempt to look like a Satyr. "If they led me on, I s'pose I was Human, the same as Everybody Else."

"You must have got a great kick out of stealing a little Squeeze from some Cutie who was all done up in Armor Plate and Whalebone," suggested Virgie. "I think that would be just about as exciting as going into a Hotel Lobby and embracing a Marble Column."

"I'm not going into Particulars," said Uncle Philo. "At least, we never forgot we were Gentlemen. We didn't paw 'em around and muss 'em up the way these kids do now."

"How do you know what happens after the Sun goes down?" asked Freddie. "You're in Bed with two Hot-Water Bottles."

"Oh, I can tell Beans when the Bag's Open," chirped Uncle Philo, pulling a Wise-Crack that went over Big the Year in which Greeley ran against Grant. "If you don't think so you can pull down your Vest and Wipe off your Chin."

"Your Line of Chatter is so old that it's New," said Virgie. "You could get a job in a Night Club if they kept open in the Daytime."

"Well, anyway, when a Young Fellow took his Steady Company out for a Ride in my time there wasn't any Scandal about it."

"That's easy to explain," said Herbie. "You couldn't get far enough out into the Country with a Buggy but what it was easy for the Girl to walk back Home."

"They didn't want to walk back Home!" shouted Uncle Philo angrily.

"Ah, I knew we'd get the Dirt if we kept at him long enough," exclaimed Virgie triumphantly. "Let's beat it to the Bucket of Blood Road House. I don't want to hang around here with such a Rough Gink."

"Righto," said Herbie. "He's a Tough Egg."

So they left him Flat and he somehow realized that he had lost the Argument.

MORAL: Kerosene gave off more Heat than an Electric Bulb.

Ladies' Man

(*Continued from page 57*)

wide field of variety in raiment, with splendor for those who could and would be lavish, and picturesqueness for those who could afford to buy tickets but not expensive robes.

At the Long Table every suggestion was hooted at, and the insurrectionists were about to disperse to their studios and offices when Hamlin, the architect who was to design the settings when they were agreed upon, caught sight of Darricott. Hamlin was so exasperated that he felt called upon to insult somebody, so he raised a general smile by the most incongruous remark he could think of:

"Everybody has offered a fool idea except you, Darricott. Haven't you one?"

"I don't know," he said; "I suppose you wouldn't be interested in anything to do with Catherine of Russia."

The smiles slackened. Eyes caromed. Heads nodded. Hamlin roared:

"Out of the mouths of babes and suckers! There's something in the infant's idea. That barbaric splendor—Slavic extravagance—every imaginable nationality—Oriental, savage, royal—music—melodrama—— Gosh! To think of an inspiration coming from our little Jamie. I didn't even know you could read."

"I can't very well, but I've been looking over a picture book."

"What's the book about, Darricott?"

"Oh, about Catherine and Potiemkin. When his power over Catherine was waning, he thought he might get it back, so he gave her a pageant, the most gorgeous, expensive thing of the sort in the history of the world."

This was the very thing they were looking for—the most expensive thing in the world. Darricott ran on:

"All the ambassadors of all the countries were there and representatives from every one of the Russian provinces—Catherine ruled over thirty nations, the book says—desert Bedouins, Turks, Tatars, Chinese, Poles, Russians, serfs, boyars—all sorts of people.

"Catherine wore the most amazing dress of all, but the ladies of the court and all the foreign courts did the best they could. And the men—in that day, of course, men dressed more expensively than even the women did. The French and English and Austrian and Turkish and Greek and German embassies put on the best show they could. But Potiemkin outshone them all."

Hamlin nodded gravely, gathered the vote of the assembly by a ballot of eyes, and said: "Well, that's settled. We give the Catherine-Potiemkin pageant and—Darricott, you'll be Potiemkin."

"Me? You're crazy."

Protest as he would, his modesty won him praise but no release. Though no one said it, everyone knew that Darricott's name would give the pageant just what it needed to pique the love of spice. Abruptly the question rose as to who should play Catherine. Various leading women of the social theater were named and howled down for various reasons. Perhaps everybody thought of her, but only one was viciously satirical, merciless and rank enough to say:

"Mrs. Fendley must be Catherine."

Everybody knew what he meant and was shocked by an insinuation that was shocking even for a men's club. The only way to redeem the slander was to accept it as innocent. Hamlin said:

"Mrs. Fendley, of course. She would be ideal."

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If Darricott had felt the stab implied by the mention of Helena, he did not take it deep. The election of Helena as Catherine simplified matters, showed him where to get the money for his own costume, gave a certain social approval to their relationship. It came to him now that if he could appear in public as a Potiemkin all the belittling gossip about him, all the whispered contempt with which he had been regarded, would be turned into majesty.

He asked the Long Tablemen only one thing, that they notify Mrs. Fendley themselves formally. A committee was appointed and it waited upon Mrs. Fendley at once.

It was she herself who called Darricott on the telephone later. She was speaking from the seventh heaven. She had been lifted thither from the profounds of depression by the summons to shine as the central star of beauty in a night of supreme beauty. She wanted to talk with Jamie about her costume and his.

"For they said you were to play Potemsky or something."

"I'll be there tomorrow," he said. "I've got a desperately important business engagement tonight. I'm just rushing to it now. I'll need to sell some bonds to buy me some Russian togs."

"Don't worry about that," she said. "I wish I could see you tonight, but if I can't, I can't. Good-by!"

He did not tell her that his engagement was with Rachel.

When Rachel appeared at Darricott's door he was amazed to see how pretty she was, how innocent. She had, like many hard drinkers, that astonishing quality of the sky, to look fresher and more virginal after a storm than before.

When Darricott took Rachel's coat from her shoulders she thrust her arms around him and began sobbing:

"Oh, Jamie, Jamie, don't let them kill you! You're too beautiful to be killed. Don't let them. I love you so."

"I promise you I won't let anybody kill me—except a taxi driver, perhaps. But don't you worry; nobody's going to hurt me. Too many people want to. There's safety in numbers."

She gripped his hand and gazed up at him through drenched eyes. "There's one way to keep you safe, and I can't bear that either. If you wouldn't marry me, you'd be safe."

"Oh, was I going to marry you?"

"If you don't, I'll die."

"And if I do, I die. Is that it? Put it in words of one syllable, darling."

"Well, you see—you see, I have a little money now, but in just a few months I have a birthday and then I come into the balance of Aunt Rachel's legacy, and it's quite a pile. And it's all mine—or yours if you'll take it."

"Did you ever know me to refuse money?"

"But you see—I told Peyton Weldon that I was going to marry you and he could just pay me that bet. And he said, 'Certainly.'"

"Really! It doesn't sound like him."

"He—he said he'd put the check on your coffin and I could build you a monument with it."

"Sweet of him! But what's his hurry?"

"He said he'd kill you if I married you. I said, 'What if we went abroad?' He said there wasn't any place we could go that he couldn't follow. And he means it. What's more, Anthony said that if Peyton didn't get you, he would. Well, I said, 'If anybody kills Jamie, I'll kill them.'"

"That wouldn't help me much, though, would it?"

She was sobbing again and he kept tapping her arm idly. He was not much worried by the threats of death; they had a far-away sound and he could not imagine himself dead. But the money was immediate. To Rachel's astonishment, the first thing he said was:

"Just how much did our Aunt Rachel leave us, all told?"

"Oh, it's two or three millions, I think. I don't know exactly."

"Well, you don't have to be so exact when you pass the second million. All right, let's get married."

"I was hoping you'd ask me to. But I want to bring you happiness. I don't want to be your death."

He tossed that aside: "Oh, there are ways to get round that. I could send a good lawyer to put the gentlemen under so heavy a bond that even they would squirm. Then we could slip over to Europe or take a yacht around the world or something and by the time they found us they'd have lost their taste for the job. Probably you'd be so tired of me by that time that you'd pay 'em to kill me."

"Oh, Jamie, don't use the fearful word! I've had my affairs and a lot of 'em, but it's love I feel for you—love with a big *L;* solemn, everlasting love. I want you to give me babies, and I want to stay home and be domestic and sew, and change didies, and get fat and motherly.

"You'll probably sicken of me and go back to your gadding, but sometimes, maybe, when you would come in late at night, I could call you and say, 'The baby's sick, and the nurse is off for the night, and all the servants are asleep. Couldn't you run down and warm some milk for the baby?' And you'd say, 'You bet I will,' and pretty soon you and I would be standing over the cradle and be scared and anxious. And if it died, we'd cry together and—that's what I mean by loving you, Jamie."

She was weeping again and he rather liked the picture. It was one phase of life and he loved life. He would like a bit of everything, even the domestic sorrow of fatherhood, and the danger. So he put his face down to hers and let her tears run down his cheeks.

It helped her wonderfully to cry in his arms over the babies they were going to have and by and by she was laughing and dabbing briny kisses on his mouth.

"And now let's have some dinner," she said. "I'm starved to death. Let's have just homy things: tomato soup, and turkey with cranberries and stuffing, and some spinach and sweet potatoes, and vanilla ice cream with chocolate cake."

"That's the only original dinner I ever heard a woman order," he said. "I'll telephone it down."

While he recited the familiar list to the Room Service, he was thinking hard. He was not so sure of this marriage. Two or three millions, though.

He said to Rachel seriously: "There's one thing about our marriage."

"Our what? Say it again! I love it."

"Not a word must be said of our marriage."

"You mean it's got to be clandestine—we meet only for an occasional breakfast or something?"

"No, no. Afterwards it will be the usual thing, but for the present, if a word of our plan leaks out, it's all off."

"You mean they'll kill you?"

"Nonsense! Nobody's going to kill me. But this pageant——"

"What pageant?"

He told her the story of the afternoon, of his selection as Potiemkin, her mother's selection as Catherine, and the intolerable gossip there would be if the public learned of the approaching marriage. After the pageant they could step out and get spliced quietly and sail away for a honeymoon on a yacht.

Rachel agreed to it all. He made her swear an oath to it, and he also made her swear that she would stay on the water-wagon till the wedding. She would have taken an oath to do or abstain from anything on earth in order to have the marriage agreed on. But she pouted a little when he said:

"You'll not see much of me for a while. We've got to pretend indifference to each other."

"Of course. Kiss me! Hold me tight!"

Finally she startled him with a cross-examination.

"You and Mother were never more than just kind of foolish good friends, were you?"

It is easy to express horror of horrible accusations, especially if they are true. Darricott broke from Rachel's arms.

"My Lord, have some respect for your mother if not for me!"

She accepted all that this implied and was wondrously comforted. She dragged him back to her and sighed: "But is there anybody else? That Miss Page—you were with her. Do you love her?"

"Good Lord, Rachel, can't I speak to anybody without compromising her or myself? Of course I'm not in love with her."

"It's a good thing, for I think Anthony wants her. She is the first girl I've ever seen him so wild about. And I think she likes him a lot. He's taken her out to dinner again tonight—all by himself. It may be a bargain. I'd like her a lot as a sister. But I'd poison her with joy if I thought you loved her."

"Anthony can have her, and welcome," said Jamie. It was the ideal thing to say to quiet Rachel, but she had disquieted him completely. He never competed for anybody, yet to let Sibyl go to Anthony of all people! He was so perturbed that he did not hear what Rachel was mooning.

"After we've been married a while, I suppose you'll drift away, as so many husbands do, and I'll try to be brave about it and not expect too much. But just now, during our engagement, I couldn't bear the thought of it. I couldn't lower myself quite that far. I think I'd kill myself—and maybe I'd take you with me—if I found you were untrue to me during our betrothal. It's kind of sacred to me—almost more sacred than marriage, because there's no punishment for infidelity to a fiancée. Do you feel that way about it, Jamie?"

He answered the rising inflection without hearing the question: "Of course!"

Now that he had denied all interest in Sibyl, her fascinations swooped about his head. It meant nothing that he had asked her to marry him and had promised to wait. She herself had broken that bond by refusing to see him. But those very rebuffs endeared her to him.

Why couldn't she have had the millions that Rachel's aunt had dumped on her in a posthumous spite against the world? He hated fate for playing him such a yellow trick. It justified him in playing others of his own. He could not bear the thought of letting Sibyl pass out of his life at once and forever. An idea occurred to him. He said with all his skill as playwright and actor:

"Speaking of Miss Page, honey."

Rachel started. "Oh, were you thinking of her? I was thinking of us."

"That's why I'm thinking of her. You tell me that at least two men have

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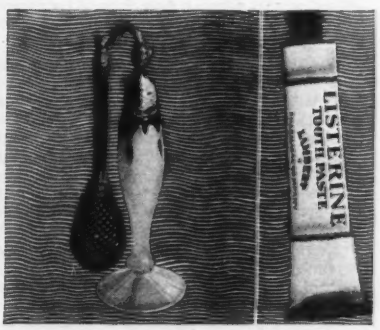

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promised to assassinate me unless you give me up."

She shivered and nodded. He went on: "If I'm seen with another woman a lot, the gossip will shift to her and me, and die out about your mother and me, and no one will think of linking you and me together. And no one must until the parson does."

This beautiful thought routed the misgivings that had gathered in her mind as Darricott talked. She let him proceed.

"Miss Page is the ideal one. She's one of your independent women—trots off to Africa and shoots lions—she's planning to make another trip soon. She can go to the North Pole and shoot polar bears for all I care, once we're past this danger point. Or Anthony can have her then. It might stimulate him a little to have me for a rival. What do you say to my giving her a grand rush, and letting people see us together all the time? Don't you see?"

Rachel saw. She saw many things, and yet she let her dreams unseat her reason. She let them take her for a ride.

To keep her from being idle and restless, Darricott even provided her with a part to play.

"To show you that I'm thinking only of our future, I want you to go on with Weldon as you've been doing, only more so. You say he's been very threatening. Well, let him think he's scared you away from me; get him to take you to the pageant. You can tell him that I'm rushing Miss Page, and—we'll meet in secret and laugh our heads off."

There was a devilish implausibility about this, but Rachel consented to everything, promised everything, tried to believe anything. Finding her so malleable and obedient, Darricott lavished caresses on her that were in themselves worth almost any future privation. They exchanged oaths of fidelity and she let him send her home alone.

Rachel found her mother jubilant and overwhelmed with the business of the pageant. She had promised the committee that she would enlist the aid of all the prominent women she knew, and she knew nearly all of them. She had been telephoning, making lists, dictating letters to her sleepy secretary and dancing from this detail of costume to that detail of reward or punishment for women who had been gracious to her or nasty.

Rachel did what she could to enter into the spirit of the occasion.

"What's Father going as?" she said abruptly, never dreaming that her father had already gone back to bachelorhood.

"Your father? Oh, yes," Mrs. Fendley stammered. "That takes a bit of thinking." She turned to her heavy-eyed secretary. "I think you'd best be off home to bed, you poor dear; you've got a fearful day tomorrow."

Miss Sharpe smiled drowsily, gathered up her notes and said her good nights. When she was gone, Mrs. Fendley broke the news to Rachel. Only the new pride of her new rôle kept her head up through the ordeal. Rachel was thrown into a paroxysm of regret and resistance. Helena could not explain, of course, why her husband had left her, and could only pretend bewilderment. She could not even protest when Rachel declared her intention of going to her father and dragging him back.

Anthony came in, too late to see his mother at her zenith, and found her in the depths. He had taken Sibyl to dinner and to the theater and for a drive, and had done his utmost to persuade her that he was no glum saurian. She had been genial and brilliant and he had made such progress, or so it seemed to him, that he had hurried home to tell his mother all about the girl and enlist her aid in the conquest of the magnificent creature.

Before he could broach the subject he had to learn that his father was already an alien. The news of the broken home was shattering to him. He felt that he understood why his father had gone, and he could not blame him. He could not blame his mother either. He abhorred sin and fought it, but after it was committed he felt no call to revile the sinner. He took his mother in his arms and tried to comfort her. She clung to him, and said:

"You are master of the house now."

Anthony smiled pitifully and, kissing her, wrung her hand and left the room. Rachel, being a woman, could not feel or act as a man, and it cost her all her strength to go to her mother, stamp a hasty kiss on her brow, and say:

"Buck up, old girl, you've only gone over to the great majority. You're a little late, that's all—kept your husband overtime for this town. So cheero! And carry on! And—and—good night!"

She hurried out and staggered blindly up the stairs to the top where Anthony waited for her. He took her in his arms and steered her to her room, turned on the light, dismissed her maid, and even went so far as to light a cigaret and put it to her lips.

At last Rachel began to ask why's:

"Why should the dear old Dad take this step at just this time? There's been no quarrel, no warning. Everything was going along as per usual. And now suddenly—presto-change-o! he's vanished! Why? Why?"

Anthony was crushed and distraught; he let cross his lips a word that was to him worse than blasphemous, filthy: "Darricott, of course. Somebody has told Father, I suppose, and he's put two and two together."

"And made ten!" Rachel cried. "There was nothing wrong between Mother and Jamie. They were just friends—flirting a little, maybe, but no more."

"Pagh!" Anthony stared at Rachel, amazed. "That's funny coming from you."

"I know they were innocent!" she insisted.

"How could you know?"

"He told me so himself."

Anthony rounded on her. "You couldn't believe anything that—that——"

"Don't say it. I love him. I believe him."

Anthony ran to her and caught her in his arms. "Honey, honey! you mustn't love that—you mustn't love him."

"How can I help it? He's the most adorable——"

"Don't! don't!"

"Anthony, you love purity and sanctimony and virtue for virtue's sake. You can't help it any more than I can help loving Jamie. Even if what you think is true, it wouldn't change me. You can't understand me. You don't try. I can't understand you, but I don't try to run you. You can't imagine how pure my love for Jamie is to me. He might reform me. Doctor Emery's tried for a year; he loves me. He knows everything. He can't stop my drinking. Maybe Jamie can. If I had his love, all other craving would be ended. You can't stop that craving. Don't try. You'd better not!"

Anthony's heart was torn between affection for his sister and hatred for Darricott. He hated the man the more for inspiring such a love and being unworthy of it. He felt that it would be better for Rachel to grieve a while over the man's death than to be dragged through a lifetime of such degraded wretchedness as Darricott would subject her to.

But he felt that this was not the hour for repeating his grim promises. In order to quiet Rachel's frenzy he pretended to be convinced that he was probably wrong in all his estimates of Darricott, and had been cruelly unjust to an ideal husband for his sister.

They parted at last with a devotion that they had not known for years.

The next morning Rachel slept late as usual. Anthony was up early as usual. He went to his father's office and asked for a private word.

It was a difficult meeting for both of them, both knowing so much that could not decently be said, both deeply concerned to save Helena from ruin. Anthony soon realized that there was no hope of bringing his father home. He did not mean to speak of Darricott, but his father said:

"I'm all broken up about this. I wanted to do what I could for you and Rachel, but——"

"Oh, I'm all right, but Rachel——"

"What's the matter with her, except, of course——"

"I'm afraid Darricott's got her, too."

He could have cut his tongue out for letting slip that "too," but he could not recall it. It rang in his father's ears and he would not be put off. Anthony told him what Rachel had said, and of her apparent determination to marry Darricott.

"Oh, no! no!" Horace roared. "I'll destroy him first. I'll crush him like a worm."

"Don't worry, Father," said Anthony; "I've already promised Rachel to take care of that."

Horace stared at him. "You mean that you would——?"

"Just that!" said Anthony. "So don't worry; he'll never live to marry Rachel."

"But Anthony—of all people—you."

"That's all right, Dad," he laughed, a little maniacally. "I'm one of those fanatics that just ache for martyrdom. This may be my chance for it."

Horace flung himself upon him and tried to make him again the little boy he had been when he could be caught up in his father's arms out of danger or terror. But the boy was taller than his sire, though slenderer, and it was he that supported his father now.

Darricott, passing through this family like an angel of death, had at least taught them all how they loved one another. There was abysmal sorrow in that love, yet something deeper, more satisfying than any lighter happiness.

When Anthony had gone, Horace took up one of his telephones and called his confidential lawyer, insisted on seeing him, no matter what the hour.

Midnight was Joseph Cogsby's first free moment, and it seemed a particularly pat hour for Fendley.

He had noticed in the morning papers a brief announcement of a proposed pageant in which his wife was to be the central figure, Catherine of Russia. There was no mention of Darricott, but Fendley had imagined that he would not be inconspicuous and had dreaded the inevitable publicity of his own separation from his wife.

He had braced himself for that and planned to make the most diplomatic admission of a friendly agreement to disagree. Anthony's news that Rachel also was a victim of Darricott struck him to the heart, threw all his thoughts of self-protection and financial discretion to the winds. His vaulting

ambitions to be a power in the world became contemptible whims, to be discarded and forgotten.

When Rachel came to his office, she rushed at him with the most tormenting appeals to his love, imploring him to return to his home and to his wife, and his children.

"Your mother and I have just lost interest in each other's interests, that's all," he said. "But I'm sure we agree on one thing, that this Darricott is no fit husband for you."

Rachel remembered her oath not to disclose her betrothal, but that seemed not to forbid a defense of her mother from her father's unspoken charge of misconduct with Darricott.

"Dad, if you have any foolish notion that Jamie and Mother have been—or are—or could be—anything but just good friends, I can assure you—I can't explain fully, but—you can take it from me—on my honor—that—that you have had no reason for any—er—uneasiness, if you had any; and if you had any, there will soon be proof enough to convince everybody that—well, if there ever was any gossip—it was just dirty gossip. I can't tell you now but I wish you'd believe me, won't you?"

This, of course, merely confirmed Fendley's suspicions that Rachel was in love with Darricott and for some odd reason afraid to announce her engagement to him.

If Fendley could have brought himself to tell Rachel of what he had discovered with his own eyes and of the beating he had taken from Darricott, he might have said the one thing that could perhaps have ended her belief in the man. But Fendley was incapable of describing such a scene to his child and his wife's child.

He was silent, resourceless. His head drooped and when she bent to kiss him good-by, he could only seize her in a bearlike clench and mumble:

"Whatever happens, all I think of is your happiness, my baby, my baby."

She gave him grip for grip and kiss for kiss and word for word, thinking of the day when she would present him with a grandchild named after him, Horace Fendley Darricott. She said:

"And one of these days you'll realize I'm thinking of your happiness, too."

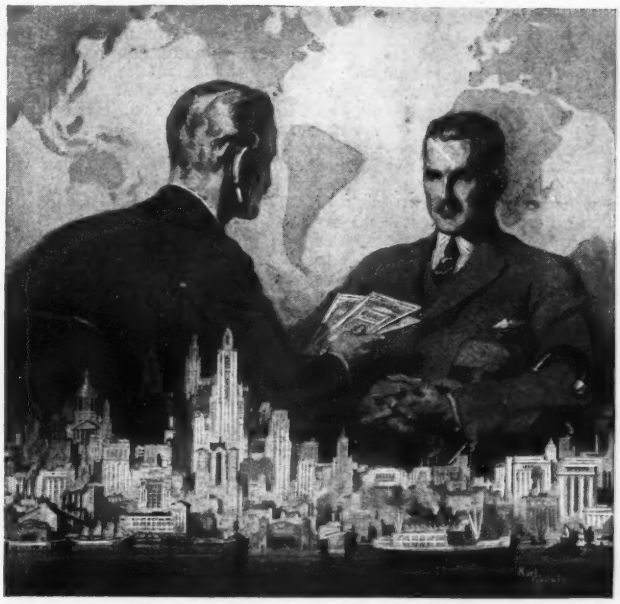
She turned to toss him a kiss, but she vanished in a gray fog that veiled his eyes.

•

A strange—no less strange for being perhaps inevitable—result of Sibyl's new interest in Anthony Fendley was her return to Jamie Darricott. She had almost wanted to kill him when she saw him stealing into the Fendley home, and had refused to see him again. Yet when she came to admire and to be profoundly fond of Anthony Fendley, it came over her gradually that unless somebody dragged Darricott off his present course, Anthony would murder him. And this would blight the life of Anthony.

He had within him the holy ardor and innocent heroism of a Savonarola or a missionary, but no opportunity to die for an ideal. To waste him as the mere assassin of so petty a scoundrel as Darricott would be horrible. The papers would class him with other young criminals of wealth, expose and exaggerate the sins of his family and his class, and turn a private feud into a gigantic scandal.

After the dinner and the theater, she had consented to ride with him through the moonlight in Central Park and Riverside Drive, past Grant's Tomb and out along the majestic parapets to the



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The majestic loveliness of the scene had given her the tender courage to talk to Anthony of his vow to slay Darricott, reminding him of what she had heard him pledge to Rachel. She implored him to recall the threat. Her words served only to deepen his sorrow, without budging him from his resolution.

"I'd be a pretty brother—wouldn't I?—to sit by and watch Darricott add my own sister to his—his seraglio. There's only one way to stop her and that's to stop him. I hate it. I pray that this cup may pass from me, but if it's pressed to my lips——"

Sibyl laid her hand on his arm and pleaded. "All you would accomplish would be to spread your family name on all the front pages in the world; you'd drive your sister, your mother, your father into everlasting disgrace, and for yourself, what a frightful end to all your promise."

"It's not my choice of careers," he laughed dismally. "But I can no other. The newspapers would blast our reputations, but what a cheap thing a public reputation is, anyway—especially when it's kept by sacrificing character!

"What I can't endure the thought of—what's driving me gibbering, is the picture I see—the picture I can't escape of that reptile of a Darricott taking my little—my big little sister to church with him and then home with him into his arms. I'd rather throttle him to death and die for it a thousand times than let her go undefended into his clutches."

He made Sibyl imagine what he saw and she shuddered at the spectacle under her eyelids. She shuddered to think that she had been in Darricott's arms and taken his kisses, and had felt none of that horror, but rather a most melting, a molten revelry of all her senses, with only one flaw and that a jealousy because she was not the first to know his spell.

Yet she did not think it was jealousy that made her shudder before the thought of Rachel's full possession of him, full surrender to him. She did not think it was the dread of having him removed from the earth that made her his attorney before this merciless judge who would annihilate him.

Perhaps those motives were all-powerful and only disguised themselves as other motives, but she was sure that she thought only of Anthony when she caught his inert hand in hers and besought him:

"Please, for my sake, for my sake!"

His head fell as if his resolution had broken, and he was silent. His head was heavy on her breast and seemed to find comfort there.

THE miraculous influence of contact, of touching surfaces, wrought upon him; and Sibyl was terrified by a weird fear of her own flesh and its incantations. She knew, though she dared not look down, that his eyes were lifted to her and smoldered upon her. But she kept her eyes on the wide river's moonlit pathos and on the steep shadows of the Palisades and on the sky.

Sibyl was afraid of her own heart and of her fatal body. It had already brought Darricott to his knees, and now it was overwhelming his enemy. And it glowed for both of them.

Her hands in the gloom were clenched by unseen agonized fingers.

At last, Anthony's lips parted in a kiss above her heart; his head rolled back on her shoulder and his lips rested on her throat so reverently that she could not rebuke him. He murmured:

"I could feel your heart beating against my cheek. How big it is! How sweet!"

She thought she had won him from his purpose, but he sighed:

"I can't say what I want to, now; but if I don't have to destroy myself in this business, if anything should happen to save my life from disgrace, I want to offer it to you. Will you—no, I must wait till I know."

She could not accept defeat so easily and she whispered desperately: "If you'd promise me not to interfere—if you'd recall that threat—you wouldn't have to wait."

That hurt him, but he said: "I can't. Even for you, I can't. So I won't ask you to believe my love. If everything goes wrong, it will be better for you to be out of it. If anything goes right—if anything could go right in this world—I can come to you then. And I will. But don't wait, for something tells me——"

He did not finish his thought, but he had finished her hopes of dissuading him. When he left her at the elevator of her hotel, he left her in a swirl of dismay. It was within a minute or two of midnight, and as she went to her room, there came to her what she thought an inspiration.

Though she could not save Anthony from killing Darricott by casting any of her allurements over Anthony, she might easily save him by casting them over Darricott. If she could win Jamie away from the Fendleys she would save two lives and an explosion of enormous scandal.

It was ridiculously easy. She would simply have to whistle Jamie back to her, insist that he give up all acquaintance with the Fendleys, and devote himself to her. She would not, of course, or probably not, or at least perhaps not, have to marry him; she would only have to endure his courtship for a while until Rachel turned to Peyton Weldon in disgust. Then she could drop Jamie or, if he had reformed, keep him; if not, she could have Anthony.

Midnight found her as radiant as if it were a dawn.

At midnight exactly, the eminent lawyer, Joseph Cogsby, had appeared at Fendley's club. A few minutes later Fendley was hoisting a high ball in salute to Cogsby's salute, and saying:

"Here's how, Joe!"

"How, Hod! Or, as we used to say, 'Over the hot sands!'"

"That's right. That's what we used to say, back in——"

"Hush! there may be a dictograph in the room. All I can say is, you look your years tonight. You make me realize that I am no longer the boy I was when we used to fight for the alleged honor of the class of '95 B. C. What's on your mind? What particularly dirty piece of work at the crossroads are you leading me into?"

Fendley gazed at him with the eyes of a sick old Saint Bernard dog. "Joe, I believe in getting ready in advance as far as possible for all possible contingencies before——"

Cogsby looked through the flame of the match at the end of his cigar. "This is going to be good. But you know, Hod, our firm doesn't go in for criminal trials. All our criminal practice is in the line of corporation and banking crime. So don't ask me to tell you where to hide the body."

This flippancy shocked Fendley out of his carefully rehearsed preambles. He shot it over straight: "Joe, I want you to advise me how to pull off a killing and not go to the chair for it."

Cogsby laughed, imagining that his language was metaphorical: "Nothing easier. It's almost impossible to get anybody, except a homely foreign pauper, to the chair for anything."

"Good! I want you to be ready to handle my defense, for I'm going to kill——"

Cogsby threw out his hand. He saw that Fendley's use of "killing" was literal. He was aghast but instant. "Don't tell me the name! You'll not only cramp my style but you'll make me an accessory before the fact."

Fendley was now the calmer of the two. He said: "All right. I'm going to kill X. I've got to. You know I wouldn't kill anybody unless I had to—and not for my own sake. I'd rather be killed than kill for my own sake. But this snake—this——"

ANCIENT admirations and affections spoke in Cogsby's interruption.

"I don't know who X is, Hod, but I'm sure he ought to die, if you say so. But the thing to think of is this: there's nothing easier than pulling a trigger. Many of our youngest children are doing it. Everybody's doing it. Husbands kill wives. Wives kill husbands. They slaughter their children, then themselves. We've got about the goriest little republic here that was ever heard of. But you weren't planning to kill yourself after you killed this vermin, were you, or were you?"

"I will, if you advise it."

There was such agony in Fendley's eyes and such submission to an imagined necessity, that Cogsby thrust out his hand and seized his sleeve.

"God help you, Hod! You must be in hell. I'd burn my arm off to reach down and help you out. But wouldn't I be pushing you in deeper?"

Fendley's voice was from the sepulcher. "There can't be any deeper hell than I'm in now."

"I'll bet you're trying to avenge—no, to save some woman's—the trade name is—'honor.'"

"Yes."

"It can't be done, Hod—except by the woman herself. If a woman can't save her own honor, what a man can save for her can't be her honor but something else; her dishonor, most likely. You're not going to go and destroy yourself for some rotten cat that has nine lives and no right to live any of them, are you?

"I love you, Hod—always did—the kind of love a man acquires in boyhood, in college, in after years. There's no woman worth it, Hod. Not one. No woman ever lived whose life is worth yours, Hod. There's no woman worth a good man's ruin."

He said it over and over until Fendley had to say what he had meant to keep even from the lawyer, from whom nothing else was kept:

"Joe, the woman I want to save is my daughter—my daughter."

Cogsby had imagined that Fendley was thinking of his wife. The gossip he had heard had lent vinegar to his words. Now he snarled in anguish. He knew that it would be hard to stop this man from destroying himself for that wild daughter of his. Still he persisted:

"I'm sorry, Hod. But even Rachel's not worth it. I've known her since she was a tempestuous infant. She still is one. I love her, anarchist that she is, always with a bomb in one hand and a match in the other. But Hod, there must be some way to save her without wrecking you. There must be."

"Don't you suppose I've tried every other way—pleaded, ordered, cursed, threatened? But what can an American

father do to stop a daughter when she wants to marry a man?"

Cogsby flung away from Fendley in disgust. "Oh, Lord, Hod, you're not trying to stop a marriage! Let her have him! She'll take him, anyway. And whoever he is, she won't keep him long. Is that all, Hod? You astonish me. I'm ashamed of you."

Fendley drew a deep breath. He was at bay and he made his last cast. "But this man—well, here goes, Joe. This man got my wife away from me, Joe. Everybody knew it but me. Nobody told me. I never suspected. I walked in on 'em in each other's arms, Joe. I tried to throw him out. He knocked me down, made me realize how old I am.

"I kept my head. I didn't shoot. Nobody else knew. I stayed at home. I went to the big reception and stood up through it. But I was killed, Joe. I've been a dead man walking, ever since that night. If the state put me in the chair for what I'm going to do, it would be killing me twice.

"Finally I told my wife I couldn't live at home, asked her to get a divorce, offered her money. She said she'd do as I said. I walked out on her, said nothing, took my medicine quietly.

"Today I learn that the man—the very same man—wants to marry Rachel. She is determined to marry him. That's a little too much, don't you think, Joe? —for a fellow to break up a dozen homes, then come round to mine, make a harlot of my wife, make her and me laughing-stocks, knock me down and leave me helpless, then break my wife's heart by casting her off and refusing to marry her because my daughter is younger and has more money. That's a good deal, isn't it, Joe? I've got to kill him before he does that, haven't I? You can see that, can't you?"

Even the eternal lawyer in Cogsby's heart could find no argument against this appeal. He nodded his heavy head heavily.

"I can see why somebody has to kill him. I'd do it for you as your lawyer, but I've got daughters of my own—nice girls—so far as I know—and they're getting married soon to decent young fellows—so far as I know. They need me a while longer.

"But this is what I feel, Hod. This—this—there's no word for him—but call him this man—he takes your wife, takes your daughter, beats you up and down, and leaves you homeless. But hasn't he done enough for you? I ask you that. In God's name, hasn't he done enough for you?"

He clamored on with heartbroken raillery:

"You act as if he hadn't done enough to you. You ask for more. What a glutton you are for punishment! You force him to do more. Even when he's dead you ask for more. You want to compel his dead hands to drag you and your wife and your daughter into the ghastliest scandal ever heard of. Of course you'll be hauled off to jail at once. They might bail you and they might not. Rich men are at a disadvantage nowadays. Some lover of the pee-pul could get himself elected governor by railroading a multimillionaire to the chair.

"Suppose they bail you; suppose they don't. In any case you rot inside a cell or outside a cell for years—years, Hod! You lose your position. It would wreck your power. Nobody could ever let you serve on a board of directors again—even of a hospital, not to say a bank. You'd be a tramp, Hod.

"You'd either end up as a roasted corpse in the electric chair, or you'd end up as a broken old imbecile. I can't let you do it. I won't let you do it. I'll throw you into an asylum first."

It was Fendley now who was the quiet one, the quietly reasoning one. He reached out and patted the clenched hands of his lawyer.

"I understand all that, Joe. You're right, of course, but only so far. You see, it's not only me that's involved. I've failed as a father in bringing Rachel up right. I've tried the best I knew. But nothing seems to work. My son, though—Anthony, you know—he's a good boy, never a better—straight and clean and—he never needed bringing-up. He brought himself up, tried to make a saint out of me, wanted me to sell all I had and give to the poor. He spends all he can get on charity.

"Well, Anthony knows about this man and Rachel; he knows about his mother, I think; and he told me he himself would kill X—this man X. So I've got to do it first, to save my son.

"You can see that, can't you, Joe? I owe it to Anthony as well as to Rachel. You can see that."

Cogsby was trapped and could make no counterplea. He sat silent while Fendley's voice turned savage.

"And so, since I have no way out of it, I want to do it right. I want this man to know that I did it myself. I've got to see him die. He's got to see me put him to death."

This brought Cogsby up standing. He ceased wrangling and declared himself:

"I won't let you, Hod. If you don't promise me you won't, I'll throw you into an insane asylum, so help me, I will. Or I'll warn the man to get out of the country. I'll pay him to run away and stay away."

"You don't even know who he is."

"Oh, don't I? Everybody knows it. Everybody's been wondering when you'd find it out. The man is Darricott, and I can buy him for a nickel. I'll go to him tonight, unless you promise me you'll let me handle him. If you wait a while somebody else will get him. There's more than one out for him. Will you promise?"

Fendley was so harrowed, so tired, so convinced of his inability to convince Cogsby or any other lawyer of his necessity, that he had to be rid of him. His conscience was so tired that he promised, and repeated Cogsby's solemn vow as he dictated it.

Cogsby wrung his hands till his arm ached, hugged him until his shoulders creaked, and went away.

Fendley flung himself down and slept.

The next morning very early he woke, thinking, thinking. He tossed and thought, pleading with the clock to hurry, hurry and bring on the day.

At last he telephoned to Doctor Emery, his physician, his family's physician for years. The poor man, being a doctor, had no rights, no hours, no privileges. He had brought Rachel into the world, had tried to cure her of her flaw, had loved her, always insisting that her vice was a disease, or the symptom of one, not a sin or a vice. He had tried everything but with no success.

When he heard Fendley's weak voice asking him to come at once to the club, he was alarmed out of his own fatigue and promised to be over immediately. He came into the room when Fendley was just out of a cold shower that chilled him through instead of warming him as usual.

Girding himself with his bath-robe rope, Fendley began: "Shame to get you out of bed, but——"

"Get into bed yourself, with a hot

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electric pad and—where's your whisky?"

"I'm all right."

"Then why the devil did you send for me?"

"Rachel's sick."

"Where is she? The same old thing?"

"Worse than that. I'm your real patient. I think I'm going crazy, but before I've quite gone, I want to do one last sane thing, and I want you to tell me how to play insane. I want to seem to go mad in advance—scientifically mad, so that the experts will be fooled, and I'll get off."

He told the story over again. It gagged him. He actually had to stop talking to check his nausea.

Doctor Emery took it without visible agitation, perhaps because he was more used to death than Cogsby. All of his clients died sooner or later. He believed in euthanasia and sometimes eased a patient through the gate a little faster than the law allowed or knew. Rachel had been a hard child to bring into the world. He had had to cut her out of her mother's side—as Cæsar had been extracted. Emery loved her because she was difficult and a problem. She was in a sense his own ward, and he was ready to make any sacrifice for her. When Fendley explained the situation he was already convinced that Darricott ought to be eliminated. He comforted Fendley infinitely by his sweet reasonableness.

"You want to play Hamlet, eh? Well, even he couldn't quite make a go of it. We ought to be able to do better than that. It's no more than an antiseptic precaution.

"I kill millions of more respectable microbes every day. I found scarlet-fever germs in a girl's throat yesterday—killed 'em, of course. Saved her and the neighborhood. I would just as cheerfully put this Darricott microbe out of the way. I'd be doing the state a service and if it were known I'd be rewarded with honorable martyrdom.

"But I'm working on an investigation that may save millions of lives. I can't stop for years yet. I've carried you through too many breakdowns, Horace, to send you to the chair now. I love Rachel too well to let you put her in the madhouse after the double shock you plan for her.

"The thing to do is to find a way of scientifically destroying, or better yet, denaturing this young man, so that you won't suffer, Rachel won't suffer and I won't suffer. We'll have to think up a way."

Fendley reached out for his hands and tried to wring them. The doctor snatched his precious fingers out of danger.

"My hands are my implements. Let 'em alone!"

"All right," said Fendley, "but remember, I want to do the business myself, and you've got to manage it so that he'll know I killed him."

"I'll keep that in mind and if I find a way, I'll let you know. But I'm considering Rachel. I'm as much her father as you are except for a biological detail, and it doesn't much matter which one of us commits this bit of—of asepsis. The main thing is to get it done."

"You agree to that?"

"Absolutely."

"Perhaps we can lure him to some lonely spot and——"

"Lonely spots have a way of turning out densely populated. They are excellent places for leaving all sorts of clues on record. It takes a bit of thinking and then a lot of luck. But leave it to me. Forget it. Go to bed and, as the French say, sleep between your two ears."

But Fendley was so relieved and renewed that he breakfasted well, went to his office and convinced all doubters that a lion, though ever so sick, is still a lion.

Darricott, secretly engaged to Sibyl Page and Rachel Fendley, finds himself in a tight place when Rachel breaks her promise of silence—in Rupert Hughes' February Installment

Very Private Scandal *by Forrest Wilson* (*Continued from page 65*)

his shoulders. "I imagine myself, Monsieur," he said, "that I know to which commandment you make allusion. For myself, at least, I love to believe that you deceive yourself."

The marchers were rounding the tomb of Casimir Périer. The stranger answered in the voice of a major prophet.

"I have my witnesses, Monsieur. They are those there." He swept out a great arm to indicate the white close-crowded huts of the dead. "Those who inhabit there know well if I speak the truth."

There was no time to reply to this utterance, for the funeral car had arrived at the chapel. The marchers came up and gathered into a group.

Madame Borelli, the actress, crossed from her automobile to the chapel door; and as Monsieur Bergonier lifted his hat to her, he wondered by what magic she had been so well able to preserve her youth. She had been a great *vedette* of Paris since Monsieur Bergonier's childhood; yet few who saw her, even in this unkind morning light, would have thought she had more than thirty years. Gravely she acknowledged the journalist's greeting, but there was a startled look in her eyes.

"Do you know," said Monsieur Toufflin to those standing about him, "I have a certain shame in assisting here today? As long as the Félix Association has existed and as much as it has done for Félix, only one time have I been invited to make a contribution, and then only a few francs."

"Thing strange, I have had the same emotion," said little, sallow Laurent Gie, the novelist. "On occasions I have asked Monsieur Saint-Didier to let me contribute, but each time he has responded that the silver has procured itself from other members."

"Me too, I have had that experience," added a third witness.

"And me," said a fourth.

The Cabinet Minister called to Monsieur Saint-Didier, who had been superintending the removal of the coffin from the hearse. The banker came over to the group of members.

"Messieurs," he reproached them, when informed of their perplexity, "you have not of confidence in me to administer such a small affair? It has always been understood that I was not to derange myself with accountings."

"But no, you do not understand, Monsieur Saint-Didier!" cried the pained Monsieur Gie. "It is only that one suspicions that you have generously contributed most of the silver for Félix from your own purse, while that we other members have always supposed we were doing it ourselves."

"I have given no more than any of you," denied the banker. "Remember yourselves, Messieurs, that other times we were more numerous than today. Many of our comrades have already voyaged over this route which Félix has just taken. And then, I dare tell you now, when one has founded the association there was also a certain endowment given in confidence. There has always been enough in the fund."

"When is one to attend his assessment for the funeral?" asked Monsieur Toufflin.

"It is paid already," said Monsieur Saint-Didier. "In effect, it was expressly to liquidate the Félix Association without a balance that I have commanded pomps so costly."

They went into the chapel, where now the coffin rested on pedestals in the aisle, flanked by tall candles. A priest intoned a service, but the mind of Monsieur Bergonier was far from the Latin solemnity of the Mass, musing upon what he had heard and seen that morning and wondering idly if there might be a key that would bring into a pattern the various bits of information he had gathered on the funeral march.

Drowsy with the effete singsong of the service, Monsieur Bergonier found himself gazing at Huguette Borelli. Never did her beauty fail to charm him. It was no marvel that thousands of men still considered her the most beautiful of Parisian women.

If she had any flaw, it was, as Monsieur Bergonier had long before decided, her nose. In a delicate way, to be sure, but nevertheless undeniably, Huguette's nose was too aquiline and too prominent. On the stage, with its oblique and shadowless lighting, one never saw this defect; but here in the sober chapel, with the actress sitting in profile to him, Monsieur Bergonier thought he never before had seen Borelli's worst point so acutely emphasized.

As he studied indolently the contour of her face, the journalist was struck by a fancy which had never occurred to him in all the years he had known this woman. She reminded him of somebody else! But of whom? His thoughts went over various persons that he knew. None answered his requirement. Yet he had the impression that recently he had seen the one his memory sought.

Eh, well, he gave it up, with a shrug. Perhaps at some time he had met on the streets this old barber, Borelli's father. That might explain it.

Then Monsieur Bergonier became aware that there was another profile within his range of vision. He had only to shift his eyes slightly from Huguette's face in order to see it. This one was silhouetted black against the orange window of the chapel. It was the silhouette of the grim prophet of the provinces.

As Monsieur Bergonier looked at that head, so fiercely erect and motionless, he forgot the decorum suitable to such a place and occasion. His heart was suddenly warm with a wicked joy.

He had sought a key to this cryptogram—the association of clients spending impressive sums to which apparently none of them ever contributed, the astonishing presence in the cortège of the stark provincial, whose identity the journalist well knew, and that fanatic's unbending condemnation both of the actress and of the walled-in Poniapoff. One might have thought that there was not another

profile in the world such as that of this stranger; but Borelli was bearing through life its modified, feminine echo.

The coffin was to rest in the chapel until the cemetery people could deposit it, privately, in the niche being prepared for it. At the benediction all these prosperous old men, here to do homage to their barber, waited politely until the actress had made her exit. Monsieur Bergonier was next out of the door. He went directly to Borelli's car.

"Ah, Etienne," she greeted him, "I am happy that thou art come."

"Yes?" said Monsieur Bergonier.

"It is necessary that one understand, my friend," she went on hastily, "that I am here at a certain sacrifice. Not that I have not esteemed my father—thou knowest that I have. Never have I held secret from thee his state, his profession —nor from any other. Is it not? But the public perhaps would not understand. Nevertheless, I have mocked myself of it—I have taken the risk, to demonstrate my filial sentiment. Would it be the justice, then, for someone to betray me? Thee, Etienne, thou art a journalist. If——"

"Rest tranquil, my dear," Monsieur Bergonier assured her, with his inscrutable smile. "Thy tenderness of heart makes honor to thee, and thy reputation is in surety between my hands."

"Thanks, Etienne. I was sure I could put my confidence in thee. Dost thou reenter the town?"

But Monsieur Bergonier made no reply to this. He was watching the old men emerge from the chapel door. When the tall provincial appeared, the journalist leaned forward eagerly.

"Regard, Huguette," he bade the actress; "dost thou know that man?"

"Never in the life have I seen him before."

"Then," said Monsieur Bergonier, "he is truly distinguished—the only rich man of France thou dost not know."

"Rich?" asked Borelli, with sudden interest.

"Rich? That, my dear Huguette, is——" He whispered the name to her.

"That is true?"

"Yes."

The amazement written upon Borelli's face gave way to intense earnestness.

"Dear friend," she pleaded, "never have I exacted much of thee formerly, but now I pray of thee one supreme favor. Thou must know that man—thou knowest all the world. Present him to me."

"So much is it, then, Huguette, that thou desirest to meet a man of riches?" asked Monsieur Bergonier quizzically.

"Thou dost not understand!" she exclaimed. "I have some special reasons."

"One can try," he promised her.

The old men of the march had collected apart, talking with Saint-Didier and getting into their cars; but the Velásquez inquisitor remained at the foot of the steps in rigid aloofness. It was Monsieur Bergonier's opportunity.

"Monsieur Poniapoff," he said without ceremony, "Borelli desires to meet you."

For a full half-minute the man said nothing. Then the lips parted.

"You know me, then?"

"I am Etienne Bergonier, Monsieur," answered the journalist. "You have heard of me, I think. My feebleness, Monsieur, is an inquisitive character. At one time, taking my vacations at Arcachon, I have permitted myself to see you over your wall, when you have promenaded in your garden."

Upon the iron features there was no flicker of emotion. "I will see her," said the man presently.

He caught the eye of Monsieur Saint-Didier, then looked toward the actress' car and back again. Monsieur Saint-Didier bowed slightly. The recluse from Gironde followed the man of the Boulevards to the automobile.

"Borelli, I present to you Monsieur Poniapoff," said Monsieur Bergonier.

"One has attended long-time for this encounter, Monsieur," said Borelli.

Poniapoff merely stood looking at her.

"I wish to inform myself of some things, Monsieur," went on the actress. "Will you come with me to the town?"

The magnate again caught Monsieur Saint-Didier's attention and gestured toward Borelli's automobile. Again the banker bowed imperceptibly. Without a word Poniapoff heaved his great frame stiffly into the car.

"Perhaps Monsieur Bergonier will have other projects," hinted Borelli.

But Monsieur Bergonier was not to be cheated of the fruits of an encounter which he had arranged.

"Not at all," he cried, and clambered into the car after the oil magnate.

"Then, Etienne," the actress appealed to him, "thou wilt not forget that thou art my guest, is it not? One may say some things in confidence?"

"My dear Huguette!" protested the journalist. "I am not a ruffian."

The car descended to the cemetery's gate.

"Twice in my life, Monsieur," began Borelli, speaking to the gaunt anchoret on the seat beside her, "I have received letters from you."

Poniapoff bowed gravely his assent.

"Letters, Monsieur, of insult and of folly," she continued.

For the first time, Poniapoff turned to her. "Of insult, Madame?" he queried, in surprise.

"Is it not an insult, Monsieur Poniapoff, to call me a woman without shame, without virtue?"

"But I have also summoned you to turn yourself from your ways."

"And see there! The folly! To demand me to abandon my career!"

"What is your career, Madame?"

"What do you wish to say, Monsieur Poniapoff?"

"Your career, is it the theater—or your appeal to men?"

"You find that I have it?" she asked.

"One says so," replied Poniapoff impassively. "One says also that you are rich. How have you gained your fortune—by your art?"

"But naturally, Monsieur."

"And not through your lovers?"

"Monsieur!" cried Borelli. "You have not lost your capacity for the insult, it appears. Of elsewhere, why are you become my inquisitor when it is you who have offended me?"

"You, Madame," proclaimed Poniapoff sternly, "have offended God."

At this startling utterance, Borelli's indignation cooled and she laughed a little, though nervously.

"*Tiens, tiens,* Monsieur," she chided him; "this is not the Grand Guignol. One often amuses oneself in Paris by hearing histories of your religious credence, of the extravagances that conduct themselves in your château. I confess myself, Monsieur, that I have fear a little of you for that cause. It is why I have asked you here—to discover what injury I may have made to you that you should have written me such letters."

"I tried, but in vain, to save your immortal soul," he answered.

Again Borelli laughed. "Truly, you are droll, Monsieur Poniapoff," she said. "We others of Paris, we inquiet ourselves more of our happiness in the life here than in the life to come."

"Have you been happy, Madame, in your life?"

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.....

She shrugged. "Sometimes. Sometimes no. Like all the world."

"Me too, I am glad now of this encounter," said Poniapoff, with more interest than he had yet shown. "This is my first visit to Paris since thirty-five years. It will be my last one. I admit to a certain curiosity about you. This might be my opportunity to gratify it."

Borelli smiled. The Trappist might prove to be human, after all.

"Come to my house, Monsieur," she invited him. "No doubt you are fatigued and have cold from the long march. I will serve you tea and rum."

"I drink neither tea nor rum, Madame, but I will come," he consented. "I have envy to see your house."

In the hands of a skilled and daring chauffeur, the car had come already far down the Grand Boulevard and was swiftly approaching the Opéra. Monsieur Bergonier decided that he had intruded upon Borelli long enough. His unfinished column awaited him; and besides, he could extract the rest of the story from the actress at any time.

"Thou canst make me to descend from the car at the next corner, Huguette," he suggested.

"But no, Etienne!" she cried in protest. "One has changed idea. Come also, I pray thee. So much that one does not mention this funeral or indiscreet details of our conversation, the visit of Alexandre Poniapoff, who has never been in Paris, to the house of Borelli would not be so bad as documentation for one of thy paragraphs, is it not?"

"I have the hope that Monsieur Bergonier will not write of it at all," said the magnate in a colorless tone.

"But Monsieur," argued Borelli, "that makes the advertisement for both of us."

"I do not wish the advertisement," said Poniapoff shortly.

Only Monsieur Bergonier saw the annoyance on the face of the actress.

The car threaded the traffic to the Madeleine, then turned down the Rue Royale.

"Madame," said Poniapoff, "I have followed your career since its beginning. Even when you were pupil of the Conservatory, I have known of it—how, it imports not. But you have started in the Comédie Française with brilliancy, as a celebrity all at once. How is that arrived? One has heard that when a novice is taken and made a grand artist in the state theater, it signifies one of two things: silver or, in the case of a woman, a friendship with, let it be, the Minister of Education. Is that true, Madame?"

"By ordinary, yes."

"Then, in which coin did you pay?"

"In neither, Monsieur."

"What? When all the world must pay?"

"For other artists, perhaps. But me, Monsieur"—she lifted her head proudly—"even then I was Borelli."

"But you were then unknown," the grim old financier persisted. "Is it not possible that some hidden partisan might have paid the silver for you?"

Monsieur Bergonier stared at him with sudden intensity.

"To my ignorance of it?" Borelli smiled disdainfully. "Monsieur!"

The car turned in at the Place de l'Alma and followed up the Avenue du Président Wilson.

"You have questioned me, Monsieur Poniapoff," said the actress, "but you have not yet answered my question."

"The which, Madame?"

"Why you have sent me those letters."

"Perhaps it was to make you to have more of goodness for—Félix."

"But Monsieur, I have always been kind to my father," she protested. "Is it not, Etienne? Rememberest thou when I have asked thee for thy old overcoat? I have given it to my father, who has worn it for three winters, and always he has told me it was the best he had ever had."

If the masklike face of Monsieur Poniapoff could have shown pity, that was the expression upon it then.

"It was very genteel of you, Madame," he said. "But today I have seen his habitation—a hole in a poor quarter."

"He was a barber," she reminded him. "He would not have consoled himself in another species of place."

"He was old," suggested Monsieur Poniapoff. "Perhaps he had need of care."

"There was the association of his clients for that," she replied. "Would it have made the good for me to double their care?"

The automobile had been fleeing swiftly out the wide Avenue Henri-Martin. It now turned into the Boulevard Flandrin and pulled up before a private house in pink Italian marble, overlooking the Bois de Boulogne.

"We are arrived," announced Borelli.

She led the way in, through iron grilled doors opened by a footman in livery, and then on into the salon. At her entrance a sleek-haired young man, faultlessly dressed, arose and stood.

"Be genteel, Jaime," the actress said to him. "One will be occupied for some minutes."

The sleek young man bowed and without a word glided from the room.

It was a room crowded, too crowded, with art treasures. Monsieur Poniapoff gave it a swift examination.

"It is more splendid even than mine," he averred.

"You like it, then?" asked Borelli, pleased.

"I detest it," replied the puritanical zealot, "for I know how it was gained."

Anger flamed upon Borelli's face. "Monsieur," she said, "I recall to you that you are in my house."

"Your house?" he challenged her, unmindful of her injunction. "To how many men does this house and your other possessions really appertain? Have you lived for any other thing?"

"It is not necessary that I respond to such questions, Monsieur. You are neither my religious director nor my father."

"No." Again the unrevealing tone.

"What I have is mine—loyally acquired," she exclaimed in a cold voice; "the profits of my career. Does one reproach me that I have made the economies? Who is going to give me silver when I am aged?"

"Madame," declaimed the crusader, "I summon you to restore all this and to renounce your iniquity. I offer you this last opportunity."

"Opportunity?" she demanded furiously. "For what? You would proselyte all the world, eh, Monsieur? Very well, I offer you in turn opportunity to put to the proof your sincerity. I will renounce all this, my life, the theater, all—even will I give away all I have, if you will pay me the double of its value. One says that you are the richest man of France, Monsieur. Is it too much to demand?"

They stood confronting each other in silence. Monsieur Poniapoff was first to speak, and when he did so he was again the frigid prophet of the funeral march.

"Adieu, Madame," he said. "I shall never see you again."

"Adieu, Monsieur," she replied. "Go back to your absurd superstitions and your rites of the monkey. And of more. You are Alexandre Poniapoff; but me, Monsieur, I am also Borelli. I forbid you ever to send me another letter like those before."

"Madame, rest assured. I pass from your life forever."

He bowed stiffly and left the salon. Monsieur Bergonier stopped only to raise and kiss Borelli's hand in farewell, but she seemed unaware of the gesture. Yet when the two had reached the outer door, they heard her voice again, once more restored to its usual stage quality of contained fire.

"Jaime," she called, "at last one is free."

On the sidewalk both men stood for a moment, uncertain how to turn.

"The irony of it, Monsieur Poniapoff," said the journalist, "is that Borelli, who has never veritably loved any man or any person save herself—Borelli, who, of more, has taken from every lover everything that she could procure herself from him, is at last herself in love. But yes, Monsieur—with that young dancing partner back there, a South American—and she a woman of fifty! How he must be laughing under his cloak, that boy there! Naturally, he is going to rob her of everything."

"I would not wish to see her come to misery," said Poniapoff gravely.

"Ah!" exclaimed Monsieur Bergonier slyly. "In that case it might be necessary to found yet another association, eh, Monsieur? An association, too, of ancient clients—the, let us say, clients of Borelli?"

"You are an adroit fellow, Monsieur Bergonier," the financier said at length.

Monsieur Bergonier laughed. "Have I divined something?" he asked in his mocking manner. "Then permit me to divine something else. Would it give you a certain emotion, Monsieur, to know that I would be one of those eligible for that association?"

The chill eyes regarded the journalist in wintry silence.

"You are adroit," said the rich man finally, "even more adroit than one had thought. Naturally, I rely upon your continued discretion."

"Monsieur!" protested the happy journalist. "To know an information that Borelli would give the eyes of her head to possess? To have part alone with Monsieur Saint-Didier in the secret of her parentage? To understand how close she is, unawares, to the most grand fortune of France—what she would make with such a knowledge; her exploitation of it, at least, for the publicity; her dream of gold—Monsieur, it is too good! Even to guard such a confidence is to me worth a thousand times the pleasure of revealing it."

"One believes that there is a station of taxis around that corner," said Poniapoff.

"Can I make you to descend some part?" asked Monsieur Bergonier.

"Thanks, but I go directly to see Saint-Didier. Then, the train."

Monsieur Bergonier found a cab.

"I am a reader of your paragraphs, Monsieur Bergonier," said the financier, when he had seated himself inside. "I find that we often think equally, though, as you have said this morning, for different reasons. Between parentheses, for some time Saint-Didier has pushed me to make a changement of editors of the Courrier du Soir. Should I decide myself to do that, I will not forget you."

Monsieur Bergonier closed the taxicab door, and the car moved off. The journalist watched it out of sight, smiling enigmatically.

These Folks Live and Let Live

(Continued from page 81)

the enormously wealthy Jockey Club—which, for lavishness and an utter disregard for expense, will compare with any clubhouse anywhere. There is an opera house to match it. There is a magnificent plenitude of public and semi-public buildings, places of entertainment, town houses and outlying villas.

There is a port—a succession of ports, rather—where the shipping of the seven seas is so densely packed that the landsman is moved to wonder how a vessel ever gets into this harbor or, having got in, ever gets out again. There is a shopping district which has no counterpart in South America and which, for smartness, is quite up to the New York or the London or the Paris standard. There is a system of boulevards and driveways, connecting plazas and squares and playgrounds and parks; botanical gardens and zoölogical gardens; art galleries and museums and the like, which startles you by its immensity and its beauty and its completeness.

There is a cemetery—right in the heart of the city it is and one of the sights of the city—where money past computing has been squandered upon tombs and monuments and chapels and mausoleums, upon black marble and white marble, upon obelisks and memorials. There are stupendous plants for housing Buenos Aires' two great institutional newspapers.

There is on every hand a display of opulence and extravagance which, however, is governed by more of restraint and characterized by less of vain gaudiness than one would expect to find among a race who, relatively speaking, are but newly come into a position of world-importance and world-influence. One is moved to wonderment not that the citizens here should boast so much of what they have, but that they should boast so little.

There is about them a thoroughly cosmopolitan bearing which is the more easily understood when one comes to learn that less than fifty percent of the residents are of Spanish ancestry. Italian stocks make up a formidable proportion of the population; German stocks make up another big group, and there is a lesser admixture of British blood.

The well-to-do person here is no provincial. He has been everywhere in Europe, at least, and has seen everything there. As a rule, he has not seen our country, but then, only a comparatively few of us have seen his country. So his cultural background is adapted and adopted European, and to France he looks for his fashions, and to Italy mainly for his artistic concepts.

From us he gets solid material wares just as from him we get a share of his raw products; but in the relationship which makes for a mutual appreciation of each other's national viewpoint, the United States and the Argentine Republic are still far apart, and this helps to explain why, commonly, he is distrustful of our policies and inclined to lend an attentive ear to the Europe-inspired anti-Yankee propaganda which flourishes so abundantly in his domains. He buys from us, not because he particularly likes us as a nation, but because we have the goods he requires and because he has found the individual Yankee who deals with him to be trustworthy.

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money or, by the same token, may spend more for living than in any other of the great cities either on this side of the Atlantic or on the other side. By what I saw of the markets and the shops in the poorer quarters and in the richer sections, I judge this must be true. Food—good, fresh, nourishing food—is amazingly cheap on the side streets and not so very dear in the principal restaurants. But if you crave the luxurious best, other things will cost you plenty.

The latest wrinkles in French fashions—you know, those exceedingly costly wrinkles so beloved of womankind—reach eastern South America half a year in advance of their appearance in eastern North America; that's because the seasons are reversed and next summer's modes are sent from Paris to the South American ladies while their North American sisters still are wearing this winter's creations.

THE best place to watch the passing fashion show is on that fine thoroughfare of the retail section called simply "Florida." From the middle of the afternoon until twilight, a section of this most sumptuous avenue is closed to vehicular traffic and everybody and his girl friend go marching through it.

Almost without exception these promenaders are well-dressed; many of them are beautifully dressed. It is a good-natured but a decorous and quiet crowd.

Here let me interpolate the generalized essence of an observation: Almost universally, South Americans are soberer, more self-contained and more serious in their public demeanor than we ourselves are. Except in Brazil, they have an innate dependable gravity which seems curiously out of place to one who has been nurtured in the mistaken idea that the Latin temperament invariably is volatile and lightsome and effusive. Especially is this characteristic reserve marked in the Buenos Aires populace.

There are drinking places at conveniently frequent intervals along Florida and they are moderately well patronized, but you see practically no drunkenness. These South American cousins of ours labor under a strange delusion. They don't know that intoxication is the main aim and the principal end of drinking. With the new ethics of Prohibition for our guide, we could teach 'em a lot there, couldn't we, boys and girls?

About every third male adult is reading snatches of a newspaper as he drifts bumpingly along. They're great hands for reading newspapers here. If Buenos Aires supports two great newspapers, it likewise supports an assortment of small bad ones; which is but another civic idiosyncrasy suggestive of Paris, where small struggling journals of a political type likewise abound in the utmost profusion. Newsboys are thick as spatter.

I figured that Florida should make a happy hunting ground for the idle sons of the rich, those highly shellacked and profligate youths who are so frequently met with along the Rue de la Paix and in the swagger dancing places of Montmartre; and who, in those parts, have made the name of their breed a synonym for profligacy and wanton extravagance. But in my ambles I encountered only one typical specimen. However, I must say for him that he was a resplendent and prize-winning variety.

Sartorially speaking, he was altogether—how shall I put it?—well, altogether winsome. Alongside him the lilies of the field were still in the bulb state. In a thrall I watched him while he took a gold vanity case—indubitably a vanity case—out of his pocket and, using a shop window for a mirror, nonchalantly retouched his lips and then anointed with some aromatic goo a pair of delicately arched eyebrows before resuming his triumphant stroll, moving in a rich aroma of strong perfumery.

It wasn't enough merely to see him; to get a full appreciation of his merits you also must smell him. Fascinated, I trailed him for blocks. He left a scent like an anise bag at a Long Island drag hunt; but if his hoydenish beauty worked any devastation in the hearts of the staid damosels among whom he elbowed his path, I failed to detect it. Maybe they were used to him.

He belongs, I am told, to a species which is doomed to early extinction. Almost invariably he is the degenerated son or grandson of some sturdy pioneer who established one of those great ranches—*"estancias"* is the local word—which dot the plains of the Argentine. He is presently engaged in the congenial task of squandering his noble patrimony.

He isn't of a particularly numerous breed; never was, in fact. It is his behavior which makes him conspicuous. For every one like him there are nine sturdy upstanding young men who handle the ancestral fortune intelligently.

Be that as it may, he is allowed to borrow money against the pledges of his thousands upon thousands of acres until his debts approximate in value the inherited collateral. Then the banks close down on him and presently one more great property has been cut up into holdings for small individual farmers and stock raisers, the answer being that in the long run the land, instead of remaining in the hands of a feudal aristocracy, will have been parceled out among industrious cultivators.

One feels that the world can spare these vanishing and purely ornamental spendthrifts, but when the big estates go—if ever all of them do go—a vivid splash of romance will have been erased from the national canvas.

We drove out from the city to visit one of them—the Estancia San Juan—a duplicate in miniature of the typical old-style place. That's what they said it was—a small-scale model; but to me it seemed sufficiently large and entirely complete in all ways.

Inside the gates we tooled for miles along well-kept roads; we passed polo fields and breeding stables and a private race track; we inspected herds of splendid cattle and we saw prize-winning stallions and champion bulls until we were tired; we saw mansions and a chapel; a beautiful inner park; an artificial lake and a winding ornamental lagoon; hothouses and gardens; a shooting preserve; big groves of planted trees; whole villages for the housing of the working staff—and after that they still kept on saying to us that this really was not a working *estancia* but merely a sort of practical exhibit to show what the real article was like. The Argentinean certainly has some rather broad and liberal ideas.

Well, he lives in a broad and a liberal country, and that means literally and figuratively as well. The laws of his land are tolerant to the transplanted members of all creeds and of most races; and the attitude of the citizens accords admirably with the spirit of their laws.

The anti-North American prejudice which manifests itself hereabouts is not religious but political. It is based on a distrust for the historical attitudes of the United States toward Spanish-American countries—a distrust which a section of the domestic press deliberately fosters. Formerly there was another reason, but that reason happily has been eradicated.

A distinguished member of the Argentine senate, a gentleman of cosmopolitan training and wide experience in statecraft, said this to me:

"Until 1914 your countrymen, generally speaking, rather ignored and neglected this commercial market. The bulk of our imports came to us from Europe—notably from Germany, Great Britain and France. But the outbreak of the war shut off those regular sources of foreign-made supplies and almost, as you might say, against their wills your jobbing and manufacturing interests began to invade these parts in force.

"There descended upon us from the United States a horde of hastily recruited selling agents. A great many of these men, perhaps a majority of them, were ignorant of our racial peculiarities and biases. Few of them spoke Spanish; fewer still among them understood the Latin character. Their main object was to sell as many goods as possible in as short a time as possible.

"Some of them did not seem to have the idea that building up good will is an essential part of the business of selling. Some of them were unscrupulous or, putting it charitably, they were careless. They left a bad impression.

"Eventually the condition remedied itself. Today, high types of gentlemen represent American houses as resident managers, as you must have noticed during your visits to the American Club. Our people know now that the word of the man on the spot may be depended upon; that the delivered commodities will be up to sample.

"What is the result? Since the war, the volume of our economic dealings with European countries has increased materially, but the volume of our dealings with the United States has increased tremendously, and proportionately is increasing every day. The American industrialist who is willing to study our needs and cater to our merchandising principles, is assured of an interest in his wares and a hospitable reception for his salesmen and has every prospect of strengthening a mutually profitable relationship.

"Your mastery at mass production is a factor here. Your present willingness to make the package and its contents conform to the South American's fancy—a thing which the less adaptable and more conservative Britisher was rarely willing in the old days to do, and even now in the face of rising Yankee competition is still sometimes unwilling to do—has been an even more important factor. You are selling us a lot of your products—you ought to be selling us more, though, than you do sell."

A LITTLE later, this same gentleman dropped other significant remarks.

"Within comparatively recent years," he said, "we have become a sport-mad people and it is a good thing for us in more ways than one. When I was a young man we knew almost nothing about outdoor sports. A youngster sought his pleasure in dissipation—not so much in drinking as in amorous pursuits. He gave entirely too much of his energies and his thoughts to the sex side of life. Morally and physically, it was an unhealthy attitude.

"Now, though, there is an athletic field for every schoolhouse, city or rural, and there are football teams and cricket teams, track teams and gymnasium classes in almost every town, however small and obscure. Our people have learned to play and play hard—and, what is best of all, to take a licking when they are fairly licked. The beneficial effect of that last upon our

political complex has been incalculable.

"You must remember this," he went on. "The theory of representative self-government is newer, much newer, among the Latin races than among the Nordic races. The Anglo-Saxon, with his racial craving for independence, had centuries of contact with and conduct of the experiment before we tried it out.

"By slow and painful degrees we had to produce a type of leader willing to work anonymously, if need be, for the public weal. It was difficult to uproot those who, in season and out, stood ready to seize on power and place. The self-effacing brand of statecraft was rare at first with us, whereas the self-advertising, self-profiting variety was prominent in our affairs. The personal, greedy ambitions of a few men have been responsible in times past for most of our political misadventures.

"Well, we began playing games. We began to understand and appreciate—and to accept—the rational discipline which is the greatest by-product of competitive sport. And as I say, we began, here in South America, to learn the finest lesson of all: namely, that to take in good humor a defeat when honestly administered, to abide by the referee's decision and to set to work to make a better showing next time, is the very essence of sportsmanship.

"I claim that the perpetuation among us of stable republicanism and the steadying of our federal and local institutions are in great measure the outgrowth of the newly developed sporting instincts among the masses in the lower part of this continent. In short, as you North Americans put it, we finally in this present generation have learned how to play the game."

For one, I'm inclined to think my good and wise friend, the senator, was right about it. But he overlooked specific mention of one outstanding sport peculiar to the Latin-American taxicab driver—the sport of pedestrian-hunting.

Me, I thought in my ignorance that I knew a little something about wild driving and wild riding. Among my intimates it is an open secret that under the professional name of Dare-devil Dugan I used to win practically all the Indianapolis speed races; also that just for the fun of the thing I formerly doubled for Tom Mix and Bill Hart.

What's more, I have as a passenger ridden in taxicabs in Chicago and in Los Angeles and in San Francisco and in Paris and in other cities where traffic regulations are, as one might say, sketchy and impressionistic. So you would have said, as I did, that my iron will was panic-proof, that my fortitude in the face of danger was as tempered steel. Huh, that just goes to show how wrong both of us could be.

From my dedicatory automobile trip through the crowded and peril-fraught marts of trade in Buenos Aires, I returned in a state of partial collapse, deliriously murmuring over and over the word *"despacio,"* which is Spanish for "slowly." I was glad I knew that word; I think yet it helped to save my life.

As a good patriot and one anxious to see us get ahead in foreign parts, I hate to say this but I must: All East Coast Latin-American taxicab chauffeurs should be encouraged to buy our motors but discouraged from driving them.

I say this as much in their interest as in the interest of the public at large. I gather that there is a high mortality among these care-free young men.

The moment an East Coast taxicabbist takes hold of the wheel, he appears to lose all control over the more reckless side of his nature. He likes to get away with a flying start. A visitor acquaintance of mine told me—I went to see him at the sanatorium where he was slowly recuperating—that the first jolting surge of getting under way snapped his suspenders, stopped his watch and caused his glass eye to crack all the way across. But it was when the youth who drove him tried to go through a crowded tramcar that my poor fellow tourist's nervous system really sustained the shock which landed him in a rest cure.

It must have been a twin brother to his chauffeur to whom I intrusted myself for a pleasant spin over the boulevards on the evening of our arrival. He was of the school who depend entirely on the brake for the perpetuation of their own lives. Right away I realized that, and as we bored into the traffic with the gears shrieking in their agony and the lesser mechanism underfoot chippering and squeaking and squealing until I had the sensation of traveling in a portable bird-and-animal store, there came to me through a flood of conflicting emotions the lines of the poet in a slightly paraphrased form to suit the needs of this occasion:

> Brake, brake, brake on these cold gray stones, oh gee!
> And I would that my tongue could utter the thoughts that arise in me.

All about us were other cabs—millions on millions of them, so it seemed to me—all flitting in and out with the glad free unruled roguishness of a school of sunfish or a flock of swallows; now flashing from left to right; now surging back again from right to left; now chasing a member of the lower or pedestrian classes up a shade tree; now shaving the buttons off a woman's frock, or the mudguard off a privately owned car; now turning a curve on two wheels. In short, all the drivers of those other cars were behaving exactly as the driver of my car was behaving.

So far as I could observe, the only regulation governing the pastime was that if a fleeing foot-passenger succeeded in hurdling the curb and getting entirely on the sidewalk, he was regarded as being out of bounds and could not be put back in play again until somebody pushed him off.

Even after he has passed the corporation limits and is bumping over rutty going, the chauffeur continues his exciting game of trying to force the upper end of your spine through the top of your skull. No hillocky hazard, however formidable, abates his zest for this diversion of his.

We found that out when we went to the Estancia San Juan. The city itself is abundantly provided with modern streets and some of its suburbs are, too, but once outside the municipal zone, the roads almost always are only indifferent where they are not downright rough and bumpy. I have heard that the reason why there are so few good highways in the back districts is that the British-owned railroads exercise their potent influence against good road programs.

It would appear that these absentee proprietors have not yet discovered what the American railroad people aforetime found out: namely, that the building of crossing or even paralleling automobile highways eventually stimulates business for the steam cars instead of injuring it.

My craving for hair-lifting and heart-stopping excitement was so fully satisfied by various taxicabbing adventures that I had but small zeal left for seeking out the night life of the continental metropolis. Besides, I reckon maybe I'm getting too old for that sort of thing.

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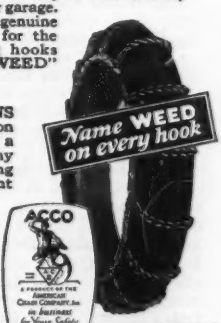

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I used to like the throbbing night life of Paducah twenty-five years ago but when, in my maturer years, I sought it in Paris and Vienna, it seemed somehow to be stale and flat. And as for Berlin—well, I was first in Berlin in 1913, shortly after the Kaiser had decreed that his worthy burghers must go in for night life, presumably to catch more of the tourist traffic; and like good and obedient subjects, they had obeyed the command of the All Highest. At least they had tried to do so but in all fairness I could not bring myself to look upon the effort as being altogether successful.

It's hard to be merry and bright to order; especially is it hard for Germans. This night-life stuff which they were putting on then had all the riotous abandon, all the unbridled spontaneity of a trained-elephant act.

With shadings of meaning, I fain would bring the same blanket indictment against the Buenos Aires night life. To begin with, we were there in the off season for cutting-up, and in the second place, the men of Argentine in considerable measure still hold by the old Spanish doctrine that after nightfall home is the place for the wife and the daughter. So the ladies of the best families do not patronize the public dancing places.

As a conscientious volunteer observer of the habits and customs of other races, I spent an entire night in a painstaking effort to fathom the true sources and the underlying inspirations of Argentine night life. But when I limped back to my hotel room in the dawning, the melancholy conviction was strong within me that, after fifty, the quest for gayety is not for the average man. All I needed, to be a stately ruin, was to have some ivy growing over me.

Everything's high in Uruguay—hats, prices, speed and national pride—as Irvin S. Cobb tells you in February Cosmopolitan

Gay Deceivers *by Kathleen Norris* (*Continued from page 53*)

uppish. I thought you held yourself above the other girls," Tom told her, watching her to see if he offended.

"Oh, no!" she protested, distressed. "No. But I just can't seem to fit in. Their parties scare me. I went on one or two. I went to a sort of Dutch-treat party with Miss Smith and Miss Beatty, and then we all went on to some other place—a big room with easels and couches all around—and one of the men was sort of—fresh, or at least I thought he was. So then I got my coat and sneaked out. I was pretty glad to get home! Only," she added, "it made Miss Beatty mad."

"You oughtn't," Tom, all the admonitory big brother, said gravely, "you oughtn't to go out with Alma Beatty."

She looked repentant; her docile glance promised obedience and reform.

"You have to have some fun," she offered meekly.

"I don't even like the crowd Miss Dunnam and Butler go with," Tom continued boldly. "She's a fine girl, and she can take care of herself—she must be twenty-five, isn't she?"

"I think she is."

"And you're—what?"

"I'll be twenty-one on—I'm nearly twenty-one."

He laughed. "Come on, now—finish it! When's your birthday?"

"Oh, that was a slip!" she exclaimed.

"Come on, now; is it next week?"

"I don't know," she said, sobering, "why I should so calmly take it for granted that if you knew when my birthday was, you'd give me a present."

They both laughed, and Tom said, "Never you mind, I'll find out!"

Ah, this was fun! This was the way men and girls talked to each other. Easily, happily, with all the silliness and inconsequence of real talking!

Tom said suddenly, "Here's what I was thinking. It'd be sport to sort of—confer, you and I, in the office. I mean, just let 'em see——"

Her quick flashing glance anticipated him; her eyes shone. "They'd drop dead!" she predicted.

"I mean, I've never talked much to any of 'em," Tom floundered on.

"I know," Tanya encouraged him.

"I've wished—I mean, when they all begin jabbering in the mornings——"

"I know!"

"Not that they *say* anything."

"Oh, no. But it does look—so pleasant!" Tanya agreed. "In a story," she added gayly, "we'd end by falling in love with each other! But I don't mean that," Tanya went on, too intent on what she did mean to feel any embarrassment. "I mean, just suddenly to be friendly and have things to talk about and—well, to be friendly!"

"I've never done it," Tom said. "I've always sort of wanted to—horn in."

"We'll have to call each other by first names," she decided, with a demure dimple appearing at the corner of her mouth. "Your name is Tom, isn't it? I love it," she excited him by adding with impersonal fervor.

"I don't know your name," Tom said, his heart beating a little faster.

"Tanya. My grandmother was a Russian—my mother was Olga. I'm Tanya."

"Dead?" he asked respectfully.

"Everybody, except my brother and me. We lived in Panama. Father was a doctor there, and then Mother had to come to San Francisco for treatments."

"How d'you mean you lived in Panama?"

"In old Panama City—fifteen years ago; till seven years ago, in fact. Why?"

"Why, I was down there for a year!"

"You weren't!"

"I was."

"Drawing blue-prints?"

"Yep. With an engineering firm. Say, isn't that a funny break?"

"Look," Tanya interrupted him dramatically. "We're in!"

"We're what?" He looked out of the window, as amazed as she. Their fellow travelers were beginning to stream out; the car was at a standstill. "Well, come on," he said, just as escorting men always said to the happy, tired, hungry girls beside them. "Let's eat somewhere. I'm starving."

"But listen," she said, some time later, when they were eating that special marshmallow chocolate cake that is the Palace's pride. "If we do this, we must do it with a rush. You must come up to my desk—oh, noisily, you know, and we must laugh like mad! We must get them interested from the very start."

Tom Richie frowned. "They'll suspect something," he began. "I've never talked to anyone there. I suppose I'm the silentest man in the place."

"And I'm certainly the shyest girl," Tanya added. "That's why we'll attract notice."

"But wouldn't that sort of make other people"—he delicately avoided names—"other people keep away from us?"

"Their being popular—other people, I mean," Tanya countered, "doesn't make us want to keep away from them!"

"No; that's true," Tom agreed.

"It's a business principle that you can't catch a big fish with an empty hook," Tanya said brilliantly, "but you can catch him with a minnow!"

Tom laughed. "And we're the minnows, eh? Well, we'll give them the run of their lives!" he said.

It had all been nominated in the bond, of course; still, it was amazing to him to see with what audacity she carried the thing off on Monday morning.

The girls in the copying office were ranged at two long rows of flat-topped desks that faced each other, down the room. Above each desk dangled a green-shaded light; Miss Rideout's desk was about the fifth from the door of the pattern room, where Tom worked. He often had occasion to go into the copying office and talk to Miss Beatty or Miss Dunham. He had never spoken to Miss Rideout before.

She spoke to him as he went by. "Tom!"

He turned, flushed and panicky, and managed an "Oh, hullo!"

"Hullo!" she echoed, eager and dancing-eyed and quite at ease. "Were you dead Saturday night?"

"Not a bit." He stopped at her desk, half sitting on it as the men often did when they chatted with the girls. "Did you get into dry things?"

"I got into bed! But I really wasn't cold; my feet weren't wet. And Tom, wasn't it worth while—the game?"

"Some game!" he agreed.

"Were you two at the game?" Doris Dunham said, turning about from Miss Beatty's desk.

"Yes. I saw you there," Tanya said. "You were down about two rows ahead."

"I didn't see you," Doris told her, puzzled.

"Tom," Tanya said to the man, "you went off with my fountain pen."

"That's right. I was using it at the Palace."

"Was it awful, at the Palace?" Doris, still a little bewildered, asked.

"Well, we were late. Our train didn't get in until nearly eight and by that time it had quieted down," Tanya explained.

"Could you get a table?"

"Oh, yes. There were just the two of us."

That was all there was to that, apparently. The girls scattered to their desks, and Tom went away. But Doris came back to the subject a little later.

"I didn't know that you knew Tom Richie so well, Miss Rideout."

"Oh?" Tanya said vaguely. "Oh, Tom Richie. Yes."

"You and he went to the game?"

"We were stuck in a special train for hours, in Palo Alto."

"We went in Mr. Butler's car," Doris said. "He's awfully nice," she added.

"Mr. Butler?"

"Tom Richie."

"We both used to live in Panama, years ago," Tanya offered.

"Is that so? You know, he's considered a—coming man," Doris said, suddenly confidential. "He's considered one of our best men."

This was thrilling. When Doris, lovely and confident and popular, favored any girl with her friendship, it seemed to make that girl lovely and popular and confident, too. Tanya loved Doris' careless friendship.

"Oh, she is darling!" she told Tom Richie.

"You don't have to tell me!" Tom reminded her, with mournful pride.

The make-believe was going on vigorously. Everyone in the office noted it; it was impossible not to see it. Here was quiet, big, clumsy Tom Richie all smiles, eternally finding errands to Miss Rideout's desk, and here was shy, silent little Miss Rideout looking up at him, talking, always finding something about which to murmur, nod, frown and twinkle.

Sometimes, in the beginning, Tanya and Tom would be saying, "bla-bla-bla-bla," and "zoo-zoo-zoo-zoo," to each other, if the observant office had only suspected it! And then Tanya would say, "Now we must burst out laughing, Tom, as if it was all too funny!"

But often, from feigned amusement they would go into uncontrollable gales of mirth.

They were always talking together, when the other girls arrived at the office in the mornings, and Tom always waited for Tanya, now, at night. She would go off beside him. The office approved the affair.

"How do you account for it, Tom?" Tanya asked her confidant one night.

"For what?"

"You weren't listening!"

"Yes, I was. Or no—I was—well, anyway, go on."

"I asked you how you accounted for their suddenly being so decent to us."

"I'm crazy about it," Tom pronounced, after thought.

"The hat? Isn't it darling? No, but listen to me a second. Tom, could it be that all the world loves a lover? Is that what's interesting them in us?"

"I don't know. Say, you were talking about the flyers yesterday. Why don't you and I go down to Mills Field some Sunday?"

"To tell you the honest truth, it seems to be in this world that the minute you can do without a thing, you get it. Do you think it might be that way, Tom?"

"But according to that, you'd never get what you want!"

"Well, you do," Tanya said; "but by the time you get it you don't want it!"

"Isn't that the same thing?"

"Now today," she said, "Doris stopped me and asked me what I was doing this afternoon. She said she was going to lunch, and then to a matinée. She didn't exactly ask me, but I think that was because I said right away that I was lunching with you, and we were going to a picture. But the point is that three months ago just that—her asking me, I mean—would have made me happy for a week! And she never did."

"You told her you were going out with me, hey?" Tom asked, gratified.

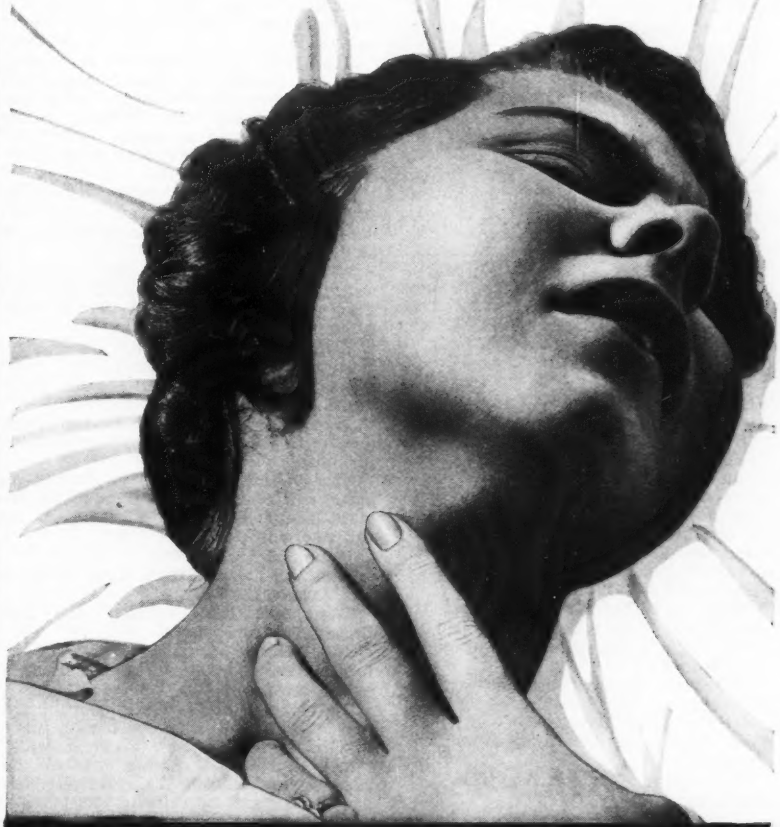
"Oh, yes," Tanya answered. "Of course I was dying to go with her, but I wanted to rub it in. I wanted her to think I wanted to go with you!"

She looked across the luncheon table at him, innocently exultant. Tom picked up the menu card and studied it.

"Was"—he cleared his throat—"was Butler going along?" he asked.

"Bob Butler? Oh, no. Oh," Tanya exclaimed, "if he had been going along, I would have jumped at it! But I think she's going somewhere with him tonight. She said she had to be home to dress, 'round five. But," Tanya added, brightening, "he brought me a new soft eraser

beauty sleep?
not when you
cough all night



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today—I told you that. It's a patent eraser; it whiffs——" On the unexpected word she looked at him appealingly. "It has a little bulb, and while you erase, it whiffs the dust away."

Just one little office worker in a city full of them, her blue suit a trifle shabby, her hair no more curly, her skin no clearer, her young, sweet mouth no redder than those of the other girls. But how wonderful, how confiding and sweet and marvelous she was!

"Would you, Tom?"

"Would I what, Tanya?"

"Would you tell him?"

"Tell him what, dear? Tell who?"

"Oh, Tom, that's the second time! You call me 'dear' where the others can hear, and now you've done it twice when we were all alone!"

"Did I?"

"But I mean, shall I tell him I haven't seen it?"

"Haven't seen what?"

"The big picture. 'Powdered Knees.'"

"Oh? Oh, yes. Tell who?"

"Tom, Tom, Tom! Didn't you hear me telling you that Bob Butler asked me if I liked the movies, and if I had seen 'Powdered Knees,' and that I was so stampeded that like a fool I——"

"Oh, yes, yes, yes. Of course! Oh. Well, yes, I'd tell him. You mean he asked you to go?"

"No. Oh, if he had asked me to go, I'd have gone like a shot!" Tanya said shamelessly. "No, he just asked me if I'd seen it. Quite a few of us were out waiting for the elevator, and he came out and talked to me. And he casually asked us all. So I was wondering if I couldn't carelessly say to him that I hadn't seen it. Would you?"

"Why don't we go see it now, this afternoon?" Tom asked.

"Well, it's a regular two-hour show."

"What of it?"

"Nothing! Only, if there is a chance he might ask me, Tom?" she suggested.

After a while Tom said slowly, "Why d'you want to get him away from Doris, anyway?"

"So that you can get her, Tom!" she reminded him.

Just a week later, on another Saturday, she was ill. The sun stood still, and the streets went dull and dark, and Tom's world trembled with fear and dread.

She was not very ill, only sneezy, achy and chilly; they had planned to have luncheon with Tom's aunt, out in Saint Francis Wood, and Tanya feverishly insisted that they should not fail Mrs. Houston, it would be too rude; they would have their luncheon, and then she would go home and get into bed.

"Luncheon means chicken and fruit cup and a lot of fuss about biscuits and napkins!" she said crossly to Tom. "Men don't—achoo!—know anything about it. I'm all right. I never have colds. This is just sheer silly waste——"

"This" was the taxi he had engaged for the twenty-minute trip.

"Have you a hot-water bottle?" he asked anxiously.

She said she hadn't. And she didn't need one, either; she was all right.

Mrs. Houston thought differently. Incorrigibly maternal, Tom's Aunt Mary took Tanya upstairs, and Tom was dispatched to Mrs. Gunn's for a penciled list of necessities.

Tom, terrified, took the list and went on his way. His heart was lead. He waited in Mrs. Gunn's parlor dazedly; he took from Mrs. Gunn Tanya's little suitcase and bore it away as if it were a sacred thing. In a drug store he bought a new red hot-water bottle, and aspirin, and throat lozenges, and a pine-and-tar compound the druggist recommended, and a large jar of heavy yellow gum guaranteed to "stave off pneumonia," and the cotton and oiled silk and tape that were to hold it on Tanya's little wheezing chest.

They made a formidable bundle; he cast about in his distracted mind to find other needs. His Aunt Mary looked upon him in amazement when he returned.

"She has nothing but a heavy cold, poor little scrap. She's all warm and snug and comfy, and she's going to sleep. Betty's taken her in some magazines."

Magazines! Tom smote his ineffectual brow. Of course she needed magazines!

He heard her hoarse, sleepy voice that afternoon, saying, "Oh, nothing. Nothing! And thanks so much. I'm fine."

He envied the doctor, who went so assuredly into her room.

But it was Sunday night before he saw her, small, rosy and rested, deliciously established in pillows and a pink lacy jacket of Betty's.

"We caught it in time; she's perfectly well!" said Aunt Mary, behind him. But Tom approached the bed gently, fearfully, as if it were a shrine.

"I have seen it before," Aunt Mary said later to Uncle Sidney, "but upon my word, I've never seen anyone get it as hard as Tom Richie's got it!"

Tanya was back at work on Wednesday. On Thursday she had great news for him.

"Did you ask Doris to go to the big game with you?" she demanded the instant they were alone together in the full noonday streets.

"What big game?"

"The big New Year's Day game in Los Angeles?"

"Why, no. I'd have told you," Tom protested, deeply hurt.

"Well, someone must have," she offered, puzzled. "Because Bob Butler has asked me!"

Tom steered her carefully over a crossing. "Asked you to go south with him?"

"Oh, no—no!" She laughed. "No; but I said that I had a brother and sister-in-law who lived down there," she explained, "and he said he was going to drive down for the game. He asked me if I was going, and I said no, but my brother wanted me to come down for New Year's and maybe he planned to get seats—I said I didn't know. Tom, are we going to lunch?" Tanya interrupted herself to protest. "Listen, you don't have to take me to lunch just because we walk out of the office together!"

"Oh, shut up!" Tom growled.

"Well," she resumed her narrative, "so then he said, 'I know a man with two good tickets, who would gladly call for you at your brother's house and take you to see the Cardinals lick the stuffing——'"

"Stanford has no walk-over!" Tom said sourly.

She was stricken. "You think they're going to be beaten?"

"Oh, they'll win, all right; but it isn't any such picnic."

He was in an unreasonable and ugly mood today; he didn't know what was the matter with him.

They were uptown now; they mounted the wide stairs to the sunshiny cafeteria. Tanya pushed her tray along the rail, ahead of Tom's tray. They selected fat glazed buns and salads with carrots, cream cheese and pineapple in them, and Tom stopped, as always, for two glasses of water, and Tanya, as always, arranged their lunches neatly on a table.

"Tom, isn't there any chance of your getting south for the game?" she began, when the meal was under way.

"I may not be here," Tom answered.

"You may not be here!"

"No. I've a chance to go to Panama. They want me on the first."

"Tom Richie! Oh, Panama! Oh, aren't you delighted?"

"I don't know," he said dully.

"You don't know! But good gracious, isn't it a good job?"

"Sure, it's a good job. It's being lifted out of the ranks and handed a generalship," he said unwillingly.

"Why, it's going home!" she said.

"I know. But I have to leave all my friends up here," Tom mumbled.

"You mean Doris is up here!" Tanya laughed.

"I s'pose so," Tom said.

"I'll tell you, Tom! Here's what I was thinking! I was thinking that it's simply no use to go on this way. We get nowhere. You're miserable on account of Doris. And I can't see anyone but Bob. Isn't that true?"

"No, it's not true," Tom protested. "You told me yesterday that he never said anything in conversation except 'Is that so?' and 'I'll tell the world!'"

"Well, that's true. But he is fascinating!" Tanya murmured. "Listen, Tom. This is what I think we ought to do: I think we ought to tell them!"

"Tell them!" he echoed, horrified.

"Yes, tell Bob and Doris."

"What?"

"That—well, everything. That we have just been fooling, and that we began it to attract their attention—everything."

"What good would that do?"

"It would precipitate matters," Tanya said.

"Well, I don't want 'em precipitated!"

"Why, Tom," she said reproachfully, "what's come over you lately? Doris has been so nice to you—everything's been going so well, and now when you have a chance at a big job, and something to offer her, you get so cross.

"And it's all because things are at this miserable halfway stage, when we've got to act or lose the effect of all our trouble! Now listen, Tom: I want you to go frankly to Doris Dunham, and tell her the truth, that you love her and that you have a good job. And meanwhile I'll talk to Bob."

"You talk to Bob! How can you talk to Bob?" he echoed. "You're talking like an idiot! Can you go to a man and tell him you have a crush on him? How d'you mean you'll talk to Bob?"

"I mean," Tanya said with dignity, but with heightened color, "that I'll speak to him about asking me to the game, and I'll tell him that at New Year's I'm going south, to stay with my brother and sister-in-law and the baby for a while, and that if he wants to write to me, or sometimes come down to see me——" She paused. "Oh, he'll know what I mean, all right!" Tanya said, with a daring laugh.

"And suppose he just says dully that you're very kind!"

"Well, what of it? There are other men in the world!"

"In case of his throwing you down, I wish you'd write me. I'll leave my address with you," Tom said thickly.

"Leave your address with me! I should hope you would. And I'll report everything. But Tom, before you go, you'll have it out with Doris, won't you?"

"I suppose so."

Tanya disposed of her custard. Her forehead was crinkled, her eyes narrowed.

"And what if she just dully says to you that you're very kind?" she asked.

"She will," Tom assured her.

"Oh, Tom, don't be so gloomy! You

give me the creeps! Why, in that case," Tanya said, "you and I would have to escape to Panama, and dig a cave at Morgan's Beach."

"Don't talk about it!" Tom said.

Her beautiful eyelashes were wide apart. "Are you so disgusted at going back? Why, Tom, the very thought of living in old Panama again, and having cantaloupe ice cream at the club, and lighting a candle in the cathedral——"

There was a silence. She watched him expectantly. But Tom did not look up.

"Shall we try our luck, Tom?"

Now he was looking at her, and Tanya noted with concern that Tom was haggard this morning.

He saw the rich fold of dark hair under her blue hat and the doll's lashes shading the sapphire eyes. Lean, smooth young cheeks stained pink, eager mouth never two seconds the same. The curve of her chin and the rise of her breast, and the sweetness and cleverness and womanliness of her . . .

"Go on!" she was urging him, at the end of a dissertation he had not heard. Tom hardly spoke as they walked back to the office.

But at the door he delayed her, and said hoarsely, without looking at her: "Listen, if anything does go wrong, how about you and me going to Panama?"

"You and me!" she exclaimed.

"Oh, shut up, for heaven's sake!" Tom muttered, glancing at the casual groups of returning workers.

"Well, but honestly, it would look perfectly ridiculous for us—and my brother George would skin me!" Tanya stammered, her eyes wide. "I mean, how could we, Tom?"

"Never mind, let it go," he muttered, showing her into a filled elevator.

And that afternoon at closing time she walked through the pattern room to leave a typewritten slip under Tom's eyes on his desk.

"B. is taking me to tea," the note said. "D. tells me you are going to stop in at her apartment for a book, before dinner. Now or never! Yours engagedly, T."

Tom walked up and down, and up and down the sidewalk opposite Mrs. Gunn's house. He had had no dinner; he thought he was going mad.

His face burned, his hands were icy, and his heart beat thick and suffocatingly in his throat. Every time any person came along the street he walked fast, as if he were hurrying somewhere. When the dingy block was deserted he loitered, concentrating his attention upon the Gunn bay window, feebly lighted behind dingy lace curtains.

There was a light on the top floor, which had been extended into a sort of gambrel. Tom knew Tanya's window; it was dimly illuminated. He hardly dared look up at it, because immediately he felt as if he were going to die.

Sometimes a quiet shabby form went into Mrs. Gunn's; sometimes a shabby form came out. Dinner in the basement room was over; he had seen the Japanese boys clearing things away.

"I will get over this!" Tom said aloud to the cold winter night. He walked up and down, up and down.

Once he crossed the street and mounted the Gunn steps. But at that moment someone rattled the door from inside, and Tom turned in a blind panic and walked away. He took up his vigil on the opposite side again.

"She's out," he decided. "He's taken her to dinner! Oh, my Lord!"

Suddenly he turned as if arrested by a pistol shot. Someone had come out of the Gunn doorway and had slammed the door and was running down the steps. The wavering street light touched the blue of the suit, the blue of the hat.

The girl fairly raced to the corner, Tom after her. It was eight o'clock; she oughtn't to be coming out alone.

His senses swam, his head was dizzied with half-thoughts, quarter-thoughts.

"Tanya!" he stammered.

She gave a smothered scream. They stood panting, facing each other in the half-dark.

Tom seized her; he saw that she was crying.

"Let me go!" said Tanya, choking. "I hate you!"

"What's the matter?" Tom asked, in a crumbled world of volcanic ashes and bitter cold.

"I hate you!" the girl sobbed, struggling in his big hands. "Let me go!"

"What's the matter?" Tom asked.

"Matter!" she exclaimed in an incisive voice, suddenly at white heat. "The matter is that you let me in for that—you've made him hate me—you've made me hate myself!"

"What'd you do?" Tom persisted.

"I'm heartbroken! I couldn't eat any dinner! I'm so ashamed I could die!" Tanya burst out. "You—you let me in for this."

"Pull yourself together!" Tom said suddenly, amazingly at ease. "If you haven't had any dinner, you'll have to come get some. You had tea, didn't you?"

"I couldn't eat that, either! Sandwiches, éclairs, everything I like," Tanya said. "And I was so fussed—I was so mad that I couldn't eat!"

"He must be a fine boob if anything you could say to him made him hate you!" Tom said, in a voice of pain.

They were walking along together now, and she was close against his shoulder.

"I don't blame him!" she said.

"Didn't he get you, dear?" Tom said.

Instead of answering, she huddled against him the closer. "Oh, Tom, you're so comforting!" she said, in a meek little-girl tone.

"He probably didn't know what you were talking about, honey," Tom went on, encouraged, dizzy with happiness.

"Know what I was talking about! He wants to marry me!" Tanya exclaimed.

"Oh!" He halted. "Oh, then your side of it worked, didn't it?" he asked.

"You mean that Doris wasn't nice to you?" she demanded, stupefied.

"Doris? Oh, Doris. I never said one word to Doris," Tom said.

"You didn't say anything to her!"

"No."

"You didn't stay at her house for dinner?"

"I did not."

"She said she was going to ask you!"

"She did ask me."

"Tom Richie, what possessed you?"

"Well," he explained slowly, "I thought my girl might need me, so I came around by your house."

There was a silence. Her arm may have tightened a little in his but she said nothing; she did not look at him.

"What are we going to do now, Tom?" the girl asked finally.

"I've got it all worked out, dear."

"And—and are you taking me to dinner, Tom?"

"I am."

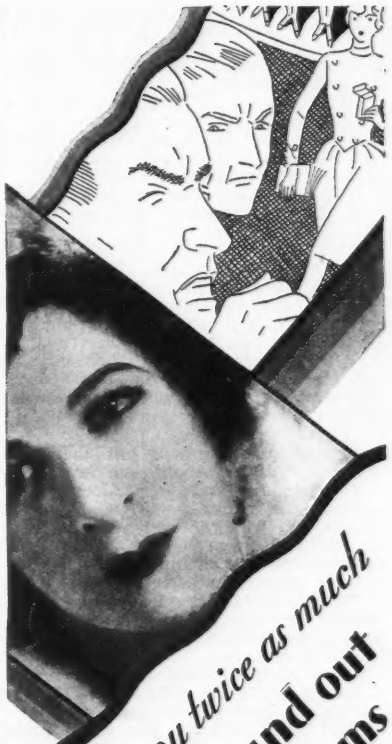
"Red eyes and all?"

"Red eyes and all." He cleared his throat.

She wheeled suddenly; her face was against his shoulder, one hand traveling up about his neck.

"What do you say, darling?"

"I'll—tell you later," said Tanya. "I seem to be getting—good—at it!"



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5¢ *Two kinds: S. B. (Black) or the new Menthol.*

The Office Wife *by Faith Baldwin*

(*Continued from page 79*)

talking so much to that Davis woman. She isn't your sort."

"Ted, what I do and with whom I talk is not your affair."

"Marry me," implored Ted suddenly, "and let me make it my affair. I tell you, Anne, I'm worried about you."

Anne chuckled. She couldn't help it. "Of all your proposals, this one is the most ridiculous."

"I'm glad you think so! The fact is, you're working too hard. Eaton has a nerve, keeping you overtime, taking your Sundays and your evenings."

"It's part of a job which I intend to keep," Anne told him.

"Well, there's talk in the office. I'm only telling you for your own good," Ted broke out suddenly, and then cursed himself silently and heartily. He hadn't meant to say anything.

Anne flung around at him, her face white. "Talk? About me and Mr. Eaton?" she asked incredulously, not evading the implication.

"Yes, if you will have it. *I* know there's nothing in it, but it does look funny. You're with him so much."

Betty Howard had tried to warn Anne a few days previously. But she had been tactful to the point of incoherence. Now, Anne twisted her hands in her lap and said steadily:

"Miss Andrews held the same position—did much the same work. I never heard any gossip about her."

That, she thought, was not strictly true. A number of people had commented on the other woman's obvious devotion to her chief.

"Oh, be yourself!" advised Ted. "Andrews was Andrews. You're twenty-five to her forty. And you're so pretty; you're *beautiful*, to me," he added with a rather touching sincerity. After a moment he went on: "It makes all the difference, you see; the sort of girl you are, and the sort of dried-up old maid Andrews was. Can't you see?"

"I suppose so. It's absurd, of course," Anne replied.

"Oh, Teddy!" She turned on him, exasperated. "I don't want to be taken out of it. I want to stay. I don't want to marry anyone. I don't want to marry you."

"Then there's some truth in it, after all," muttered Ted sullenly.

"In what?"

"That the chief's in love with you," he accused.

"Ted, that's idiotic. He doesn't know I exist except as his secretary. He—he has the loveliest wife; he's crazy about her," Anne answered with no real conviction.

"Well, you're off your head over him, then!" commented Ted.

"I—am—not!" she managed to lie, defiantly.

But terror seized her, flooded her; the blood rose in a warm tide, flooding her whiteness to scarlet.

"You must be. No woman," said Ted doggedly, "gives herself as you do, spends herself, sacrifices herself for—a *job*. The only reason a woman drives herself all day and half the night is for a *man*."

"You're a generation back," Anne told him. But the brutality of his conclusion had not escaped her. Was it true? Was it only her love for Eaton which made the difficult work so easy for her? "Drive quickly—and get me home. I'm tired. And if you say another word to me about this—this nonsense, I'll never come out with you again!"

Home finally, and in bed, she tried not to think of what Ted had said: "Not for a *job* . . . but for a *man*."

She tried to picture another man in Eaton's place, another chief. To her horror and bewilderment, she found she no longer could visualize the job without the man she loved.

She was illogically, femininely angry at Ted for having told her the truth. So she did not see him for a time but went to Jim's instead; helped Sara entertain the friends who dropped in at all hours. And saw Kathleen, who was rehearsing for another piece.

But Kathleen was not as open with her as formerly; and Anne, remembering Ted's caustic comments, began to worry. She saw that the younger girl's interest in Dolly Davis' sleek-haired shadow was growing—and becoming obvious. And it alarmed her. She spoke of it to Eaton one day when he asked about Kathleen, simply because the need was in her; she had to tell somebody.

"I'm worried about her," she told him.

"Why? The stage nowadays," said Eaton, "is as safe a profession as any."

"I know it. That's what I argued when she made up her mind to take it up, and Mother and Father were against it. But she knows the wrong people."

"What kind of people?" Eaton asked, instantly seizing on any pretext to keep her talking to him.

"Oh, not the girls she lives with, really, though there's one I don't like much. But—you met Dolly Davis the other night at the club. Do you remember her? There's a man—he wasn't there that night—he and Dolly——" Anne shrugged, left the implication open. "He's a wretched little beast, sleek as a seal," she went on; "he's been paying attention to Kathleen. I've warned her, but she laughs at me. She announced recently that she was planning to leave the chorus and dance with this creature at some night club."

"Perhaps she'll change her mind."

"I don't know, but it does bother me," said Anne, and suddenly, realizing their regained intimacy, she dropped the subject to speak of office matters.

But Eaton, his hungry eyes on her exquisite troubled face, experienced a selfless pity and tenderness remote from passion. She gave so much to her job, and he never had done anything for her. Now, he wanted to, desperately. He would, he told himself. He'd allow himself to show a more personal interest. He owed it to her and to his love for her—a love which, even if unacknowledged, gave him some right to help her.

Shortly afterwards, one night very late, the telephone in Anne's home shrilled alarmingly. Murdock answered. It was for Anne and he called her.

Mrs. Murdock, coming to her door, demanded anxiously: "What's wrong? Is it Kathleen? Or Jim? Is it one of the babies?"

Anne slipped into a kimono and went downstairs to the instrument.

"It's Dolly," a husky voice reached her.

"What is it?"

"I must see you at once."

Anne said patiently: "It's very late. Is anything the matter?"

"If you care anything about that kid sister of yours," Dolly told her, "you'd better step on the gas."

"I'll come," said Anne, and hung up the receiver. She was trembling and she twisted one hand tightly within the other, trying to regain her composure.

Mrs. Murdock was asking, in despair: "Will she not answer me, my own daughter? What is the matter, Anne?"

"It's all right," Anne told her. She thought frantically, then lied easily, "It's Betty Howard. She's been taken ill and is alone—so I'm going to town at once. I'll stay the rest of the night with her."

"Poor child," Mrs. Murdock commiserated, all sympathy and relief. She liked Betty—but thank heavens, one of her own was not threatened!

Anne dressed and Mrs. Murdock, fluttering about, nearly drove her mad.

"Here are your shoes. Aren't you going to brush your hair? I've chicken broth in the ice box. Take a jar. Tell the girl I'll come and look after her tomorrow in case she has no one."

Anne refused the broth and evaded all her mother's questions. Shortly afterwards she stepped out into the eerie night and shivered at the first touch of a chilly wind.

It was after one o'clock when she knocked at Dolly Davis' door, and Dolly, fully dressed, opened it. Dolly was haggard, but her eyes were overbright.

"So you're here," she said, with some hostility. "You've had time to go to St. Louis and back."

"I came immediately," Anne said. "What has happened?"

"Nothing yet. Only your precious Kathleen is planning to run away with Georgie—that's all. I found a note from her in some clothes I was sending to the cleaner's," Dolly said bitterly. Then she laughed as she saw Anne's expression. "Don't look so upset. He lives here most of the time—and on me."

Anne sat down. She rarely smoked, but now if ever she needed something to steady her nerves. She reached out for a cigaret and lighted it, her fingers shaking.

Dolly flung herself into a deep chair and began to talk incoherently.

"After all I've done for him, the little rat!" she said, and proceeded for three minutes to inform Anne what she thought of Georgie.

Anne listened, fascinated. Dolly's mouth was painted in likeness of a curved red bow, and from that bow the black curses, poison-tipped, were released like little arrows.

When that was over, Dolly said sullenly: "I love him. I've fed and clothed him, and I despise him—and I love him so much that I'd kill myself for him tomorrow. I *will* kill myself—I'll haunt him all the days of his worthless life!"

She began to cry, making no effort to stem the tears and the hoarse sobs.

Anne rose and passed through the untidy living room into the bedroom and bathroom. She hunted in the medicine closet, stained and dusty, and found a bottle containing spirits of ammonia. She measured a dose and returned to Dolly, who was still crying.

"Drink this!" Anne ordered quietly.

How to find Kathleen? How to stop her? How to make this pitiful, hysterical woman talk sense?

Dolly pushed the glass aside. "Take that stuff away! Get me a drink—out of the cellaret!"

Anne removed the medicine and poured a straight dose of whisky. Dolly drank it, wiping her mouth with the back of her hand. The rouge came away in a long crimson streak. She stared at it as if it were blood.

Anne said, still with forced repression: "Let's talk quietly. When are they going? Where? Tell me everything you've found out at once!"

"I don't know," Dolly said sullenly. She jumped to her feet, rummaged in a

desk drawer and returned with a three-cornered note which she flung onto Anne's lap. "Read that."

Anne read, eagerly yet reluctantly.

> Darling (Kathleen had written), I know you love me. We'll go away and be happy somewhere together, and that woman will never bother you again . . .

Anne read no more. She dropped the note and commented: "But she mentions no definite plan here."

"What of it? I haven't seen him all day; he didn't come this evening. I was to meet him for dinner. I waited in front of Ching Lee's for an hour, then I had to go to the theater. I phoned you as soon as I got home." Suddenly she leaned forward, her eyes and lips hard. "You'd better take care of your sister," she warned. "Take care!"

Anne was conscious of sickness—a sickness of fear. She remembered certain sordid headlines in the tabloids. But anger took her—anger that anyone as beloved and basically sound and sweet as Kathleen should be threatened by people like Dolly, like Georgie.

"I'll take care of her, all right!" she told the older woman. "Do you think for one moment I'll let her have anything to do with that slimy beast if I can help it?"

"Keep your tongue off him!" Dolly warned her. "I'm the only one that can run him down. He never raised his hand to her. She chased him—silly little fool—making eyes and cooing and pitying him on my account. What's she got that I haven't? Youth, perhaps, and better looks," Dolly answered her own question grudgingly. "Well, if I ever get my hands on her she won't look so pretty, and she'll feel a darned sight older!"

"Don't be an idiot," Anne ordered sharply. "Look here, have you anything to prove your—your relationship?"

"Relationship?" Dolly stared, and then with one of her sudden changes of mood laughed heartily. "Proof? He's got a latchkey, if that's proof. And here"—she rolled up her sleeve and exhibited a bruise—"here's a fingerprint!"

"I can't take those to Kathleen," Anne told her, disgusted.

Dolly's eyes were enormous. "Do you mean to tell me that she needs—proof? She must be more of a fool than I thought. Why doesn't she bring her rattle to rehearsals?" Dolly commented.

"I know Kathleen," said Anne. "She's young and gullible. I don't know what your precious Georgie has told her—but whatever it was it wasn't the truth. When she knows that she'll have no more to do with him."

"Look here," Dolly interrupted with ominous calm, "are you trying to tell me that Georgie isn't good enough for your sister?"

"Well, is he?"

"He's a darn sight too good for her!" Dolly exclaimed passionately.

She stopped and looked at Anne. Anne was leaning back in her chair. Her face was white and her eyes, no longer disgusted or angry, were darkly pitying.

Dolly got out of her chair, like an old woman. She came over to Anne and knelt down beside her, her arms flung across her lap.

"Help me to get him back again," she whimpered. "He's all I've got in the world—and I'm getting old."

Her ruddled face worked nervously. Anne touched her hair and hated herself for the physical repulsion which accompanied the gesture. In this moment of victory over the hostility and rancor she had encountered on her entrance, she felt no triumph, only a dull relief.

"You don't know what it is to lose something you care for," Dolly murmured; "or what it is to be jealous. Sometimes I think I'm half crazy! He's no good, Anne, but he's *mine*. I'm not much good, either—but I want him back. He'll forget her; he's been like this before, though never as bad."

"Get up, Dolly," Anne told her. "I'm going to see Kathleen now. It's after two, but that doesn't matter. I'll straighten things out."

Dolly got to her feet, swaying on her ridiculous heels.

"I'll do anything," she promised. "I'll go away. I've a chance to get work in Chicago if I care for it; we're closing here. He'll go too." Dolly's face hardened. "He'll *have* to go."

Anne put on her things and started wearily for the door.

"You're a good kid," Dolly told her, following her. She stood close to the girl in the narrow hallway and Anne was enveloped in a scent of Black Orchid, stale cigaret smoke, cosmetics and liquor. "A good kid. I'm sorry I cut up rough." She held out her soft, hot hand. "Good-by," she said.

Anne held the hand a moment. "Good-by and good luck," she told the older woman.

Dolly answered, gripping the firm, slender fingers: "Say, isn't life comic? Lissen, did I ever tell you I was married once? Yeah—to a trick bicycle rider. He's dead now—and dying was the only decent thing he ever did in his life. But he useter say, 'Kid,' he useter say to me, 'you take a lot funnier falls in life than you do on the boards.' And he was right."

The door closed behind Anne. She leaned against it a moment, sick with fatigue, and from the apartment she had left she heard the shrill sound of Dolly's ironic laughter.

On her way to Kathleen's she thought of the other woman. It was impossible to condemn her, that tawdry, generous, passionate creature. Anne thought, "If things had worked out as I once planned!"

She shuddered back from the mental pictures, but forced herself to follow them to their conclusion. If she had not really fallen in love with Lawrence Eaton; if she had kept her head clear and her heart free; if she had encouraged that one dangerous kiss to lead to other embraces; if she had surrendered herself for a little fleeting security, for a little easy satisfaction; if he had tired; if—if—*if* she had become, eventually, one of the regiment of women in which Dolly marched . . .

She cried out and quickened her steps. She must forget Eaton; she must forget everything now but Kathleen and her immediate need. If she could tell Kathleen that she too knew, that she had been tempted! And she faced the realization that in loving Eaton she was no less tempted than when she had fancied she did not deeply care for him.

It was uncanny walking through the silent, dark streets. She met no one save a solitary policeman who looked at her curiously as she hurried by.

Presently she reached Kathleen's.

"You don't know what it is to be jealous," Dolly had told her.

Ah, did she not? Climbing the stairs, she thought of that hideously revealing moment in the bedroom at Hot Springs—then shut her mind to it.

Lola let her in. "Holy cat!" she exclaimed. "What's up?"

"I want to talk to Kathleen. Is she asleep?"

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THE chief physician of a military hospital in Paris, the professor of surgery at a royal university in Milan, the head of a state clinic in Vienna . . . from all over the world, leading physicians write in praise of FELLOWS' Syrup. Based on their clinical experience with this fine old tonic, they scientifically report the gains scored by patients.

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THE TONIC

FELLOWS' SYRUP

"I guess so. I just got my clothes off. What's wrong with you?"

"Nothing."

"If you've heard about Georgie," Lola advised her, "go easy. We've all tried to head her off. That kid's a mule. I hate to see her get mixed up with a rotter like that," Lola went on, and Anne saw warning and sympathy under the patina of the years.

She went into the bedroom which Kathleen shared with one of the other girls, now out of town. Kathleen was sleeping with one arm flung up, the lovely face flushed and childlike.

Anne sat down on the bed and touched her gently. "Kathleen."

The girl turned, woke, blinked at Anne incredulously, and then sat up. She was thinner, thought Anne, harried-looking.

"For heaven's sake!"

Anne got up and closed the door and, returning, sat down on the bed.

"I've been with Dolly Davis," she said.

KATHLEEN colored. "What has she been saying about me?" she began furiously.

"Never mind that. We've no time. Is it true that you are planning to go away with George——?" She stopped, realizing absurdly that she did not know the man's surname.

"If I am, what of it?" Kathleen challenged. "I can do as I like, can't I?"

"I suppose so. Where are you going?"

"To the Coast. He has a chance in a night club there. We are going to work up an act."

"Kathleen, listen to me. Do you expect him to marry you?"

"George doesn't believe in marriage," Kathleen told her defiantly. "He—he says it ruins personalities. He believes in a union bound only by love and respect," she went on glibly. Then she met Anne's eyes and her own fell. "But I think he'll marry me—*after*," she whispered.

Anne's heart leaped. *"After."* The implication was that it was not too late; that the hold this fatuous wretch had upon the girl was not the last, the strongest hold of all—not yet.

She said casually: "Dolly's expected for some time that he'd marry her."

Kathleen rose to the bait. "He doesn't give a snap of his fingers for her. He's just sorry for her."

"So sorry for her that he allows her to buy his clothes, to share her apartment with him—to keep him, in fact?"

"That's a lie!" Kathleen's eyes were furious—and frightened. "I heard all that talk, most of it from her. He told me he was ill and broke once and she looked after him. He was grateful to her—as—as a son might have been," Kathleen explained ridiculously, "and she spoiled their friendship by falling in love with him—a woman old enough to be his mother!"

"He told you that? And you believed him? Kathleen, look at me!"

The girl did so, unwillingly.

"Have I ever lied to you?"

"No."

"I am not lying now. I have heard what you have heard, but I have seen what you are unwilling to see: his clothes in the apartment to which he has a latchkey; his finger marks on her arm. He misuses her," Anne said; "he would go to any lengths for money."

"I don't believe it!"

"Yes, you do. You just won't face it. You must. I wouldn't ordinarily interfere in your love affairs—as you've said, your life is your own. But you can't throw yourself away on this worthless creature—this kept boy—this man who abuses women. *Man!"* repeated Anne, in disgust. "Bird of prey would be better! I don't know why he wants to take you away with him," Anne went on.

"He—loves me," Kathleen told her in a small voice.

"He doesn't. He can't know the meaning of the word," Anne answered. She shuddered. "If I thought—if I thought that he planned to exploit you!"

There was a silence, and then Kathleen shrieked suddenly.

"What is it? Oh, do be quiet," Anne implored her, frantic with fear and foreboding. "Tell me, Kathleen. It doesn't matter what you've done—only tell me."

"I haven't done anything," Kathleen told her unhappily, "only—I just remembered."

"What—what have you remembered?"

"A man—George said he wanted me to meet him. I was to be nice to him. He was an old man with lots of money. He owns a string of night clubs."

Anne said quietly: "You see?"

"I don't want to see. No, I'll not believe it. He's been so dear—such fun. It's all Dolly's lies, Anne; jealous lies!"

"No. Listen, I'll get into bed with you—it isn't long till morning. Promise me that you won't see him or write until we've talked it over again quietly. I'll come tomorrow after work. Now, I'm so tired, Kathleen."

She pulled off her clothes, found a nightgown of her sister's, and a few moments afterward lay beside her in the narrow bed. Her arms went about the younger girl's smooth, warm body; she pressed her cheek to the round shoulder.

"You're—crying, Anne?" Kathleen's voice was awed. She hadn't seen Anne cry in years.

"It's all right. Don't mind. I'm tired and miserable."

"On my account," Kathleen thought. She turned and took Anne in her arms.

"I'll do as you say," she promised. "Perhaps you're right. I don't know. I'll be good, Anne; I swear it. I'll wait. If he really loves me, he'll—he'll prove that these things aren't true."

But fear is the beginning of wisdom. She knew in her young, easily pierced—as easily healed—heart that these things were true.

"I was—I *am*," she corrected herself, "so crazy about him. And it was so—exciting."

There was the keynote. Anne realized it, but was too tired to think it out. She said drowsily: "Hush. Try to sleep. We'll talk tomorrow."

"I know. But if you ever cared about anyone, you'd understand."

"I do care about someone with all my heart," Anne told her. "Someone fine and wonderful and worth while."

Kathleen held her closer. "Anne, who is it? Are you going to be married?"

"He doesn't know I exist," Anne told her wearily. "And he isn't free to marry me even if he did know and if he wanted me I'd go to him tomorrow, if it wouldn't harm him. But it would. So I can't, and even if it didn't hurt him I want more than just makeshift. I'm telling you because you're the dearest thing in the world to me—except that one other person. And I want you to know that I understand what love can do to people. Only, forgive me, darling, I don't think you have loved anyone—not yet."

She was asleep before she had time to regret her confession. But Kathleen lay awake. Anne in love! Ted? But Ted was crazy about her—and Ted was free. Who, then? Suddenly she knew.

Oh, poor Anne, thought Kathleen. And presently slept, one arm flung as if protectingly over the other girl.

She was still sleeping when Anne rose next morning and tiptoed out. Lola slept too, and Sally, her roommate. Anne scribbled a note to Kathleen:

"Remember your promise. I'll be in this evening."

She left it on the pillow beside the sleeping girl and went to work.

Things went wrong that day. She made half a dozen foolish mistakes. Toward the close of the afternoon, Eaton spoke with concern:

"Miss Murdock, what's the matter? You're so unlike yourself. Are you ill?" he asked, unable to conceal his alarm.

"No." She forced herself to smile. "No. I was up almost all night."

"Someone throw a late party?" he asked, much disliking this probable explanation. She shook her head. "Illness in the family?" he probed further.

"No," she answered, thinking it was illness, after all. For Kathleen was sick of a malignant fever, a poison in the blood.

"Can't you tell me?" Eaton begged. "You—you've been pretty generous with me. I'd like you to feel"—his voice deepened—"that I'm your friend."

His heart cried out there, "And your lover, Anne; always your lover!"

She had no one to whom to turn. Her parents were out of the question. Ted? She knew what Ted would say, and even Betty Howard, good comrade that she was, could not help her here. She felt terribly incompetent. She could handle Eaton's affairs, keep her head in his emergencies. She could even muddle through her own problems alone. But when her own flesh and blood was darkly threatened she felt that she could not fight the battle single-handed, and this man was strong and sane. She could trust him—and she loved him.

"Can't you tell me?" he repeated.

So, stumbling a little, she gave him chapter and verse, ending with her visit to Dolly and her talk—part of it—with Kathleen.

"She promised; I think she was frightened. But if she sees him again, or thinks it over and believes that I've lied, I don't know what she'll do. She's headstrong, Mr. Eaton."

Eaton had listened, frowning. "You'll have to get her away from that crowd," he suggested. "Couldn't you live with her?"

ANNE said thoughtfully: "I never thought of that."

"Would she consent?"

"I think so."

"If you do," Eaton advised seriously, "don't put too many restrictions on her—beyond this man. She's been used to liberty for a little while. You can't take the hen-and-one-chick attitude."

"I know. But—oh, if he'd only leave town," said Anne wretchedly. "I know things would come out all right."

"We'll see. Find out his name. I have powerful friends at Headquarters. You say he plays the races and has no other visible means of support? They keep dossiers, even in this country. They'll give a man rope enough and when he's ready to hang himself they have the goods on him," Eaton told her. "I think that I can arrange to have him receive an official warning that he'd better clear out of New York *alone*."

"If you would! If he goes," Anne said, relief in her heart and eyes and voice, "Dolly would join him, I'm sure."

"So much the better. Find out his name tonight and call me at the house."

"I hate to trouble you. I'm so grateful."

"You don't. And please don't be grateful. I don't do half, a quarter enough for you. I never can," he told her.

That night, Anne found Kathleen

restless, inclined to regret her promise. on the defensive, abusive of Dolly, of gossip, sure that it couldn't be so. But Anne managed to make her give her word that she would not see the man for a few days at least. Meantime Anne discovered the name he went by—D'Argent—and from a booth telephoned the name and address to Eaton.

Two days later Mr. George D'Argent left town hurriedly—and without a word to Kathleen. But Anne had a hasty scrawl from Dolly.

> Kid, I don't know how you did it, but Georgie and me are on our way on separate trains. He's promised to be a good boy. I think he'll marry me now. I've got the promise of a job, and everything looks rosy.
>
> It was signed: "Fondly yours, Doll."

Anne showed the note to Kathleen. The girl read it, threw it on the floor, burst into angry tears.

"She's a *cat!*" sobbed Kathleen.

"He couldn't have cared for you so much," commented Anne, with studied brutality.

But Kathleen fled and locked herself in the bedroom.

Anne let her alone for a time after that. In the interim she had a talk with her parents and told them that she was moving to town.

"Kathleen isn't happy with her friends," she explained, "and she can't come home. It's much better for her in the city. She doesn't want to be alone, and it seems wise and practical for us to take a place together. Don't cry, Mother; I'll come home often."

Later, Molly asked shrewdly: "Kathleen? The child's been misbehaving?"

"No, dear," Anne told her. "Only she's very young and I don't like the people she travels with. She'll never come home to live; she's 'way past that. It will be better if we are together."

Mrs. Murdock nodded her gallant red head. "I don't know what you're keeping back," she said slowly. "I suppose Kathleen's been headstrong and foolish. But you've a good head and a clear eye, and it's all right with me, Anne, and I'll make it right with himself."

Anne moved to two rooms and bath and a real kitchen on West Eighth Street, and a subdued Kathleen moved with her.

"You're a quixotic idiot!" Sanders told Lawrence Eaton with affectionate exasperation.

"Quixotic—I doubt; idiot—certainly; but neither, in this case. No, Sanders, I can't see it."

"It's one of the biggest accounts that's been offered us," Sanders commented with deceptive mildness.

Anne, from her own office, listened shamelessly. The door was half open. For two days this bloodless battle had raged, ever since the Warner account had been under discussion.

"We don't take dubious medicines; we don't take cure-alls, do we?" asked Eaton.

"Nope."

"We employ a reputable physician to investigate any medical statement made in our advertising, do we not?"

"We do," agreed Sanders.

"Doctor Mathews has made a report on this infant food," Eaton proceeded, "and while it appears harmless—in other words, it isn't guaranteed to kill innumerable babies—it simply does not measure up to the claims made for it. The concern insists upon making those claims. Therefore, if I have anything to say about it, we will not handle the account."

"But," argued Sanders, "if, as you say,

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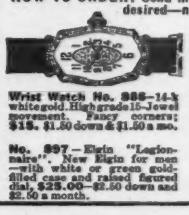

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WATCHES

the product can do no harm, couldn't you stretch a point? It's a lot of money."

"We can struggle along without this particular fifteen percent," said Eaton, grinning. "The business was built up on a foundation of integrity. We believe in our clients and what they offer the public. That belief stands back of every piece of copy which goes out of this office. It's more than honesty—it's honor. No, I can't see it, Sandy. The Warner people will have to take their problem elsewhere."

"Well," Sanders told him resignedly, "it's O. K. with me. You're the big boss. Only, I hate like thunder to see that much jack get away from us."

"So do I; I'm only human," Eaton admitted. "But in this case I cannot be convinced. For every cent we'd gain, we'd lose two cents—later on. Lowering the standard even once is bound to affect the business eventually. Sorry to disagree with you, old man."

"Forget it," Sanders said gruffly. "I'll tell the Warner outfit to run along and sell their papers at another stand."

"I thought you'd see it," Eaton told him quietly. "By the way, I've got Merle Dawson, the music critic, to take over the superintending of the musical end of our broadcasting."

"That's good," Sanders told him. "Well, I'll get back to work. See you later."

He went out through Anne's office and stopped to speak to her. Anne, a little later, went in to see Eaton.

"I'm afraid I've lost face with Sanders," Eaton told her, smiling ruefully, yet boyishly wanting her approbation.

Anne knew all about the Warner proposition. She said, trying to keep back the idolatrous warmth from eyes and voice: "You were right."

"Well, that doesn't always make one popular," Eaton laughed. "It isn't the first time such a question has arisen, but it's never meant so much money before." He looked at her, and against the better judgment of his mind, followed his heart. "Look here, I think I need a reward for virtue. Couldn't we have dinner and go to a show? It's been so long——"

"I'd love it," said Anne instantly, forgetting all her resolutions.

She had tried to school herself to an unnatural calm in his presence, but sometimes, as now, the mask slipped, and he saw, and he dared to wonder.

Anne, back at her desk, wished he hadn't asked her to go out—and was radiant with happiness because he had.

That night they dined together and went to the most discussed play of the season, and experienced the necessity for concealment, the excitement of this unofficial nearness. So the play, good as it was, was wasted on them.

"I mustn't do this again," thought Anne, when he was leaving her at her door, holding her hand in farewell.

"I'll have to cut this out," he thought, getting into his car, "before I've more than begun. It's too pleasant—and unsatisfying—and dangerous!"

DURING the winter Eaton went to the hunting club in Virginia for a time. He had to get away, away from Anne, to face the admission that the attraction persisted. And during his absence her daily routine seemed endless and uninteresting. That frightened her. If she were losing her interest in the job for the job's sake she might as well give up.

At this time Linda asked her help again and she went to the apartment, hating herself for being so unwilling. Yet they had been friendly since their closer contact at Hot Springs. Linda had even enlisted Anne's aid in small plots against Eaton. "See if you can't persuade him to put off that St. Louis trip for a day; I do so want him to go to the Marshes' with me." Such conspiracies were not serious and when they did not really interfere with Eaton's business Anne allied herself with Linda. Eaton told her once, secretly delighted:

"It's amazing how you manage me! Oh, don't shake your head. I'm on!"

"If," she stammered—"if I've seemed officious——"

"Come, don't be foolish. I am content. All good secretaries manage their bosses. I've no objection. Rather like it, in fact."

He mentioned it to Linda. He couldn't help it. Anne's face had been so—dear and embarrassed.

"She blushed like a kid," he said, "and I was sorry I'd said anything."

"Office wives," Linda murmured.

"What's that?"

"Nothing—only, think it over," Linda advised, unmalicious; "someone has to manage every man. When the wife at home can't or won't the proxy wife in the office must."

"I don't think I quite like that."

"Larry, you're a nice person, but on certain occasions you lack humor."

"Now, do I?" he mused and asked Anne the next day.

"Tell me the fatal truth," he urged; "humorless people are intolerable."

"If you mean a kind of custard-pie sense of humor," Anne said slowly, "I don't think you have it."

"What other kinds are there?"

"Oh, an ability to see the comic side of serious things," Anne told him seriously. "Sort of the difference between wise-cracking and wit."

"And I've not that sort?"

"Oh, yes. If you hadn't, you wouldn't think you hadn't."

"That's rather Irish."

"I come by it naturally," she told him.

He picked up a letter on his desk, smiled at her, thanked her gravely but with laughing eyes, and they got to work. He thought afterwards Linda had been right, in part; perhaps, where Anne was concerned, he did lack humor. But—that office wife remark had carried a certain sting with it. Linda didn't know; still, the sting had been there.

One Sunday evening Kathleen was out and Anne was home alone. She sat before the fire in the small hearth and thought of Eaton. The novel she had set herself to read lay unopened, and she sat back in her big chair and looked contentedly about the small apartment.

There was not much furniture in it. She wanted the best, and that cost money. If ever her ship came in, she would buy things: a comfortable couch, end tables, another deep chair.

In the bedroom she had the two narrow beds from home and the dresser and vanity table. These she had painted a cool, misty green. She had bought pretty curtain material at a remnant sale and Mrs. Murdock had made the curtains for her. There were pictures on the walls: good prints which she had had for some time, and two fine ladder-back chairs.

Her mother had given her enough to furnish the kitchen; and Anne had amused herself painting the plastered bathroom a curious sea-blue.

Some day the living room in which she sat would be—just right.

The doorbell rang and Anne, aroused from her dreamings, rose and let Ted in.

"Hello!" She looked so astonished that he accused her, crestfallen:

"You didn't expect me."

"No," she admitted.

"But I told you I'd come by and we'd go to a movie or something."

"So you did! I'm getting absent-minded. I'm sorry, Ted."

"Well, it's not a flattering reception. Get your things. Where's Kathleen?"

"Out with Frank Young—a friend of Jim's."

"Does your Highness approve?"

"Oh, quite; he's a nice person," Anne said. "Ted, come in and look at the bathroom wall. It does look speckled."

He'd helped her paint it. He followed her in and stood gazing critically.

"So it does. Tell your girl friends it's distempered—the latest thing," he advised.

ON THE way back to the living room he caught her in his long arms.

"Ah, Anne, are you never going to have me, then?" he asked. "We'd have such fun, dear, fixing up a little place of our own."

She struggled, and he let her go.

"No, Ted. I don't want a place of my own—at least I do want it and I have it, but——"

"But what?" he demanded.

"I want it—alone."

"Kathleen?"

"She's my sister. You know what I mean," Anne told him.

He digested this a moment in silence. Then he said unhappily, "I suppose I do know what you mean. Well, get your coat and hat and we'll go out!"

After a moment she said gently: "You look tired. Would you rather stay here?"

He swung around at that, his pleasant, boyish face dark with emotion. "No! To be alone with you—like this—and not be able to touch you!"

After a moment, comprehending fully out of her own love's bitter wisdom, she said: "I'm sorry, Ted."

"So am I." His mouth twisted in a wry smile. "But it can't be helped and I don't expect you to understand. You're a girl, and—so cold."

Cold? She said nothing, but she wondered. Cold? Not she, whose blood burned to her finger tips when she was near Lawrence Eaton! Cold—and not understanding! She knew that she understood only too well.

They sat through part of a cambric-tea film, and then walked through the little park, and at ten o'clock presented themselves at Polly Ames'.

The austere sister was not present. But Polly had filled the small flat to overflowing with young people. Ted knew most of them, but Anne did not.

Someone played the piano; someone sang. They rolled up a rug and danced to a phonograph. Ted, with Polly in his arms, his eyes roving about the room in search of the flaming gold that was Anne's hair, whistled a current song under his breath: "There's one little girl who loves me, there's one little girl who don't."

"Ungrammatical," thought Ted, "but pretty darned near true."

For Polly was cooing at him: "You haven't been here in ages. I've missed you so much. Have I done anything to offend you?"

"Don't be ridic!" Ted told her.

"Anne isn't looking well," Polly remarked. "She works too hard, doesn't she?"

Now there was nothing in the friendly concern of that question to anger Mr. O'Hara. Nevertheless, he replied with some frigidity:

"I don't think so. She has an important job, you know, and it doesn't stop with office hours."

"Yes, one hears that," Polly answered.

"Hears what?"

"That she works—out of office hours."

"Now what do you mean by that?"

"Teddy"—Polly looked grieved—"I don't mean anything. Why do you always take that tone when Anne Murdock is mentioned? Of course everyone knows you're crazy about her," Polly went on, drooping, "but you needn't go about with the attitude that if a person mentions her she's being insulted."

"Of course I'm not crazy about her. What a silly idea!" Ted denied hotly, and had the feeling of a Peter who repudiates his most sacred emotion.

Later, there was "something in a chafing dish" and coffee, and chocolate cake which Polly had made herself. After which Ted took Anne home.

"I'm afraid you were bored."

"No. Polly would make 'most anyone a good wife," Anne remarked.

"Look here, are you trying to——?"

"Of course not. Thanks a lot for tonight," she told him, and he departed.

Waiting for Kathleen, she thought back to her evening with Eaton. But that mustn't happen again. Well, tonight had been stupid. But Sundays passed and Mondays came again.

During that winter Eaton was so busy that he saw little of his wife. Linda was always away somewhere. And it was borne upon him during the first week in March, when she was again at Hot Springs, how little he missed her.

Dining one night with old friends, an especially happy couple, he found himself comparing his marriage with theirs. What had been lacking for so long between him and Linda?

They were friends. They respected each other. For a time their only deep tenderness had been physical, a holdover of their original attraction. They had drifted farther and farther apart.

If he and Linda both realized this fact—and surely she must realize it—might it not be possible to go to her and say, "Linda, I've fallen in love with someone else"?

But how did he know she felt as he did? How did he know that she wasn't perfectly content in her cool way?

But on the same evening, his hostess spoke to him seriously, jarring him out of his self-absorption.

"Larry," she said, "forgive me in advance if I overstep the bounds of a long and happy friendship to—warn you."

"Just what do you mean?"

"Linda. John and I are devoted to Linda—and to you. And we are so sorry to see things going wrong between you."

"But they are not," he denied mechanically. "We're happy. Of course, I haven't been able to give Linda the sort of companionship she wants. I'm a busy man, Frances."

"If you don't give it to her, someone else will."

It was entirely in keeping that he took that quietly; did not flare up, grow melodramatic. It wasn't in him. Besides, he knew Linda and trusted her.

"She cares for someone else?" he asked, going straight to the point.

"I don't know"—Frances Marsh's face was troubled—"but I think so."

Larry Eaton was silent a moment, thinking. The answer came to him naturally. "Dick Jameson?" he asked.

"I think so," Mrs. Marsh said unhappily. "They like the same things; they've been thrown together so much. They were with us at Placid this winter—you wouldn't come, Larry; you never do, more's the pity—and I couldn't help seeing. Oh, it was nothing that you could put your finger on. Only, I've known Dick so long and for the last few years—well, he's given up everything, even that old, almost matrimonial entanglement, you remember? And he's always to be found where Linda is. I—I'm not a trouble-maker, Larry; I just want to tell you. It isn't too late."

"Thank you, Frances. Oh, I mean that. I'm not being sarcastic. I've been, I think, a good deal of a fool."

He sat up late that night, thinking, wondering, speculating. Twice he got up to write to his wife a frank, honest letter: "We've made a mess of it, haven't we, dear? Isn't there any way out?"

But he could not.

Did he in stark honesty want to begin over again?

He knew that he did not. He knew that he had for Linda no single flame of passionate longing, no spark bright enough to flare up into the ancient fires. And he knew that this quality of emotion, lost to him so far as Linda was concerned, still burned within him for another woman.

The question was, what did Linda want? He must put himself and his own desires apart. How far had she really left him? Was she unhappy? And did she care for the man who was his friend and hers?

If she did? If she wanted her freedom?

His heart shook with the natural implication this led to. If she wanted her freedom, and he, after a decent interval, could go to Anne?

But he couldn't speculate further, not until he knew what Linda wanted.

He did not write Linda. He decided to wait until her return, and during that period Anne had an attack of influenza.

Eaton got along as best he could. But everything went wrong.

To say that he missed her is an inadequate term. He lacked her, achingly, in his personal life. He had not fully realized how much her nearness had meant.

In their months of close association he'd come to depend on her judgment and reticence. His business mind relied on her to smooth the daily path for him. But what he had not completely realized until she'd gone was that his eyes relied on her too, and his ears—a dependence of the senses.

This sense of loss, of a lack irreplaceable until she should return, was the very root of love. This he knew. Knew, too, that the days were long and tiresome and that he came to his work fagged, with little enthusiasm. He made daily inquiries through the office about Anne. Sent novels and flowers, glad of the excuse to do so, and when she'd been absent for ten days he went to see her.

Perhaps, he told himself, he shouldn't. Yet, a valued employee falls ill; her employer calls upon her. What was out of the way in that? But he wasn't calling as an employer; perhaps he'd better not.

But he went, one night after a lonely savorless dinner, and Molly, who had been staying at the apartment to nurse her daughter, admitted him and they liked each other on sight. Molly saw nothing odd in his visit. Why shouldn't he come to see the poor child?

Anne, convalescent, was sitting in her big chair, a blanket over her knees, a soft satin negligee molded to her lovely figure, and one of Kathleen's frivolous pillows behind her head. Eaton recognized instantly and with sharp anxiety how frail she looked, how white and thin. But her old smile flashed to him.

Molly disappeared presently, and as Eaton drew a chair close Anne said:

"Please smoke. No, I don't mind. How's the office? Have you had a bad time?"

Very bad, he thought, but said, aloud: "I get along. Now, don't worry. Who's looking after you?"

"Mother. She put up a cot in here.

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Kathleen's away evenings and Mother has no confidence in anyone's nursing save her own."

She laughed a little. She was remembering the night Dolly Davis had sent for her and she'd been forced to tell Mrs. Murdock that Betty Howard was ill. What a time she'd had next day, over the telephone, telling her not to come to town.

She said, as he watched her, so content to be near her, and yet not content: "Monday, I'll be back. The doctor won't promise but I think I can persuade him."

"Don't think of it until you're quite strong. Hadn't you better take your mother and go somewhere to recuperate? South, perhaps? The office will take care of your expenses," Eaton told her, reluctant to delay her return, but aching with tenderness, pity and the desire to protect which is the very heart of love.

Yet he wanted to say, "Please come back Monday. I can't do without you."

Anne was saying hurriedly, gratefully: "It's awfully good of you, but I'd rather come back as soon as I can. I'm not used to this elegant idleness."

She asked him some questions relative to business, and they talked for a time, rather as business partners do; almost, but never quite forgetting that they were man and woman.

Molly returned with hot milk and thin toast for Anne and a cup of coffee and a plate of doughnuts for Anne's boss.

"I thought you'd like a bite," she told him cheerfully, "and then you must go. The child's tired."

"Mother!" expostulated Anne, her white skin tinged with scarlet.

"And are you not? Do you deny it, with your hand shaking so you can scarcely hold the glass?" asked her mother. "You've been up long enough."

"Of course she has," Eaton agreed. He drank the coffee, ate a doughnut or two with appreciation and then rose to depart. The flowers he'd brought were in a vase Mrs. Murdock had set near Anne.

Anne indicated them. "I haven't thanked you properly for these—or for the lovely ones last week, and the books."

"Don't try." He stood close beside her. "Don't do anything but get well. We—miss you so," he admitted.

Then he had gone.

"Nice boy," commented Mrs. Murdock, "and not a bit like what I thought."

"Boy?" asked Anne, laughing.

"Sure and they're all boys to me, the big men, from the cradle to the grave. And the sooner women realize that they grow up but men never do, the better off they'll be and the wiser."

She was no fool, was Molly. She had seen the light in Anne's eyes when Eaton had entered the room; had seen the response in his. And her heart was troubled. Yet she had no misgivings. She thought she knew what she called a "decent man" when she saw one. She was only sorry for her child.

Upon the day Anne came back to the office, Linda returned.

She was looking amazingly lovely, Eaton thought, without the slightest acceleration of his pulse. Bronzed and rosy, her eyes deep velvety brown, eyes like pansies, her lips red with healthy blood. But she was nervous. He had never seen Linda nervous before.

He was determined to speak to her seriously, not about Jameson but of their own relationship. He had pledged himself to ask her, "Are you unhappy? If so, what can I do to set it right?"

He knew he did not wish to set it right. Yet he was an orderly man, and the complete disruption of anything as important and serious to him as marriage seemed an incredibly grave step. But if Linda wished it, then it should be so. His own happiness demanded that if she wished it he should accede. And surely if she cared for another man nothing was left to them save disruption!

But if she did not care for Jameson and was unhappy in her present life, could he offer himself to her again for her happiness' sake. Could he ask, "Shall we start over? I will give up my work. I will go where you wish, be your companion. We will play together; find new grounds of mutual interest."

He knew that he could not thus offer himself. Giving up his work would be suicidal to his soul. It would mean idleness, restlessness, boredom, misery; and it would mean losing Anne—the precious treasurable little he had of her—entirely.

This he could not face. Could not demand of himself.

Having reached this mental impasse he sat there in the lovely library watching Linda walk about, finger things, light a cigaret and throw it away. He must ask her—now. He must ask her, *"What do you want?"*

But suddenly she had answered the unspoken question. For she stopped in front of him and said simply:

"Larry, I want a divorce."

What will be the result of Linda Eaton's request for a divorce in the life of Anne Murdock? Faith Baldwin tells you of the far-reaching effects of Linda's action in her February Installment

A Marriage of Convenience *(Continued from page 61)*

a sip of your lemonade, my dear," said Mr. Wilkins.

Mrs. Wilkins slightly turned her head and looked at the monkey sitting on her lap. "Would you like a sip of Mother's lemonade, Egbert?"

The monkey gave a little squeak and putting her arm round him she handed him a straw. The monkey sucked up a little lemonade and sank back against Mrs. Wilkins' ample bosom.

"Mrs. Wilkins thinks the world of Egbert," said her husband. "You can't wonder at it—he's her youngest."

Mrs. Wilkins took another straw and thoughtfully drank her lemonade. "Egbert's all right," she remarked. "There's nothin' wrong with Egbert."

Just then the French official began walking up and down. He had been accompanied on board by the French minister at Bangkok, one or two secretaries and a prince of the Royal Family.

There had been a great deal of bowing and shaking of hands and, as the boat slipped away from the quay, much waving of hats and handkerchiefs. He was evidently a person of consequence. I had heard the captain address him as Monsieur le Gouverneur.

"That's the big noise on this boat," said Mr. Wilkins. "He was governor of one of the French colonies and now he's makin' a tour of the world. He came to see my circus at Bangkok. I guess I'll ask him what he'll have. What shall I call him, my dear?"

Mrs. Wilkins slowly turned her head and looked at the Frenchman.

"Don't call him anythin'," she said. "Show him a hoop and he'll jump right through it."

I could not help laughing. Monsieur le Gouverneur was a little man, well below the average height, with an ugly little face and thick, almost negroid features; and he had a bushy gray head, bushy gray eyebrows and a bushy gray mustache. He did look a little like a poodle and he had the poodle's soft, intelligent and shining eyes. Next time he passed us Mr. Wilkins called out:

"Monsoo. Qu'est-ce que vous prenez?" I cannot reproduce the eccentricities of his accent. *"Une petite verre de porto."* He turned to me. "Foreigners, they all drink porto. You're always safe with that."

"Not the Dutch," said Mrs. Wilkins. "They won't touch nothin' but schnapps."

The distinguished Frenchman stopped and looked at Mr. Wilkins with some bewilderment. Whereupon Mr. Wilkins tapped his breast and said:

"Moa, proprietarre cirque. Vous avez visite."

Then, for a reason that escaped me, Mr. Wilkins made his arms into a hoop and outlined the gesture that represented a poodle jumping through it. Then he pointed at the wou-wou that Mrs. Wilkins was still holding on her lap.

"La petit fils de mon femme," he said.

Light broke upon the governor and he burst into a musical and infectious laugh; Mr. Wilkins began laughing too.

"Oui, oui!" he cried. *"Moa,* circus proprietor. *Une petite verre de porto. Oui. Oui. N'est-ce pas?"*

"Mr. Wilkins talks French like a Frenchman," Mrs. Wilkins informed the passing sea.

"Mais très volontiers," said the governor, still smiling. I drew up a chair and he sat down with a bow to Mrs. Wilkins.

"Tell poodle-face his name's Egbert," she said, looking at the sea.

I called the boy and we ordered a round of drinks.

"You sign the chit, Elmer," she said. "It's not a bit of good Mr. What's-his-name shakin' if he can't shake nothin' better than a pair of treys."

"Vous comprenez le français, madame?" asked the governor politely.

"He wants to know if you speak French, my dear."

"Where does he think I was raised? Naples?"

Then the governor, with exuberant gesticulation, burst into a torrent of English so fantastic that it required all my knowledge of French to understand what he was talking about.

Presently Mr. Wilkins took him down to look at his animals and a little later we assembled in the stuffy saloon for luncheon. The governor's wife appeared and was put on the captain's right. The governor explained to her who we all were and she gave us a gracious bow.

She was a large woman, tall and of a robust build, fifty-five perhaps, dressed somewhat severely in black silk. On her head she wore a huge round topee.

Her features were so large and regular, her form so statuesque, that you were reminded of the massive females who take part in processions. She would have suited admirably the rôle of Columbia or Britannia in a patriotic demonstration.

She towered over her diminutive husband like a skyscraper over a shack. He talked incessantly, with vivacity and wit, and when he said anything amusing her heavy features relaxed into a smile.

"Que tu es bête, mon ami," she said.

She turned to the captain. "You must not pay any attention to him. He is always like that."

We had indeed an amusing meal and when it was over we separated to sleep away the heat of the afternoon. On such a small boat, once having made the acquaintance of my fellow passengers, it would have been impossible, even had I wished it, not to pass with them every moment that I was not in my cabin.

The only person who held himself aloof was the Italian tenor. He spoke to no one, but sat by himself as far forward as he could get, twanging a guitar.

We remained in sight of land and the sea was like a pail of milk. Talking of one thing and another, we watched the day decline, we dined, and then we sat out again on deck under the stars.

The two traders played piquet in the hot saloon, but the Belgian colonel joined our group. He was shy and fat.

Soon, influenced perhaps by the night and encouraged by the darkness which gave him, up there in the bows, the sensation of being alone with the sea, the Italian tenor, accompanying himself on his guitar, began to sing, first in a low tone, and then louder, till presently, his music captivating him, he caroled with the full power of his lungs. He had the real Italian voice, all macaroni, olive oil and sunshine, and he sang the Neapolitan songs that I had heard in my youth in the Piazza San Ferdinando.

He sang with emotion and false emphasis and his tremolo reminded you of every third-rate Italian tenor you had ever heard, but there in the openness of that lovely night his exaggerations only made you smile and you felt in your heart a lazy sensual pleasure. He sang for an hour, perhaps; then he was still.

I saw that the little French governor had been holding the hand of his large wife, and the sight was absurd and touching.

"Do you know that this is the anniversary of the day on which I first saw my wife?" he said, suddenly breaking the silence. "It is also the anniversary of the day on which she promised to be my wife. And, this will surprise you, they were one and the same."

"*Voyons, mon ami,*" said the lady, "you are not going to bore our friends with that old story. You are really quite insupportable."

But she spoke with a smile on her large, firm face, and in a tone that suggested she was willing to hear it again.

"But it will interest them, *mon petit chou.*" It was in this way that he always addressed his wife and it was funny to hear this imposing and even majestic lady thus addressed by her small husband. "Will it not, Monsieur?" he asked me. "It is a romance and who does not like romance, especially on such a night as this?"

I assured the governor that we were all anxious to hear.

"You see, ours was a marriage of convenience pure and simple."

"*C'est vrai,*" said the lady. "It would be stupid to deny it. But sometimes love comes after marriage and not before, and then it is better. It lasts longer."

I noticed that the governor gave her hand an affectionate squeeze.

"You see, I had been in the navy, and when I retired I was forty-nine. I was strong and active and I was anxious to find an occupation. I looked about; I pulled all the strings I could. Fortunately, I had a cousin who had some political importance. It is one of the advantages of democratic government that if you have sufficient influence merit, which otherwise might pass unnoticed, generally receives its due reward."

"You are modesty itself, *mon pauvre ami,*" said Madame la Gouverneur ironically.

"And presently I was sent for by the Minister to the Colonies and offered the post of governor in a certain colony. It was a distant spot that they wished to send me to and a lonely one, but I had spent my life wandering from port to port, and that was not a matter that troubled me. I accepted with joy.

"The minister told me that I must be ready to start in a month. I told him that would be easy for an old bachelor who had nothing much in the world except a few clothes and a few books.

"'*Comment, mon lieutenant!*' he cried. 'You are a bachelor?'

"'Certainly,' I answered. 'And I have every intention of remaining one.'

"'In that case I am afraid I must withdraw my offer. For this position it is essential that you should be married.'

"It is too long a story to tell you, but the gist of it was that owing to the scandal my predecessor, a bachelor, had caused by having native girls live in the residency and the consequent complaints of the white people, it had been decided that the next governor must be a model of respectability. I expostulated. I argued. I recapitulated my services to the country. Nothing would serve. The minister was adamant.

"'But what can I do?' I cried.

"'You can marry,' said the minister.

"'*Mais voyous, monsieur le ministre,* I do not know any women. I am not a ladies' man and I am forty-nine. How do you expect me to find a wife?'

"'Nothing is more simple. Put an advertisement in the paper.'

"I was confounded. I did not know what to say.

"'Well, think it over,' said the minister. 'If you can find a wife in a month you can go, but no wife, no job. That is my last word.' He smiled a little; to him the situation was not without humor. 'And if you think of advertising I recommend the Figaro.'

"I walked away from the ministry with death in my heart. I knew the place to which they desired to appoint me and I knew it would suit me to live there; the climate was tolerable and the residency was spacious and comfortable. The notion of being a governor was far from displeasing me and, having nothing much except my pension as a naval officer, the salary was not to be despised.

"Suddenly I made up my mind. I walked to the offices of the Figaro, composed an advertisement and handed it in for insertion. But I can tell you that my heart was beating much more furiously than it had ever done when my ship was stripped for action."

The governor leaned forward and put his hand impressively on my knee.

"*Mon cher monsieur,* you will never believe it, but I had four thousand three hundred and seventy-two replies. It was an avalanche. I had to take a cab to take the letters to my hotel. My room was swamped with them.

"There were four thousand three hundred and seventy-two women who were willing to share my solitude. It was staggering.

"They were of all ages from seventeen to seventy. There were maidens of irreproachable ancestry and the highest culture; there were unmarried ladies who had made a little slip at one period of their career and now desired to regularize their situation; there were widows whose husbands had died in the most harrowing circumstances; and there were widows whose children would be a solace in my old age.

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"They were blond and dark, tall and short, fat and thin; some could speak five languages and others could play the piano. Some offered me love and some craved it; some could give me only a solid friendship mingled with esteem; some had a fortune and others golden prospects.

"I was overwhelmed. I was bewildered. At last I lost my temper, for I am a passionate man, and I got up and I stamped on all those letters and all those photographs and I cried: 'I will marry none of them!'

"It was hopeless; I had less than a month now and I could not see over four thousand aspirants to my hand in that time. I felt that if I did not see them all I should be tortured for the rest of my life by the thought that I had missed the one woman the fates had destined to make me happy. I gave it up as a bad job.

"I went out of my room, hideous with all those photographs and littered papers, and to drive care away went on the boulevard and sat down at the Café de la Paix. After a time I saw a friend passing and he nodded to me and smiled.

"I tried to smile but my heart was sore; I realized that I must spend the years that remained to me in a cheap *pension* at Toulon or Brest as an *officier de marine en retraite. Zut!* My friend came up to me and sat down.

" 'What is making you look so glum, *mon cher?*' he asked me. 'You are the gayest of mortals.'

"I was glad to have someone in whom I could confide my troubles and I told him the whole story. He laughed consumedly. I have thought since that perhaps the incident had its comic side, but at that time, I assure you, I could see in it nothing to laugh at.

"I mentioned the fact to my friend not without asperity, and then, controlling his mirth, he said to me: 'But my dear fellow, do you really want to marry?' At this I entirely lost my temper.

" 'You are completely idiotic,' I said. 'If I did not want to marry, and marry at once, do you imagine that I should have spent three days reading love letters from women I have never set eyes on?'

" 'Calm yourself and listen to me,' he replied. 'I have a cousin who lives in Geneva. She is Swiss, *du reste*, and she belongs to a family of the greatest respectability in the republic. Her morals are without reproach; she is of a suitable age; a spinster, for she has spent the last fifteen years nursing an invalid mother who has lately died; she is well educated and she is not ugly.'

" 'It sounds as though she were a paragon,' I said.

" 'I do not say that, but she has been well-brought-up and would become the position you have to offer her.'

" 'There is one thing you forget. What inducement would there be for her to give up her friends and her accustomed life to accompany in exile a man of forty-nine who is by no means a beauty?' "

Monsieur le Gouverneur broke off his narrative and, shrugging his shoulders emphatically, turned to us.

"I am ugly. I admit it. I am of an ugliness that does not inspire terror or respect but only ridicule, and that is the worst ugliness of all. When people see me for the first time they burst out laughing.

"Listen, when the admirable Mr. Wilkins showed me his animals this morning, Percy, the orang-utan, held out his arms and but for the bars of the cage would have clasped me to his bosom as a long-lost brother. Once, indeed, when I was at the Jardin des Plantes in Paris and was told that one of the anthropoid apes had escaped, I made my way to the exit as quickly as I could for fear they would seize me and, notwithstanding my expostulations, shut me up in the monkey house."

"*Voyons, mon ami,*" said Madame his wife in her deep slow voice, "you are talking even greater nonsense than usual. I do not say that you are an Apollo—in your position it is unnecessary that you should be—but you have dignity, you have poise, you are what any woman would call a fine man."

"I will resume my story. When I made this remark to my friend he replied: 'One can never tell with women. There is something about marriage that wonderfully attracts them. There would be no harm in asking her. After all, it is regarded as a compliment by a woman to be asked in marriage. She can but refuse.'

" 'But I do not know your cousin and I do not see how I am to make her acquaintance. I cannot go to her house, ask to see her and when I am shown into the drawing-room say: "*Voila,* I have come to ask you to marry me." She would think I was a lunatic and scream for help. Besides, I am a man of extreme timidity, and I could never take such a step.'

" 'I will tell you what to do,' said my friend. 'Go to Geneva and take her a box of chocolates from me. She will be glad to have news of me and will receive you with pleasure. You can have a little talk, and then, if you do not like the look of her, you take your leave and no harm is done. On the other hand, if you do, you can make a formal demand for her hand.'

"I was desperate. It seemed the only thing to do. We went to a shop at once and bought an enormous box of chocolates and that night I took the train to Geneva. No sooner had I arrived than I sent her a letter to say that I was the bearer of a gift from her cousin and much wished to give myself the pleasure of delivering it in person.

"Within an hour I received her reply to the effect that she would be pleased to receive me at four o'clock in the afternoon. I spent the interval before my mirror and seventeen times I tied and retied my tie. As the clock struck four I presented myself at her house and was immediately ushered into the drawing-room. She was waiting for me.

"Her cousin said she was not ugly. Imagine my surprise to see a young woman, *enfin* a woman still young, of a noble presence, with the dignity of Juno, the features of Venus, and in her expression the intelligence of Minerva."

"You are too absurd," said Madame. "But by now these gentlemen know that one cannot believe all you say."

"I swear to you that I do not exaggerate. I was so taken aback that I nearly dropped the box of chocolates. But I said to myself: '*La garde meurt mais ne se rend pas.*' I presented the box of chocolates. We talked for a quarter of an hour. And then I said to myself: '*Allons-y.*' I said to her:

" 'Mademoiselle, I must tell you that I did not come here merely to give you a box of chocolates.'

"She smiled and remarked that evidently I must have had reasons more important than that for coming to Geneva.

" 'I came to ask you to do me the honor of marrying me.' She gave a start.

" 'But Monsieur, you are mad,' she said.

" 'I beseech you not to answer till you have heard the facts,' I interrupted, and before she could say another word I told her the whole story. I told her about my advertisement in the Figaro and she laughed till the tears ran down her face. Then I repeated my offer.

" 'You are serious?' she asked.

" 'I have never been more serious in my life.'

" 'I will not deny that your offer has come as a surprise. I had not thought of marrying. I have passed the age. But evidently your offer is not one that a woman should refuse without consideration. I am flattered. Will you give me a few days to reflect?'

" 'Mademoiselle, I am absolutely desolated,' I replied, 'but I have not time. If you will not marry me I must go back to Paris and resume my perusal of the fifteen or eighteen hundred letters that still await my attention.'

" 'It is quite evident that I cannot possibly give you an answer at once. I had not set eyes on you a quarter of an hour ago. I must consult my friends and my family.'

" 'What have they got to do with it? You are of full age. The matter is pressing. I cannot wait. I have told you everything. You are an intelligent woman. What can prolonged reflection add to the impulse of the moment?'

" 'You are not asking me to say yes or no this very minute? That is outrageous.'

" 'That is exactly what I am asking. My train goes back to Paris in a couple of hours.'

"She looked at me reflectively. 'You are quite evidently a lunatic. You ought to be shut up both for your own safety and that of the public.'

" 'Well, which is it to be?' I said. 'Yes or no?'

"She shrugged her shoulders. '*Mon Dieu.*' She waited a minute and I was on tenterhooks. 'Yes.' "

The governor waved his hand towards his wife.

"And there she is. We were married in a fortnight and I became governor of a colony. I married a jewel, my dear sirs, a woman of the most charming character, one in a thousand, a woman of a masculine intelligence and a feminine sensibility, an admirable woman."

"But hold your tongue, *mon ami,*" his wife said. "You are making me as ridiculous as yourself."

He turned to the Belgian colonel. "Are you a bachelor, *mon colonel?* If so, I strongly recommend you to go to Geneva. It is a nest of the most adorable young women. You will find a wife there as nowhere else. Geneva is, besides, a charming city. Do not waste a minute, but go there and I will give you a letter to my wife's nieces."

Madame la Gouverneur summed up the story.

"The fact is that in a marriage of convenience you expect less and so you are less likely to be disappointed. As you do not make senseless claims on one another, there is no reason for exasperation. You do not look for perfection and so you are tolerant to one another's faults.

"Passion is all very well, but it is not a proper foundation for marriage. *Voyez-vous,* for two people to be happy in marriage they must be able to respect each other, they must be of the same condition and their interests must be alike; then, if they are decent people and are willing to give and take, to live and let live, there is no reason why their union should not be as happy as ours." She paused. "But of course, my husband is a very, very remarkable man."

That Night in Paris *(Continued from page 27)*

I shall introduce him to the interesting fact that we can build battleships faster than he can."

Again I gasped at his stark frankness and actually shivered when I thought what a sensation I could create among the news-hungry war correspondents down at the Hôtel Crillon, who had come from all over the world to write about what Wilson was going to do but who had been unable to learn anything upon which to base a story.

My reportorial eye, however, again went back to the big sheet of paper on the table. I was itching to know what it was. I wondered if it might be a table of proposed land and sea forces, to which the signers of the treaty would be asked to subscribe. Another thought was that it might represent a division of colonial German territory, which was sure to be a serious problem.

I felt certain it pertained to some important phase of the peace conference and I finally mustered up the nerve to ask about it.

Mr. Wilson handed it to me, and I read it with blank incomprehension. "climate," but comparatively low percentages—around forty percent or fifty percent—in "intellectual advantages" and "social advantages."

The percentages in each of the first five columns had been added together and divided by five. In this manner Mr. Wilson had arrived at the column of percentages under the heading, "Average," on the extreme right. These "average" figures, therefore, graded the seven communities according to their composite content of the qualities listed at the head of each column—"freedom," "climate," "intellectual advantages," "social advantages," "recreation and amusements."

What did it mean? Why was Woodrow Wilson working on it with such painstaking effort on that particular occasion?

What had I stumbled upon, anyway, in the private life of this great world peacemaker? It was simply this:

I had discovered what Woodrow Wilson was doing on the night of the day he arrived in Paris, while the whole world held its breath for his first word and

	Freedom	Climate	Intellectual Advantages	Social Advantages	Recreation and Amusements	Average
	%	%	%	%	%	%
Boston						
New York						
Washington						
Richmond						
Charleston						
California						
Bermuda						

As I studied the strange document my mind began to unfold. In each of the little squares was a figure—some percentage of one hundred. For example, Boston, New York and Washington were rated low in "freedom" and "climate," but high in "intellectual advantages" and "social advantages." On the other hand, California and Bermuda were given high percentages in "freedom" and while a million mad Frenchmen swarmed about his door. In the calm, secluded parlor of Prince Murat's palace, beneath a shaded lamp, in a dimly lighted room, with Mrs. Wilson beside him stitching on a piece of fancywork, he was conscientiously, meticulously considering, by an elaborate, scientific process all his own, where he and Mrs. Wilson would live after March the fourth, 1921.

The Party Dress *(Continued from page 35)*

she would do, how she'd get along, without both of them. They both loved her. She loved Francis, too, of course she loved him; he was marvelous to her. She would always do everything in the world she could for him . . . Well, almost everything.

"I'm devoted to you, Francis," she said impulsively. His face grew bright with happiness; he caught her hands and held them tensely. "Perhaps this isn't the place for that," she reminded him; "Acton and Cordelia are in the house, to say nothing of the people on the street."

He moved away from her and his mouth hardened. "I am more and more sick of this, Nina," he proceeded. "I am sick of your family in the house and the people on the street. I'm sick of waiting."

Nina said: "Perhaps you had better not wait any longer, Francis. I've explained a thousand times that I don't want to be selfish about you."

That generosity, he showed at once, did not please him at all. "But I want you to be selfish about me," he protested; "I want you to need every bit of me, and not care what happens. When a woman is in love she is like that. You know it as well as I do. I'd like you to be careless and forget there is anyone in the house. That you even have a family. I don't want you to remember that streets exist."

Love, Nina silently supposed, was like that—careless and headlong and even desperate. "No woman could afford to forget so much," she said; "it would land her nowhere before she knew it."

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"I think you are wrong. I think any number of women do it all the time. Publicly or privately. You are talking nonsense, darling. Women don't care for the things they say they do as much as they'd like you to think. They are not half as civilized as men. They are pretty savage underneath."

Nina laughed gayly. "Heavens, Francis, what a picture! Aren't you getting mixed up with what honestly you'd like me to be? Or even what I want to be. Want to be and can't for the reason I said—I can't afford it. Francis, women can't. They have hidden practically everything too long. They made their existence out of little things and now the little things are terribly important. They are what we live on. I will admit to you, Francis, it isn't very satisfying."

She rose sharply. "If we don't go over to the club, where at least the shots are wild, we'll spoil a perfect day with a lot of imaginary troubles. We will walk, too. I must play golf more; I don't get any exercise at all. I'll be a sight." She ought, Francis told her, to get even fatter. "Now I'm certain you love me, a little," Nina admitted; "if a man loves you he always thinks you are too thin. If I did get fat, Francis, how you would hate it, all of you, Wilson too! You want me to be well, of course; but you want to please yourselves first."

THERE was a small tree beside the ninth and last green of the Eastlake golf course, immediately beyond the clubhouse steps, and Francis Ambler carried two wicker chairs from the porch and set them in its shade. The day grew more and more lovely. From where she sat on the grass Nina could see the near curving sweep of the golf course and the tees and fairways beyond; beyond that a little valley was filled with the greenery of apple orchards, the bright surfaces of streams, the gray stone walls of old farmhouses and barns; still farther the hills rose.

At the left, on the farther hills, she saw the long roof of the Ambler house, with its flag pole, above a sweep of wide lawn. It was still early; none of the afternoon players had come up to the ninth green, but she recognized Wilson with his foursome on the eighth tee. From behind them, on the left, came the sound of swift feet on a clay tennis court, the hard impact of balls and rackets. Nina gave a sigh of pleasure.

"It's so nice," she explained generally, "the grass and the shade and the hills. This is the nicest place in the world to live. Mary Gow's brother, Chalke Ewing, thinks it couldn't be worse. He thinks country clubs are poisonous; but he doesn't know; the trouble with him is he's never had a good time here. He just stays down in Cuba and reads books about the past. It's wonderful what he does know, Francis. I could listen to him for years."

Francis was indifferent. "I've seen him; he's burned or something like a negro, but I've never heard him. Probably I won't; he has nothing to do with the town, he goes nowhere. Look, there's Wilson now."

She half turned and saw Wilson Henry addressing his ball on the ninth tee. The ninth hole was a hundred and seventy yards long; Wilson used an iron—Nina caught the flash of the blade—and his ball flew out in a high white arc. It dropped precisely on the green with a reverse spin and ran only two or three feet.

"That was splendid!" Nina exclaimed. "It was good for Wilson's score, but better for me. You can't imagine what a perfect temper it will put him in. A shot like that turns Wilson into an angel for three days. I hear about it a great deal, but that doesn't worry me."

No one else with Wilson drove on the green; Joel Bache, who landed in a bunker, took five shots, there were two fours, and Wilson Henry got a three. He nearly had a two.

"Did you see that?" he called to Nina, walking to the first tee. "I used a heavy mashie, it usually takes a number four, and it was enough. I'd had a two, but the green was rough and turned the ball right at the cup." She had watched it all, Nina called back. No one could have done it better.

Francis said to her that Wilson was fortunate—to be so easily pleased. Nina didn't answer. His speech almost annoyed her. Francis took a lot for granted. She was, in turn, surprised and amused at herself. She was cross at him for no reason in the world. She was rather amazed at the fact that she could get mad at him. Like that.

"I envy Wilson a great deal," she said at last; "he has some remarkable qualities. I mean mostly the way he admires his world. He likes everything about it. Except me at times. When I'm not a part of what he thinks. Eastlake and golf and the lumberyard. The United States. He won't listen to any criticism of it. I wish I were like that, Francis."

He gazed at her with an intent face. "It makes me quite cold to hear you talk about changing yourself," he replied. "Thank heaven, you haven't a thing to do with it. I don't think I've told you I love you since lunch, Nina. I do. I do love you." She demanded: "Since lunch?" He said that she took advantage of him in public places. "Ask me that later and I will answer you right. I'll show you."

She scarcely heard him; other people were playing to the ninth green. A ball fell into the bunker, another rolled across the green and vanished, a third was short. Delia Bache and Faith, her daughter, came up; Francis got them chairs. Mary Gow joined them—Francis brought her a chair—and Catherine Pryne appeared; Francis got a chair for Catherine; Cora Lisher walked across the grass to them; Annabel Gow and Anna Louise came along, each with a chair.

"Anna Louise," Francis said, "it's splendid you brought your mother a chair. I hope you like to sit on the grass." Annabel and Faith Bache and Anna Louise sat on the grassy rim of a hazard almost at their feet.

"Practically no one gets on the green," Nina observed. "There is almost always something the matter with the shots. Or else they have no luck. I'm getting a little tired of it. If you are going to be so solemn about golf and play it all the time, you ought to be better than people are. Wilson was on the green, but he missed the next drive. He topped it."

"If you do anything too well," Mary Gow told her, "you make trouble for yourself at once. Either people hate you for it or you're not allowed to do another thing. It's much better not to be on the green too often."

Nina gazed speculatively at the women sitting around her, Delia Bache and Mary and Cora Lisher and Catherine Pryne. They were all, practically, at the same age, they belonged to the same generation of ideas. Annabel and Faith and Anna Louise belonged to a different age and time.

Mary, it seemed to Nina Henry, had spoken for all the women there—they thought, every one of them, that they had changed enormously, that they were quite modern. They hadn't. They weren't. Their clothes were different from their clothes in the near past; they were, without exception, smoking publicly in a totally unconcerned manner; they used words and phrases, they were frankly interested in subjects unheard of for the generality of women twenty, even ten, years ago. But those were only trifles. Cora Lisher, Nina felt, was absolutely old-fashioned, conventional at heart.

She was engaged by this because, all at once, she did not think it was true of her. She believed that suddenly she had grown to be different. Freer. This change, it seemed to Nina, had happened in the short while since she had explained to Francis Ambler the difficulties experienced by women. Or perhaps she had been changing more slowly and only recognized it this afternoon.

Nina now, she assured herself, was superior to most of the limitations that bound the actions and thought of others. She understood life better. That was it. Lately she had begun to see things far more clearly. She had come to realize that nothing was new and nothing permanent. Whatever happened happened because of something in the past. That would soon vanish, changed into something different in the future.

Greece and Rome. Alcibiades and Pericles and Plato. That brought Chalke Ewing vividly before her mind—Chalke Ewing smoking his long cigars and drinking rum swizzle in the dark.

A dim, vigorous white figure in the fragrant summer night. He was, Nina recognized, a picturesque individual. Immaculately dressed. He had made, Mary had told her, a great deal of money. She tried to imagine him in Cuba, in a burning heat, with the green expanse of sugar cane all around him. Speaking in his harsh dominating voice to the negroes cutting the cane. Lonely, she was certain of that. Drinking rum on his piazza or sitting at a lamp with one of his endless books.

That was not a normal or a happy existence. The whole thing was that he had done it too long. He thought too much, with the result that he had grown bitter. If the things that bothered him were going to vanish tomorrow it was silly to dwell on them. Chalke ought to be happy.

Nina's thoughts were lost in an increasing physical contentment. Her mind was a golden haze like the sun in the screen of leaves above her. The sound of voices, across the fairway, the women at her side, were remote and insubstantial. The girls had rambled away, arm in arm. Francis went up to the clubhouse porch. She was more relieved than not to see him go. She was a shade tired of him. Everyone present seemed to take Francis Ambler and herself for granted.

WELL, they had no reason to—Nina had made a discovery about Francis hardly less important than her realization that she no longer loved Wilson. The truth was that she had never in a deep sense loved Francis Ambler. She saw it clearly now. The point of that was she never would. She would not give herself to him.

Nina wondered why and decided that he was too familiar to her and too young. He asked for her love as though it were a gift, a reward for his own love and faithfulness. But love wasn't in the least like that. It was as different as possible. Love wasn't a reward, it was an act of possession. A woman seemed to surrender herself, but that was just a polite pretense—she tied a man to her with the necessity for her body.

Seduction, Nina went on, was largely a myth, convenient but nonsensical. Women, where lovers were concerned, followed a deliberate intention; they weren't dragged into expressions of passion.

Delia Bache said: "Nina, what are you thinking about? You had a positively devilish expression on your face."

Nina Henry laughed. "I was thinking how absurd everything was," she replied; "especially a beau."

Cora Lisher said at once: "Indeed, I don't think Francis Ambler is absurd. As a beau, I mean. I'd like it if he came farther down North Street."

Nina asked negligently: "For yourself, Cora, or for Anna Louise?"

Cora avoided that. "For either of us," she replied. "It would be more useful if he picked out Anna Louise. That might come to something."

Mary Gow said: "That would be as nice as possible—Francis Ambler and Anna Louise. Or, if you want me to be completely honest, Francis and Annabel Gow." Delia Bache added: "Francis and Faith Bache wouldn't upset me."

Catherine Pryne turned to Nina Henry. "Nina, what do you think of all that?"

Nina, in contradiction to what she had just discovered about her feeling for Francis, was conscious of a small secret annoyance. She might not be in love with Francis Ambler, but that didn't touch her willingness to have him in love with her. Nina had no immediate intention of giving up his devotion.

"Splendid," she assured Catherine. "It's too bad he can't do all of it. I mean marry all of them. There are a lot of charming children who haven't their mothers here to represent them. They might have a lottery and draw for Francis."

Delia said that, in such a case, Nina would share in the proceeds with Ocha Ambler.

"I can't see why his mother should have a penny of it," Nina announced lightly. "I ought to get it all." She was conscious that Cora Lisher was studying her intently. Well, she knew more about Cora than Cora could find out about her. Wilson had made that possible.

The discretion of a man was more often than not no better than a clear window into his most secret actions and thoughts. Men never learned that. They were, mostly, honorable; they did what they could to preserve all that was trusted to them; they did not talk; but their sense of honor, while it was imposing to think about, was a feeble cover. Cora suddenly grew talkative.

"I don't, seriously, know what to do about Anna Louise. About young men, I mean. The only things they seem to have lots of are bad gin and what they call love. 'I can't give you anything but love, baby.' That is what they sing. 'It's the only thing that I have plenty of, baby.' I ask you, what kind of a song is that for a mother to hear all the time? They are nice enough." Her voice and bearing grew more vigorous. "No, they are not. They are not near nice enough for Anna Louise. I never saw any who was. Not a thousand Francis Amblers rolled into one."

It was necessary, Nina supposed, whenever Cora Lisher was near, to suffer from at least one long speech about the perfections of Anna Louise. As a result of this, Nina discovered, she was a little tired of her blond curls and set blue eyes, her rather too precisely pretty mouth. Insipid, she thought. A Lisher.

Wilson Henry had again arrived at the ninth tee; everyone under the tree turned to watch his shot, but it was nowhere near the green. He missed another shot. Wilson took a six for the hole. "I had a three on the fifth," he told her; "and three on the seventh. I nearly had a two there. The eighth hole ruined me." He moved toward the clubhouse counting money into a sum that he gave to Joel Bache.

"That is splendid," Delia said; "now Joel will be in a good humor too."

Catherine Pryne laughed. "You do have a dreadful time with your husbands," she proceeded; "I must say you're not much help to a poor single woman who might take the great step." Catherine had gray eyes with an indefinable green flicker in them. As usual she was beautifully dressed in green.

"I hope you don't get married," Nina told her; "Acton couldn't survive it."

She listened to him, Catherine explained. "Boys or men, they are all alike about that. And Nina, I must admit to you that once in a while I ask him if he'll have a cigar."

"No wonder he adores you," Nina answered; "you do him an enormous amount of good. More than I can."

The shadow of the tree slipped away from them, and Mary Gow rose. "This is charming, but as Chalke says, Nina, it can't go on forever. In other words, I must go home. Chalke and Justin simply won't go out. They sit and drink and ask for impossible things."

When Mary had gone Cora Lisher said that she had never seen Chalke Ewing. "From what I heard I don't want to," she proceeded. "Someone, I forget who, told me he was objectionable in every way. Nina, dear, I am sorry I said that. You thought he was marvelous and could spend years with him."

Nina's manner grew detached. "Heavens, did I say as much as that? I thought what I said was I could listen to him for years. He is so different from the men who have always lived in Eastlake. I'm devoted to them, naturally, but I do like to hear someone else once in a while. I imagine there are women who feel that way about Wilson."

Cora said in an even voice that she preferred normal people to people who lived strange lives and had strange ideas.

"You were fortunate, Cora," Nina went on. "Thomas Lisher was perfect for you. I can't remember a Lisher who ever did a thing strange. That is, who did anything you noticed. It was really amazing he married out of Eastlake." That was enough of Cora Lisher. Nina lost her feeling of comfort; suddenly the golf course, the clubhouse, annoyed her. The afternoon grew hot and oppressive.

She couldn't, among other things, bear the thought of seeing Wilson almost at once. She didn't want to hear again about his shot on the ninth hole. And she wanted to get rid of Francis. Nina was afraid of what she might say to him; it was certain to be disagreeable. She got up.

"It's too hot here," she asserted; "I'm going in for a moment." Instead, she walked to her car. She drove down the lane beside the golf course and turned into the Gows'.

Mary Gow was in her room. "This is perfect," she told Nina; "why don't you stay to dinner? Telephone Wilson."

Nina explained that he wouldn't be home yet. "I'll call him up in half an hour."

Mary went on: "I've wanted to talk to you about him, Nina. As a matter of fact I think you are doing rather badly with Wilson. If anything unfortunate comes out of it I'm convinced it will be your fault." Nina gazed at her with an expression of surprised curiosity. "About Cora," Mary Gow explained.

"I'll be frank with you," she went on.

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"Wilson is with her all the time. Nobody would speak to me, because we are so close to each other, but I know, and so do you, what is being said. I don't care about that, and I can believe you don't, but just the same you are making a mistake."

Nina said it seemed to her that Wilson was making the mistake.

"Don't be ridiculous," Mary advised her; "at least not with me. Wilson hasn't a thing to do with what he does and you know it. It's what you let him do. Men like Wilson simply get into what is made possible for them. You are making it possible for him to be with Cora. You could stop it overnight. You ought to do it. It doesn't matter if you are tired of him just now. You think you want to be happy, and that life ought to be different. Perhaps it might, but it isn't; it isn't going to be. Never. We must all face that.

"You are going to be tired of Wilson once every week, but you have to hide it and get over it as soon as possible. For your own good. Wilson is a child, of course. Men are all children. A husband is what you make of him. Generally. There are really bad ones, I suppose, but we're not speaking of them. Wilson isn't bad. He has a bad temper, and he's thoughtless; but Justin, when he is tired, is cold and cruel. In what he says.

"Neither of them, as Chalke said, has a talent for women. They don't like us in their hearts and think we are inferior. Perhaps I ought to say they put us in another world than theirs. A domestic world. It doesn't hurt us to let them believe they are running the actual world, the world here below. That is, if privately we manage it. You aren't doing that. You are neglecting your responsibility, my dear Nina."

"The truth is I don't really care," Nina admitted. "All I want is peace. Some kind of liberty, if it is only liberty of the mind. I want to wear a dress because I like it and drink whisky when I want to. If I think it would be pleasant to get drunk, then I'd like to do that. In consequence I don't interfere with Wilson when he goes to Cora's.

"The whole thing is, I have a better time when he does see her. I discovered that fifty times. I don't mind telling you I encourage it. You will think that is wrong, naturally. Say what you please about Justin's sharpness, you are wrapped up in him. Contradict me if you like, he is enough for you."

Mary Gow said that she saw to it he was enough. "Nina, you must discipline yourself better. A frightful accident will happen to you. I do wish you'd listen to me."

"What sort of accident?" Nina demanded. "I'm not sure I'd mind, if it happened to me. I can't decide if you are talking about Wilson or me. But I'll tell you about Wilson. No matter what is going on with Cora, and a great deal may be, he won't do anything about it. I mean really. If Cora thinks he will she's insane. I know Wilson perfectly well. He might be passionate in private, but he'd never be courageous—in that way—in public. It isn't in him, Mary.

"No woman in the world could get him away from his home and what he thinks is right. He is very conventional and moral. If Wilson heard that one of his friends who was married and had children was having an affair he wouldn't have him in our house. I can't explain it; I can only tell you about it. No, if Cora is counting on anything more actual than she has now, she's sunk. I've just discovered I'm different. If anything like love happened to me——"

Mary stopped her. "You talk like a cuckoo clock," she asserted. "You actually wouldn't do a thing either. You are fooling yourself. That is why I am talking to you. You may think you understand Wilson, but I do know you. Inside out. I'm a woman, remember. Well, you are responsible for Wilson and Cora, and if you don't stop it you'll be in a hole.

"Wilson is doing very well indeed, you are a great deal more than comfortable, and you have the most attractive children in the world; Wilson is good-looking, in a nice masculine way—men and women both like him. He has never given you any trouble worth speaking about. The truth is he's a splendid husband.

"Something has changed your ideas, Nina; I don't know what yet. I haven't any doubt I will find out. Perhaps you can tell me. But it's only your ideas that have changed. It isn't you. You can't."

Nina was conscious of a sense of remoteness increasing between Mary Gow and herself. Mary thought she knew her, when the truth was she didn't at all. Mary Gow was a little tiresome. Nina had not noticed it before. She hadn't changed, she considered; she had just grown tired of not being herself. She was a little more than Wilson Henry's keeper. It was not, for example, enough to be more than comfortable. She didn't want her mind and spirit to die and only her body to stay alive. She wanted her mind to serve her body—or her body her mind—and her spirit to elevate them both. "This is sweet of you, Mary," she admitted.

"It isn't sweet at all," Mary replied sharply. "If you say things like that to me I won't bother. Isn't it time to call up Wilson?"

Harriet answered the telephone. Mr. Henry had left word he wouldn't be home for dinner. He had looked everywhere for her at the country club. Mr. Acton had stepped out, to Miss Pryne's; Miss Cordelia was home and going to the dance at the club. Mr. Ambler had called at the house and would telephone later. He wanted to know where she would be in the evening.

"Wilson won't be home." Nina repeated what she had learned. "Acton is at Catherine Pryne's. Francis Ambler wants to know where I'll be."

Mary Gow asked: "Will you tell him? Ask Francis to come to dinner, Nina." She didn't want Francis Ambler for dinner, Nina said decidedly. "Now I've started," Mary went on more cheerfully, "I may as well say it all. Of course you know that the mothers in Eastlake are about to have you strangled and thrown in the quarry. I don't blame them. Francis is not the most eligible young man in town; he is the only eligible one. You won't let any mere girl have a chance at him.

"Confound it, Nina, you don't want him. It's just pure selfishness. I wonder Ocha doesn't publicly pray for you to take him away to Crete. A married woman who smokes and drinks and has a lewd eye on her Francis!

"I know it isn't lewd. You don't have to explain that. I could shake Francis Ambler, he is such a fool. Men put me in a rage. I suppose it is convenient to have him around, but if he is willing to be just a convenience, personally I couldn't stand him near me, and if he isn't willing, either you are dishonest—with him—or you'll pay him too much in the end. It will spoil something in you, Nina."

There was no faint chance of that, Nina Henry assured her. "I like Francis immensely," she continued; "and he is convenient in the nicest way possible. You are right that I am not in love with him. I won't hurt him. The mothers have no reason to get excited. He isn't thirty yet—really I'm the best thing in the world for him. I save his money and his health and improve his disposition every day."

Mary Gow had finished dressing. "You are impossible," she declared. "Anyhow, I have done my duty. It will be all upset the moment Chalke begins to speak. Now Chalke, Nina, is different from you. He is what he sounds like and he will act on it. In a second. I'll tell you a secret about him you'd never guess. Never let him know I told you—he is an idealist."

Nina Henry laughed. "He is if you say it quick," she cheerfully mocked Mary in one of Acton's satirical phrases. "If he's an idealist I'm what Wilson says I look like, a French cocotte."

It was extremely cheerful at the Gow dinner table. Chalke Ewing, skeptical of the present system of education in the Western world—he was quite willing, Ewing made it clear, to include the Eastern world—explained what, if Annabel had been his child, he would have her taught. He was, he announced, completely old-fashioned.

"I wouldn't teach a girl what I taught boys. Good Lord, no! I am completely against women with men's interiors. Believe me, it is the wrong sort of filling. I'm not speaking of the women who are men anyhow; there will always be a certain number of them; particularly after wars, when men are relatively scarce. I mean girls like Annabel and the Baches' Faith and Cordelia Henry. I would teach them to be attractive.

"It's obvious," Ewing asserted, "that, while there are a great many kinds of men, there are two general kinds of women—the attractive and the useful. Well, we won't bother our heads about the useful girls—God can have them—and we'll go back to what I said. I'd show them how to be as charming as possible.

"I'd start at ten, when a girl's instinctive living begins to be conscious—the Japanese take a geisha earlier—and I'd teach her how to be graceful. I'd keep her out of doors and make her ride horses and run and walk and play. No pseudo-classic nonsense to the sentimental music of Grieg. When the weather was bad she would learn to read. Then, when she had learned that, I'd let her read what she liked from a complete library—the Duchess or Weininger or 'The Life of Billy the Kid.' I'd never interfere with her choice of books.

"After two or three years I'd put her at French and Spanish and German. No Italian. She'd have an exhaustive course in the history of dress, with lectures on past societies and cities and changing morals. What I mean is she'd see the history of the world from the standpoint of a woman. Through herself."

Justin Gow turned to Annabel. "This," he said, "I believe is the exact time when you ask us if you may leave the table for the streets. You may."

Annabel looked rebellious. "I don't want to go," she protested. "This is more interesting than the streets."

Justin agreed with her. He continued: "Life is difficult." He stopped.

"Your father wants you to go, Annabel," Mary pointed out.

"My dear Annabel," Ewing told her, "your parents don't want me to expose their ridiculous and hypocritical conduct with you." When his daughter had gone Justin Gow explained that he had to send her away when Chalke threatened to discuss morals.

"I would show the girl we are talking about the difference between conduct and morals," Ewing proceeded; "one is the practical necessity of the moment and the other simply the tyranny of the past."

Justin nodded to his wife. "I told you," he said; "I didn't get her out a minute too soon. If I think it's best, you'll go next. I can't do anything about Nina. Wilson isn't here to take care of his home."

Chalke Ewing kept resolutely on. "The average girl is not—in the familiar and shocking use of a lovely word—gay. All the efforts to keep her chaste are worse than wasted. She doesn't need to be prayed for, but pushed more violently into original sin. I'd have a course, naturally, in sin. Only it wouldn't be called sin; it would be called beauty, with a later inquiry into truth.

"I'd take a girl at the end of the course in dress and show her how important what she had just learned was. She would find that clothes—and all, naturally, they included—were the most essential facts in life for her. She'd see beauty, not in relation to the marble statues and paintings of Greece and the Renaissance, but in relation to herself. Beauty would be a reality to her—the beauty of dress, the beauty of a house and flowers, the orderly beauty of the practical details of life. She'd arrange and order dinners, but never cook them."

Mary interrupted him. "Could you make it part of your school to have an attractive husband with at least thirty thousand a year ready for each girl?"

Chalke Ewing brought his hand sharply down on the table. "My dear Mary, the girl I'd turn out would have fifty such men battling for her. She'd never get ten feet away from the gate single. I'm afraid for the first two or three hundred years, before men got accustomed to such divine creatures, that the carnage outside the school walls would be frightful. Scores of innocent and lovely girls would be pulled in pieces. Then," he said, "when they had learned the simpler principles of beauty, they would enter their last course of instruction.

"There would be a series of lectures about love. I don't mean a love of God," Ewing specified; "I don't mean the love of country; I mean the love of men. Love and men. And women! They'd have to forget a lot. All they had inherited, practically. Everything, in reality, since the Christians in their caves poisoned Rome. Since the Christians destroyed beauty. We'd have to go back before the Jews discovered that men were sinful, but that women were foul. Before the Arab nomad left sick women alone in the desert until they got well again. If they did. Yes, early as that. Before the books of the Old Testament."

Justin said: "By Jove, you're serious."

Chalke Ewing replied that he was. "I'd teach a girl that her body was bright like a jonquil and lovely like a tea rose. I'd show her that her body was lovely and bright for the same reason. I'd make it clear to her why she perfumed herself like a tea rose. Clear! It's all confused in her mind now.

"I'd make this girl worldly, Justin. Don't misunderstand that. She'd be expensive, it would take gold to keep her, but the thing is she'd be worth it. She'd repay the extravagance of her clothes. There is always money for luxuries. For extravagance. I'd take this flowerlike creature and explain to her why she was created and what had happened to that creation.

"Remember, I am preparing girls for what civilization we have. I'd show her that she was born to have from twelve to twenty-five children, but that now her natural existence was impossible. Science saves so many more babies than survived in the past that the thing is getting to be awkward. I'd explain that desire, once no more than a means, was becoming the end."

Justin stopped him. "There," he declared, "you have reached your greatest height of wisdom. Of use to humanity. You would tell a girl, or girls, that her desire, created to secure the necessity, and overcome the memory and pains of birth, must now be honored for itself alone."

"Why not?" Ewing demanded. "It is what's going on all around you. The average woman you know, Justin, is done with her maternal affairs in better than fifteen years; civilization, the expert care of her body, have added ten years to a woman's charm, and if she married at twenty, there you are! Fifteen additional years of trouble for someone. Usually for a husband.

"Women don't want more than three children now; it's no use wondering if that is good or bad, it will soon be a universal fact. You can't do anything about it. You can support the church, or the past; you may support genetics, the future; women are indifferent to either. They simply know that, when the first excitement is over, with two or three children as the visible results, they don't want to take any more chances with their figures. They want to keep their ankles thin."

"And everything else," Justin Gow added. "You haven't mentioned that—yet! Why women seem to hate looking like women."

He was coming to it, Chalke assured him. "The system of education I am creating for you isn't over yet. The maternal figure is gone forever, Justin, the heavy duty type; flexibility and a sheer grace will last now till the end of the world. I must say, Justin——" Chalke Ewing stopped.

"Oh, yes," Justin replied; "so must I." They were not only idiotic, but indecent, Mary declared.

"I'm not nearly done," said Ewing.

"No one for a minute thought you were," Justin Gow replied quickly.

Chalke Ewing went on with his project. "I'd teach a girl that all correct relationships between men and women, outside blood connections, were based on the passion they called love. Inseparable. She'd learn the difference between Platonic love, a handsome theory, and the ridiculous phrase Platonic friendship. There would be a short course designed to expose the nonsense of friendships. That word I'd wipe out of our vocabulary.

"A great deal of this, of course, women already know. They are just upset in their perceptions. For thousands of years they have been told they were wrong. It's amazing to me, in the face of all the trouble they've had, that women still exist. By heaven, they are hardy. A desirable and fine woman, a free woman, will follow nothing but her heart. The whole purpose of my school will be to make that possible. In other words, to make faithful women possible. Happy women possible. Lovely women possible."

"Actually," Mary asserted, "you'd have what would turn out to be the world's worst girls."

"Certainly," Chalke Ewing assented, "they'd be called that by all the women educated in the old way. But those women would soon disappear. Vanish into the useful class or die. This is all

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general; we haven't touched the details."

The details, Justin Gow said, were precisely what he was waiting for.

"Do we have to have them?" Mary demanded. "I'm ready to cut my throat now."

Ewing answered: "Don't interrupt me. The actual studies and instructors are very important. For example, I'd have a woman from Barcelona, Spain, to teach the use of a fan. She could give some lectures on the tall comb and *mantón*. She might even make the mantilla fashionable again.

"I'd have two of the great dressmakers, with their mannequins, for part of the instruction in clothes. They would be associated with an archæologist, one of the new historians, and a curator of prints. Lectures on jewelry would be part of that course.

"For dancing I'd have an Argentine, a Viennese composer of waltzes, and a professional tap dancer from New York. There would be a member of the establishment of Ramón Aloñes, in Havana, to instruct the appropriate girls, with black hair, of course, in the art of cigar-smoking.

"The course in drinking, my dear Justin, would be very complete. There would be lectures on cocktail-making and on glasses and the temperature of wines, but mostly it would be concerned with how to drink and the drinks suitable to individual girls and the time of day. Only girls of a certain kind ought to drink whisky—the physically hard and good-looking girls associated with fox-hunting and horse shows.

"Others, blondes, will be encouraged to drink the old-fashioned Manhattan cocktail. With a cherry. The Martini is more generally useful and safer. Gin, of course, is the immemorial drink of women and negroes. But, forgetting the negroes, we won't mix gin and orange juice and dilute the dreadful result with melted ice.

"There will be girls even appropriate to beer," Chalke Ewing assured them; "girls big in the bone with a leaning toward vulgar reality. Justin, think of those drinking absinthe frappé!"

"If it's just the same to you," Justin said, "I would rather not. Will there be any mathematics? Or English?"

Yes, Ewing replied. "Mathematics for the very young students—simple addition and subtraction. Nothing further. One term ought to finish that. And a course in letter writing, based on eighteenth-century models.

"A lot of attention will be paid to the subject of perfume. Kinds of perfume and where to put it and when. Painting the face, of course. I might bring back the art of painting the body, Justin.

"All the girls with ugly voices I'd transfer to the academies for the useful. But no singing. Just the elements of piano playing. Fat girls—but then there won't be any. Awkward girls, disagreeable girls, girls with unfortunate complexions and other regrettable ills, tepid girls—there won't be any of them either."

"I've heard enough," Justin told him; "don't go on. Anyhow, that isn't your school you are describing. Mohammed invented it long ago, but he called it—I can think why—the paradise of the faithful."

Nina Henry asked: "If you had black hair and it made you sick to smoke cigars would you still have to do it?"

Ewing reminded her that if a normal girl found smoking cigars becoming she wouldn't allow herself to get sick. "It seems to me I have already mentioned sport," Chalke Ewing added.

"You have," Justin agreed. "You said it was an activity invented by the French."

Mary Gow demanded: "Nina, what do you think about it?"

Nina asked: "About what?" Both Justin and Chalke Ewing laughed.

"The instinctive woman protecting her monopoly," Ewing commented. Nina glanced at him comprehensively. He was gazing into his glass of brandy.

Chalke's dark skin was dry and pulled tightly over the bones of his face. It made him tired to talk, she could see that, and yet he talked like nothing human. He would not, it seemed, sit back. And if he did not sit back something serious would happen to him.

NINA remembered that Mary said Chalke was an idealist. Your family always thought they knew you perfectly, when, as a matter of fact, they hardly understood anything about you. What, Nina asked herself, was an idealist? Well, an idealist was a person who always saw things better than they were. It was clearly nonsense to call Chalke Ewing that. The way he looked at life, it couldn't be worse. Not possibly.

The truth was that he was a pessimist. A pessimist, Nina continued, happy in her own definitions, was a man whose mind wasn't right. It was a condition that didn't have to continue. It could be mended. Chalke Ewing could be raised out of it. Someone, she decided, ought to do it. At once. At once or it would be too late.

He would kill himself with his fever of words. No mind in the world could do so much so continuously. He must be made to be cheerful. That was everything. A cheerful man, a happy man, Nina realized, did little thinking. He just was. Only a woman could do that with a man—take him away from his mind. Bring him back to his body. Where he really ought to be.

It's simply ridiculous, she told herself, to say that love—Nina was perfectly willing to call it passion—was bad for men no longer exactly young. It was probably better for them than anything else; certainly it was better than black tobacco and jug after jug of rum. The worst thing a man could do was live by himself—well, it was as good as that—in the tropics. In Cuba, to be exact.

Nina had a new and sudden necessity to tell Chalke all of this. She heard herself repeating her thoughts to him in the form of commands.

You must not exhaust yourself with so many words. Let Justin talk. He likes it almost as much as you do. You are a wreck before dinner is half over. I don't wonder you stay in bed most of the day. If you drink so much rum swizzle and smoke such long cigars, you'll turn into a Bacardi jug or a tobacco plant. A tobacco plant watered by rum.

She had, it appeared, lost most of her interest in Chalke Ewing as an unusual and romantic being. It was bad for him to be unusual. She'd like him better a little fatter, a little more reasonable. The quality of romance, she found, made him unaccountable. She didn't know where he'd be—why, in a day he might go to New York or Cuba. Without saying anything about it to her. She never knew where his thoughts were.

Nina began to resent that. She disliked it when his mood mocked at her understanding. She could not, for example, quite make out why he had talked so long about that absurd school for girls. It was plain no such school could exist. Did he mean women like Mary and Delia Bache and herself were unattractive? Yes, he might have meant that. It was rude of him to suggest it.

Chalke Ewing fell silent, lost in the act of smoking. He looked, even with his ruffled silver hair and worn face, young. The silence spread to everyone at the table.

Nina was flooded with a vague warm happiness. There wasn't a trace of her customary alertness of being; the edges of her consciousness were all blurred.

The Gow dining room, like the lawn outside, was sweet with the perfume of honeysuckle and growing roses. Roses in the dark. One end of the porch was thickly screened by a honeysuckle vine with pale yellow flowers. The candlelight on the dinner table was much the same gold color. The flame of the candles quivered ever so slightly.

The prolonged silence, Nina thought, was peaceful after the storm of Chalke Ewing's words. When he talked, it was like a storm, a lash of raindrops driven by a bitter vigor like a high wind. Now the storm had stopped. The world was quiet. The only sound she heard was the faint crying of an owl. A sustained liquid note that resembled the voice of a stream.

Nina began to wonder what, eventually, would break the silence about her. Neither Mary nor Chalke nor Justin seemed capable of speech. Life in them, it seemed, had been suspended, lost in infinite quiet. The voice of the owl fluctuated softly.

Nina Henry suddenly began to dread any stir or the sound of a voice. The smallest noise, she felt, would be sufficient to shatter the whole present world of scented tranquillity. She was filled with a dread of all interruption to her peaceful state.

Chalke Ewing sharply cleared his throat, and Nina was so startled that she half cried: "Oh!" Mary Gow said: "That was the loudest thing I ever heard. I don't know how Chalke managed it with only one throat."

Long windows in the dining room opened on the porch, and Nina walked out into a soft and deep darkness. The night, she thought, was almost purple. The stars were like pieces of burnished metal. There were footsteps behind her, and the smoke, at once acrid and bland, of a cigar. Chalke Ewing, still silent, stood beside her looking at the night.

When he breathed, Nina discovered, a quicker-than-ordinary, troubled breathing, she breathed too. There was an oppression in her heart she needed to relieve, a slight sensation of choking. Because of that her breast moved up and down perceptibly. She laid her hand on her breast and the actuality of it suddenly amazed and confused her. She shut her eyes and felt that she swayed unsteadily. She was dizzy.

SHE wished, now, that Chalke Ewing would speak. Nina was definitely frightened—the feeling of choking grew worse. For one thing the porch, closed in by the house and the honeysuckle, was terrifically hot. It must be better, cooler, on the lawn. Still without speaking she went down the long steps from the porch to the sod. Chalke Ewing descended the steps with her; he walked beside her over the lawn. His cigar was gone.

One of them must say something, Nina told herself; she couldn't think what to say. It seemed to her that she had been struck dumb. She argued this in a mind remote from her consciousness—it was absurd. Of course she wasn't dumb. Yet the edge of a fear lay over her conclusion. Nina was certain of nothing. She felt that an indefinable but tangible danger surrounded her

which could be subdued, brought to nothing, by words.

She stopped walking, intending to speak, to save herself, when Chalke put an arm around her and kissed her. He kissed her on the mouth and held her as close as possible. It was strange. She had never realized that a kiss was apparently without end. It was like the night that enveloped her and stole her away from the day. It stopped her eyes —like the darkness—to the familiar solid world. She breathed in little strangled gasps, conscious of the hardness of the arm bruising her back. Nina tightened her arms around Chalke Ewing, and then she half sank in an utter helpless weakness.

He held her firmly, his face close to hers, but not touching her face. Chalke's lips were tight shut, his eyes were narrowed—his expression was ugly.

"I must sit down," Nina said. Her voice was uncertain, but she could, after all, speak. They walked toward the chairs near the house. Chalke supported her with an arm about her waist. She gently released herself. "I think I am all right," Nina told him. She was, however, glad to sit down.

Chalke Ewing sat close to her. He took her hand and held it in both his.

"I wonder where the owl went," Nina said finally. "I usually hate to hear them, but I loved it tonight. They fly so badly you wouldn't think they could catch a mouse. Little mice in the field, field mice, and the owl hunting for them. Tell me all about owls," she begged him. Chalke laughed. She had never before heard his voice relaxed and happy.

"Is this a time for ornithology, for owls and bats?" he asked. "Do I have to be a dictionary again?"

She pressed his hand. "It makes me happy to realize you know so much, Chalke. Chalke. That is all. I do think you talk too much. I mean it makes you sick. You do it for everyone."

He laughed again. "You sound as though it made you sick."

She was indignant. "But I don't. I can't. It is simply marvelous. No one could contradict that. Only I'd like you to save yourself more."

He demanded: "Why?" Nina was silent. "Why do you want me to save myself?"

Nina sighed. "I expect for me, Chalke," she answered. "That sounds selfish. I should have said for you. For your own good. So your face won't look so strained. You know so much that it sinks you." His hands were so thin that she could plainly feel the bones through their palms. "You must get fatter," Nina said unexpectedly, and it sounded so ridiculous, so matter of fact, that they both laughed.

"You don't get fat in the tropics," he reminded her; "you're thinking of the Arctic regions, where fat is useful."

The weakness in her knees was gradually leaving them; she could breathe more or less steadily at last. But she couldn't think. Nina didn't want to think then. There would be too much time to think later. She wanted now simply to exist, to be a part of the purple night. She wanted her spirit to float on the scent of great red June roses.

She saw that Chalke had a cigar in his hand, and a tender smile that he couldn't see touched her lips. It was exactly like him to smoke now. Nina again watched the small illumination of a match light his face against the dark. It was, at last, placid—his mind had surrendered to his body.

Nina waited for Chalke Ewing to say something about what had just occurred. She was entirely ready to accept, for the moment anyhow, the exact importance he attached to it. She would regard his kissing her as a kiss and little more or she would admit every responsibility it might include. That was instinctive, an act of self-defense. She knew that whatever it had meant to Chalke their physical closeness had filled her with a high consuming flame.

He really ought to speak, Nina felt, explain to her what had happened to them. It meant nothing to say they had kissed each other. Either he ought to make it immediately clear to her or kiss her again. He continued to smoke.

Next Month—in Joseph Hergesheimer's extraordinary novel of the growth of a woman's soul, you will find Nina Henry utterly changed by Chalke Ewing's first kiss

Carrousel *by Fannie Hurst* (*Continued from page 25*)

disaster of the bankruptcy of Cataract Amusement Park came in with day after day of perfection and the promise of fairer days to come. It was the sort of promise of good weather that is dear to the heart of the vender of open-air amusement.

This promise seemed to infuse both Marthe and Howard with a new tenacity. The park was at its best. A coat of paint or two would cover a multitude of sins of such organic ills as broken-down machinery and the dilapidated old electric plant. It was the time to make a final and desperate effort to raise capital. Howard knew a man—Chicago —old-timer.

Railroad fare, when it could be ill afforded for so long a trip, was managed to enable Howard to make the dash to Chicago on the mission of seeking to interest capital in coming to the rescue of an enterprise which was fundamentally sound.

In his absence, and with a recrudescence of vitality that rose in them like sap, Marthe and Cybella joined the unskilled workmen they were able to afford in coating with bright new paints the small wooden shacks which housed food-and-amusement concessions, and in refurbishing the skeletons of the speed and motion devices.

Marthe herself did the red bands and the gold stars on the spun-glass candy stand; Cybella, who had a flexible wrist with water colors, turned that wrist to the fine points about the eyes, the nostrils, the flaring mouths and manes of the lions, zebras and Arabian ponies of the carrousel.

Grimly, three were bent upon salvaging the gayety that swung itself nightly about the unsmiling graystone house. A house where life was lived on two layers. The daily surface-layer of the comings, the goings, the sitting-down to meals, the cookery by Cybella, the accounts by Howard and Marthe, the good mornings, the good nights, the going-to-bed of Howard and Marthe in their room of the turret alcove; the going-to-bed of Cybella in her room. A quiet gray orderly house, set on the rim of nonsense.

Then that second layer: Marthe, as the moneybags leaked, filled with fear for her dwindling power, yet hopeful that her power lay beyond them. Cybella, victim of the ecstasies, subject to the shaming, crowding thoughts of herself, asleep, beside Howard, praying that her

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infidelities of thought be crushed. Cybella, praying for the strength to loathe Howard for the misdemeanor of body and spirit in marrying the sister who held the moneybags while his heart, sure as fate, had been plunged deep as a rapier into the heart of Cybella.

Howard, whose fanatical desire for the power that the success of Cataract Park could give him was second only to his lust for Cybella, trying to keep his clutch on the hands of Marthe, whose hands clutched the moneybags.

God, I am a bad girl. Punish me for coveting what is my sister's. My good sweet sister's . . .

God, if to lose the park means that I am to lose my husband, let me die before that comes . . .

Lord, help me to raise outside capital on my own. Free me for life of the old woman who would never so much as lift her little finger off the moneybags while they were full. Give me Cybella. I've had my share of torment. Give me Cybella . . .

A three-storied house, where life was lived on two levels. A three-storied house which stared back with solemnity at the spectacle of the carrousel of human passions let loose . . .

Whoop-la! Razzle-dazzle. Hotsy-totsy! Hot dog! Oh, boy! Kiss me quick! Swoop! My hat! My tummy! High! Oh, boy! Red-hot mama! Swoop!

All the mêlée of easy passions popping like sarsaparilla corks out of the bottled-up youth that patronized Cataract Park could make Cybella, revolving on the Ferris wheel, feel abashed for them; feel abashed most of all for herself, leaning for that fleeting glimpse of her brother-in-law—asleep.

Whirling within him was what carrousel of secret emotions for her? Cybella knew. Angrily and ecstatically she knew. They were two underground tunnels, leading to each other.

They had kissed in the five long tortured years, the farewells and greetings of a man for his wife's sister. They had brushed past each other in hallways. They had glimpsed each other in dishabille. She had paraded before him in her sleep, with her body showing straight and slim as a candle through her nightdress.

FIVE years of the whirling carrousel of their secret desire each for the other. He knew that. She knew that. And now what? The Scardons were about to lose the park, unless Howard returned from Chicago with the miracle of financial backing. It was upon the frail trestle of hope of miracle that Marthe and Cybella hung their trust and proceeded valiantly with the business of painting the stars on the candy stand and the fine points about the eyes of the zebras and Arabian steeds.

Miraculously indeed, considering the odds, Scardon returned, not exactly with the funds, but with something that was almost the equivalent. He had not succeeded in interesting the man he had set out after, but a certain party named McMurtrie, who owned a small chain of amusement parks, had listened and taken the train back with him.

For the first time in many a month something as fresh and cool as hope seemed to flow through the stale hallways of the house. The arrival of McMurtrie, bringing probable succor, was treated as the arrival of an honored guest. An unused room of some of the household's choicest objects, long shut off to avoid unnecessary cleanings, was thrown open to McMurtrie.

A half-dozen short-stemmed pink roses, divided into threes, lent modest radiance in the pair of opaque china vases on the marble mantelpiece. A dish of hard candies and a thermos bottle appeared on the table beside the wide black bedstead. From her own room Cybella dragged in a chaise longue.

Marthe, who had never dared let her pride in her big bony appearance diminish, dipped her head, the night of the McMurtrie arrival, in an extra henna rinse that made it more metallically rigid than ever. Cybella, whose one weakness that was slovenly was small Canton-flannel slippers, which eased the soles of her feet from the rigor of leather, took to her tallest, slimmest heels. China seldom used was rushed out, and the beating noises of egg beater against bowl resounded; Cybella at soufflés!

For two days, one or another of the trio escorted bumptious little McMurtrie of Chicago about the place, showing up the minutiæ of every advantage, minimizing the disadvantages of every shortcoming; hurrying him through the dilapidated machine plants, lingering where the paint was new and the crowds most apparent. Cybella it was who walked him through the picnic grounds, pointing out the lunch-basket groups at the long tables and the profitable propinquity of the soda-pop and frankfurter stands. Howard it was who personally conducted him on the precarious tour of the power plants, where lurked the root of so much of the evil of the situation.

Marthe, with the yeas, and precious few of the nays of their financial story, met him the second evening over the dining-room table, prepared to forge her way into the conviction of McMurtrie.

Early it became apparent that Marthe, more than any of them, had succeeded in capturing the confidence of McMurtrie. Here in this large-faced, red-dish-haired woman, he had evidently decided for himself, resided the business acumen of this situation. In her, if in any one of them, McMurtrie was to place his cagy trust.

Therefore, between the eager, hard-pressed three of them, it was clandestinely agreed that the crisic discussion of finance, the exhibition of the ledgers, the literal story of the Scardons' predicament, as revealed by debit and credit, was to take place between Marthe and McMurtrie alone.

In a small catchall of a sewing room at the head of the stairs, where they could hear the drone of voices but could not distinguish what was being said, Howard and Cybella retired, hot-handed and dry-lipped, to sit and wait.

It was one of those rooms that are a conglomerate of the leavings of other rooms. Marthe's sewing machine. Unrelated chairs. Two center tables that had been banished from other parts of the house. A small horsehair sofa. A life-size, plaster-of-Paris little girl that had once stood beside the ticket booth of the waxworks concession. Howard's multigraphing machine. A dismantled brass chandelier. A catchall of a room.

They sat in the dim reflected light from a hallway, directly in the open door, their bodies inclining slightly on the slippery sofa.

How near they were! It was as if the yearning flesh of the one flowed over into amalgam with the yearning flesh of the other. How near they were! The open door was their mutual, unspoken precaution, but seated there so slipperily beside him, Cybella had the feeling that she could hear his breathing, along with her own, inside her head.

How starved they were, sitting there rigidly. From downstairs, the kind persuasive voice of Marthe, with careful and canny interpolations from McMurtrie, ran along, helping to steady their almost unbearable excitement.

It had never happened before quite like this, the two of them in an enforced juxtaposition that was almost too sweet to be endured.

It was because their lips came pouring together of a tide that was stronger than they were, that without a word, without intimation or forethought, they were in a simultaneous embrace that seemed to weld them body and soul.

"I've tried to think you above desire," he said, his lips close to hers, "but now you have purified desire."

The shape of the words ground against her flesh; held her pinioned.

"Mustn't," she said. "Don't! No!"

"Dearest mine," he said.

HER eyes bled the agonies of years as her head went back against the crook of his arm and the give of his lips sank into the give of her throat.

"Don't flutter, bird; I've caught you tight. Forever."

Her lids beat a little and closed.

"Sleep. Tight against me. Rest here. Be at home here."

She fluttered again with the lovely feeling that she had no strength.

"Bird, the horror it has been! The gravy-dish face in the red-tin wig. The black in her wrinkles. The loop of crêpe fat underneath her chin. I've only wanted to have the power of money for us, my bird. Just see, after all these years of the horror of waiting, I can't wait just this one hour longer—for McMurtrie. That shows how I want you. Cybella, my bird, together we can be as poor as we are happy. Cybella, a hex has kept me from you five years of precious life and now with only one more hour to wait, I can't. Cybella."

Suddenly, everything that was in her seemed to swoop into her fingers, making of them flying talons. Blood in her ears boiled, steaming her to a strength unwonted. When she pressed him from her the power in her maddened his sense of her sweetness.

"Why, Cybella!"

"Coward. Your heart is a leper's, covered with sores. I hate you. God will punish you for trying to make a leper of me too, toward someone whose little finger I love more than your body and soul tied together. I wish," she cried, and actually grasped a twelve-inch pair of shears lying on Marthe's sewing machine, "I wish God would give me the courage to plunge this deep down into your heart that is covered with leper's scabs," and jerking it away from its uplifted gesture toward him, she ran down into her room, there to lock the door and huddle, shuddering.

And the wonder of her power, to Howard at least, was that a half-hour later, after the front door had closed behind McMurtrie and Marthe had been left sitting there amid the ruins of her debits and her credits, she entered the dining room, to take up in her cool fingers the limp, defeated hand of her sister and to pour ointment of soft words.

"There, there, Marthe, there are other fish in the ocean as good as he. If he almost nibbled, it means another is sure to."

There they were, the three of them again, on the surface at least, after the departure of McMurtrie, seated around the table at a discussion of private affairs that bound them as a family.

But down in the second stratum of these lives, thoughts were sluicing and pouring:

The terrible condition of the electric plant scared him off! He kept saying

a new one would have to be installed. The Ferris wheel frightened him, too. He could see it is on its last legs. He knew the man from whom Howard had bought it third-hand in Wayne, Indiana. He knew its age. It was no use, though, anyhow. After he saw the concession deficits, he didn't even listen to me any more. But I'm not afraid. There are just as good fish in the ocean . . . Besides, if it is your will, God, that we must lose the park, at least I will have my sister and my husband and we can start fresh. I will have my husband, won't I?

My sweet Marthe! My dear. My darling. I am kissing your frightened hands, worth more than his whole body. I will save you, Marthe. He is not worthy of your little finger, but you must have him because you love him, and have him you will, to the day he dies. Do not be afraid, my darling. I cannot think clearly now. But I will save you. Good Marthe. Dearest Marthe. Benefactor . . .

So. Well, to hell with it. I could have told her after he got a peek at the electric plant that she was wasting her breath. He never was a gilt-edge proposition. Piker. Well, better so. Free! She's crazy for me. I'm crazy for her spunk, too. Lord, how she glittered. Tomorrow, next day, she'll cave in. I'm a fool, but I want her. Well, to the devil with the park now. I'm glad it's settled. I'm a fool, but I want her. Tomorrow she'll cave in . . .

And on the surface they parted, the two and the one, all a little disheartened, but gently solicitous, each for the other's rest and peace of mind. Each winged with optimism for what the morrow might bring; each eager to spare the other. They kissed, the sisters as always, and between the sister and the brother-in-law there passed the usual brace of good-night phrases.

"Don't hook the screen door, Howard, or the milkman will have to leave the bottles standing in the sun."

"I passed by the cobbler's for your pumps, Marthe; they're beside your bed."

"Thanks, Cybella."

Good night.

Good night.

Good night.

For a while after that, lights burned in the upper windows. They went out presently and except for the reflected glory from the amusement park, the house stood in its waxen kind of darkness, Cybella a spar in her bed, Marthe crushed against a mattress that immediately became hot from her body, and in his chair in the embrasure of turret, Howard, who fell asleep there with the precise smile on his face with which he had bidden Cybella good night.

The little wooden gate, such as they use against accidents to children, which had been put up across the top of the flight of stairs was really superfluous, because when Cybella sleepwalked, the close telepathy that existed between the sisters flashed the news to Marthe.

No sleep was sufficiently profound to hold Marthe under, when Cybella nightwalked!

She might waken a little tardily, yes, as she had the night Cybella had ripped down all the parlor lace curtains following the day's discussion of that plan, but in almost every case Marthe had been on hand to lead her somnambule back to bed without awakening her.

Tonight, when Cybella sleepwalked, Marthe awoke with a start.

"Cybella!"

Sure enough, there went the flash of her nightgown out of the bedroom, as stealthily as she must have entered.

What had Cybella been up to? Something, no doubt, that had to do with Howard. There he lay asleep in his chair and it was from that direction that the white flash of Cybella in her nightgown had vanished.

Early for Cybella to be walking. It could not be one o'clock yet, because there was the enormous rosette of the Ferris wheel still throwing its intermittent light across the figure of Howard.

The figure of Howard! The figure of Howard! There was that about the figure of Howard, as the swinging glance of Marthe caught it, that caused her to leap away from the direction of the door that led to Cybella and into the bay window formed by the turret.

The figure of Howard! There was a loll to that figure and a clump of color down the left side of his pajama jacket. And in that clump of color, if you waited for the white flash between the intermittent light and darkness that came from the wheel—in that clump—in that clump—Marthe's twelve-inch shears!

No doubt of that, and yet, because the senses reeled, every doubt. Surely not? Surely not? Surely yes? One could not look! One must! The twelve-inch shears of Marthe's, that had squeaked their way across many a yard of this and that, erect in that terrible fashion, the little circle into which you inserted your thumb for cutting upright on the breast of Howard, as if gaping in horror.

Cybella, what have you done?

No! No! No! That could not be the shears that belonged so placidly on the machine in the sewing room. And yet, jerking it out of the body of Howard, quickly, as you would a splinter, and holding it up stained, it looked like the shears. It must be the shears. And suddenly, bathed in the whiteness of a light that flashed and then remained stationary—*it was the shears!*

Bathed in that light, trapped in that light, embalmed in that light, beside the figure of Howard, which from the jerk of removing the shears was slipping lower and lower in the chair like a meal sack, stood Marthe with her scissors; drenched in the light that would not spin away; the light that could not spin away because the Ferris wheel had stalled again!

As if to the raised baton of an orchestra conductor, the shriek of hysterical hilarity not unmixed with small panic died on the lips of the little group that suddenly found themselves marooned in mid-air outside the turret window. There they were, eight Bacchic-looking faces with frozen laughter on their frozen lips, face to face with the spectacle of a woman in the act of withdrawing a double dagger from the death wound of a figure slumping in a chair—and then again, mercifully, as the machinery resumed, black—white—black—white—the Ferris wheel going around . . .

It could not have been more than five minutes later when the first group burst into the turret room occupied by Howard and Marthe.

No, the senses held in mid-air had not deceived—there she still stood, precisely as she had appeared from the Ferris wheel. This was not a reveler's nightmare. This was fact. There she stood, with the shears. Large as life, mind you—no nightmare, this—and she was speaking.

"Sh-h-h," was what Marthe said as the first officer to arrive entered and placed the legendary hand of the law upon her shoulder. "Sh-h-h. Take me quietly. My sister is such a light sleeper. She must not know what I have done—until tomorrow . . ."

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The Sporting Chance *by Wyndham Martyn* *(Continued from page 67)*

and find someone we know who has a box. Look," he cried excitedly. "Dereham must be getting rattled. Did you see the way he swung that pony around?—yards before he should have—and he's on Red Ruin, Roark's favorite mount in the last Internationals. I imagine about now he realizes he's just an ornamental, hard-riding passenger.

"They'll have to move him back and bring Warren up to number two if they want to hold their two-goal lead. If I were you, I wouldn't take this opportunity to get an introduction to Dereham. His skipper will be reading the riot act to him unless I'm mistaken. They say young Warren is some disciplinarian."

When the two moved away Lona followed them to the place where the players were changing their mounts. No one could have guessed that Van Dereham had been drinking. He was standing beside Red Ruin when she passed. She could not bear to see the rest of the hopeless game.

Dereham made a step forward, his dark eyes lighting. Lona looked at him as if he had no material form.

There was a sharp voice at his side and he looked into Effingham Warren's belligerent blue eyes. "Lona isn't the only one of the family you've let down today. You're playing back in this chukker and I'm moving up to number two." He looked at the wise pony that was to be Dereham's next mount. "Leave it to Auld Robin Gray. He knows enough to kick the balls out of the goal."

Until she had met Van Dereham, Lona did not think that there was such an emotion as love. There had been little, sudden, fleeting passions in her earlier teens but at twenty she believed herself a cynical woman of the world.

It was proof of her changed views, evidence of the hold that Van had on her affections, that although she had just cut him dead she would suffer whenever she thought of her action. He would promise never to drink again before a game, and he would break his promise. Was this to go on until he could play no longer?

It was not until dinner that Lona learned from her brother of San Onofre's defeat.

"Are you going to play Van again?" she asked.

"Not while I have anything to say about it," he snapped.

Mr. Warren could see his daughter was suffering. "Van put up a good game at back," he commented.

"Back!" his son scoffed. "I could have put a dozen men at back—you included, Dad—who would have done as well, but who else is there that can touch him at two when he's on his game?"

"It's bad enough to lose to Encinitas," Mr. Warren said, "but that isn't the worst thing about it. This drink habit seems to be getting hold of Van and he won't realize it."

"I don't imagine we shall see much of him from now on," Effingham replied. "I was glad to see Lona cut him dead."

Mrs. Warren, a languid, pretty woman, looked at her daughter with interest. How little, she meditated, did Effingham understand his sister, or any woman!

"I shall always be glad to see Van here," said Mrs. Warren. "I think you are all behaving like silly children. What does it matter who won?"

"Everything!" Effingham cried, properly scandalized. "It will be down in the polo annual for everyone to see. San Onofre—ten: Encinitas—twelve. Nothing can wipe it out."

Lona saw Van next morning as he passed by the club piazza on his way to the first tee. He affected not to notice her. "Don't be stupid," she called out. "You know perfectly well I'm here."

A flush showed under his tan. "I'm not going to be cut by the same girl twice."

Lona motioned to a seat by her side.

Van hesitated. "I'm playing in a threesome in five minutes."

"It can wait," she decreed. There was a reluctance to obey her but Van sank into the low chair grumbling.

"Listen," he warned her, "I've had all the riding I'm going to stand for, about yesterday's game. I was a little wild in the first chukker and I was steadying down when your brother put me back where I'm no good so he could get his old place at number two. Everybody knows he's jealous of me because I made the All-California team."

"If that's how you feel I won't ask you to dinner tonight." She knew he cherished a great admiration for her brother.

"I'd love to come," he said humbly. "I was afraid you-all wouldn't want to see me again. Is it to be a big crowd?"

"Small and select," she informed him. "You know them all except Professor Brackney. I've just played nine holes of golf with him and beat him five and four."

"He's not so hot," Van commented. "What is he good at?"

"He is internationally famous as a research chemist."

"Why waste your time with an old bird like him?"

Lona looked at him and smiled. "My dear," she said, "that is one of the things you will never, never know."

"You have the strangest eyes," he murmured. "I wish I knew what you were thinking about."

"Merely my system," she laughed. "Go and beat those men. I like you to win, Van. I don't like what happened yesterday."

"It won't happen again," he assured her.

She sighed. That was what he had told her before.

Lona did not look forward to placating her brother. Her father would be easier. "Effie," she began, "I'm having Van to dinner tonight."

"Then I dine out," he retorted. "Thanks for the tip."

Yet in the end she conquered. For this night only her brother swore to act as though nothing had happened.

Mrs. Warren listened to the list of dinner guests. "I'm glad you have asked Doctor Ramsey. I don't think the poor man ever gets a decent meal except at the house of somebody else."

Doctor Ramsey was a gruff, skillful physician with few social gifts.

"Professor Brackney!" Lona's mother exclaimed. "Do I know him?"

"I don't suppose so. He was in Dad's year at New Haven. He can talk about music and art, and he doesn't ride."

"Then he couldn't possibly have known your father well." Mr. Warren, who had spent his youth gloriously at New Haven, found the society of intellectuals boring. Lona said she had met the professor at the country club and had played nine holes of golf with him.

"But you had a reason, Lona. You don't allow even middle-aged men who play well to monopolize two hours."

"I had a definite use for him," the girl said, "and the golf links was the quietest place I could think of."

"You always get what you want," Mrs. Warren commented. "I wonder if you always will." She thought of Van Dereham and his affinity for alcohol.

"It largely depends on this dinner," her amazing daughter retorted. "All you have to do is to charm Doctor Ramsey. You know he adores you. I have a great favor to ask him and you are to prepare the way."

Van Dereham found unusual guests under the Warren roof. Two doctors, one of medicine and the other of science, were seated at a table to which none but enthusiasts of polo and equine sports had been wont to find welcome.

Professor Brackney was a thin, good-looking man who golfed from club to club, hoping to find eighteen holes somewhere that he could do in less than a hundred. He was a man of scientific eminence and used to society, looking as coldly upon sport talk as his host did upon any other subject.

Brackney remembered Warren at Yale. He was a banker's son, popular, with a great deal of spending money. Brackney's father was a minister with little money for his son to squander. They moved in different orbits.

Brackney felt more kinship with the country physician whose dinner jacket had survived many changes of evening modes. The talk of horse and hound, horse and polo, and then of horse became tedious. Brackney was now far removed from the days when inferiority complexes bothered him. He did not like horses and he did not hesitate to say so. The talk turned to drink.

Warren spoke commendingly of the Scotch whisky which flaunted a famous label. "I drink nothing," he said, "that I have not had analyzed."

Professor Brackney, who had not forgotten the scorn with which he had been regarded owing to his ignorance of the anatomy of the horse, cheered up. These fatuous sportsmen were embarking on a subject in which he was their master.

"You have it analyzed," he repeated, and shook his head. "It may surprise you to know I regard astrological predictions with the same credence that I do the reports of the average analytical chemist where drink is concerned. I admit being ignorant of what a horse's stifle is—wasn't that the word?—but that ignorance is not dangerous. Now your sort of ignorance is. You are experimenting with your life, and yet you do not examine the credentials of the men you employ."

"I am satisfied that this whisky is free from wood alcohol," Mr. Warren answered.

"Wood alcohol!" cried Brackney. "As if that were all!" He held his audience and the sensation was gratifying. "I grant you that is easy enough of detection. My point is this: the subtler poisons can be detected only by chemists with more than average qualifications. You don't know who is technically equipped and who is not."

"The analyst said it was free from deleterious substances."

"And you believed him. Yours is the faith that kills. If I took the time and trouble to analyze your Highland Fling Liqueur Scots Whisky I might conceivably find traces of amyl alcohol, which you would recognize as fusel oil, acetone, pyridine, benzene, isopropyl alcohol, diethylphthalate, aldehol, ammonia

and bichloride of mercury, which is known as corrosive sublimate. And there are others—alkaloids in endless quantities."

"Corrosive sublimate!" Warren cried. "Why, that's deadly poison."

"The human frame can stand a lot of punishment. Men who drank in the old days always seem to think if post-war stuff smells and tastes the same as it did there is no danger."

"This whisky tastes exactly as it used to," Warren returned.

"Bootleggers may be lowbrows but they hire expert help. These chemists have to supply what public taste demands. Grain alcohol, which most bootleggers take as their base, is ingeniously adulterated by government chemists in the hope that it will be undrinkable. The government has a list of fifty formulas, of which I have contributed four. The problem of the bootleggers' experts is to take out this poison or these adulterants. It is a game in which they generally succeed. Sometimes a bad batch gets by and we read of men suddenly going blind. Say what you will, the risk is constant."

"A lot of fellows I know," Dereham volunteered, "drink grain alcohol that hasn't been doctored by the government. That's safe enough, isn't it?"

"Far be it from me to shatter your dreams," said Brackney, "but in most cases no poison is found in the autopsies of those dying from an alcoholic debauch. No poisons are needed. Raw alcohol is potent enough in its energetic youth to slay its thousands."

"Then what can one drink?" Van demanded.

"I suggest—nothing. You're young, and caution is naturally distasteful, so I won't preach abstinence. You'll probably think me an enemy of society—your sort of society—when I tell you I'm hard on the track of kickless alcohol. In confidence, I think I have it. This alcohol will do everything except give the kick you young desperadoes desire."

Van wondered why on earth such a kill-joy as this should be asked to a Warren dinner. It annoyed him to find that Brackney was staring at him intently. Van frowned a little.

"Forgive me," Brackney said, "but I have a degree in medicine as well as in science. I was called into consultation a few months ago to see a young man about your build and age. It was Snooky Barnes, the tennis player."

"I remember Snooky," Effingham Warren said. "He collapsed after a match. A nervous breakdown, they said."

"A perfectly legitimate description. Snooky, after a five-set semifinal, took a long silver fizz, breathed his enjoyment of its effect, and then found himself blind. Naturally, the Barnes family are not advertising it. They are hoping he can be cured. Not a chance, in my opinion. You may wonder how a man with so much money could drink such stuff. It seems he had run out of his immediate supply and trusted his chauffeur, who got some at a filling station."

"It might happen to any of us!" Van gasped.

"It does more often than you imagine. However, this is not very cheerful conversation. I prefer to talk of golf. I have taken more putts on a green than any living golfer and have taken my eye off the ball more than any two golfers."

In the library next morning Lona faced her father, her brother and Doctor Ramsey. "It's about Van," she commenced abruptly. "I'm going to make a last try at saving him and I can't unless you stand by me."

"Why make all this fuss about someone who doesn't want to be pulled in out of the surf?" said her brother.

Her face showed a heightened color. "I thought perhaps you'd be interested in my having a sober husband. I'm going to marry him, whatever happens."

Mr. Warren sighed. "You can count on me, but I hope you won't mind my saying I think you're crazy."

"You're worse than crazy," Effingham said, frowning, "but I like Van and I'll stand by you although it's useless."

"What can I possibly do?" Doctor Ramsey demanded. "If there is anything, command me."

"This is the idea," Lona began. "I've heard of a good Scotch carpenter at Fallbrook named Moffatt and I'm bringing him here this afternoon to do a little work for me that I don't want known locally. After that I am going to sprain my ankle. I shall have to keep to my room for a day or two, and Doctor Ramsey will attend me."

"Lona, now I know you are crazy," said her brother.

"Listen to this," Lona commanded. She talked for some minutes in low rapid tones. Then she looked from one to the other of her audience. "The question is, can it be done?"

"You bet!" cried Effingham.

"Girl, you've got brains," said her father, "but it calls for an all-star cast and I may lack the ability."

It was Doctor Ramsey who did not respond. He was asked to engage in something that the Medical Council would regard as distinctly unethical.

"Professor Brackney came in gladly," Lona said, observing his hesitation.

"Brackney did?" Ramsey cried, much impressed. "Well, well."

"What about your mother?" Mr. Warren asked.

"She isn't to know a thing about it. She's too *simpatica;* she'd give the thing away. Fortunately she goes to Montecito tomorrow for ten days."

"But the servants?" her father persisted.

"I'm giving them their annual vacations whether they want them or not. I've thought it all out, Dad."

Warren found an unknown daughter staring at him. This, he saw, was a matter of such tremendous importance to her that she would sacrifice relative, friend and stranger to achieve it. There was a splendid ruthlessness about her that touched a responsive chord. As a successful financier and a famous horseman, Warren was ruthless, too.

"That carpenter of yours," Ramsey said unexpectedly—"you've got to be sure he doesn't talk."

"You Scotch don't talk much, do you?" Lona said. "One reason he's coming is to consult you for his rheumatism."

"All right," Ramsey agreed. "Count me in."

Van Dereham was glad to find that his captain did not hold a grudge against him. Effingham Warren, meeting him on the links, stopped him to say that as Lona had sprained her ankle and was laid up for a few days, it would be a kindly act to come to luncheon and play bridge with her afterwards.

The Warrens dispensed cocktails as usual and after a momentary hesitation Van had one and then another, and finally took Doctor Ramsey's. The physician begged him to take it as it would not be well for his patients to smell forbidden comforts on his breath. Van sipped it willingly.

Immediately after luncheon the bridge players went up to Lona's sitting room, a pleasant place bright with English

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chintz. The girl was not effusive in her greetings. Van decided the confinement to the house was the cause.

He preferred to think so, although for an uneasy moment he wondered if the three cocktails had betrayed themselves. He found himself unaccountably drowsy.

"Gee, I'm sleepy," he announced, resting on the day bed. "I was up at five exercising my ponies before the rest of you had quit snoring."

There was the buzz of the house telephone bell. "It's Professor Brackney," Lona said. "How nice of him to come. I've asked him to play."

"I'll cut in later," Van yawned, "and take your shekels. I'm in form."

"You sound like it," the girl retorted.

Brackney might never impress the beholder on a putting green, but there was no one at this green table able to instruct him on contract bridge. "I was up at five, too!" he exclaimed when he had been told of Van's drowsiness. He looked hard at the boy. "He's asleep already."

Lona arose from her seat with no trace of lameness. She went to the door and admitted her brother and a strange workman. Each carried frames of wood painted black. Each moved cautiously.

When Van awoke there was the buzz of voices in the room and the smell of smoke. Then the sudden spurt of charged water into a glass and Effie proposing his usual toast, "Here's to crime!"

THEN came the sound of a pencil scratching a score card and Lona's clear voice. "That's wrong, Dad. We are vulnerable so it's four hundred points and you've only given us two hundred."

There followed the shuffling of cards, a pause and Brackney's triumphant bid of grand slam.

Van's lower jaw dropped and the usually firm mouth was loose. He felt in his pockets for matches but there were none. From another pocket he drew the cigaret lighter which had never failed. Then he reached out and pulled the cord of the table lamp at his side.

"What's the idea?" Effie Warren asked. "We've got all the light we need and the thing is shining in my eyes."

"Lona," Van cried in a strange, thick whisper, "I'm blind!"

"You don't look it," she said impatiently. "If you had said you were dumb nobody would deny it."

"What a hand!" Professor Brackney cried, a little later. "I needed only the jack of spades and my partner had it."

"Lona!" Van cried again. "Something's the matter with my eyes. Everything is black. I can't see a thing."

His agonized tones received attention now. He heard chairs being pushed back.

Brackney reached his side first. And Brackney, who had always injected a sarcastic tone in his voice, spoke gently now. "Do you feel any pain?"

"Not a thing. I must have fallen asleep. When I waked up everything was black." His voice was agitated and broken. "I can't see anything now; not even the faintest glimmer. I'm blind, I tell you." When he tried to struggle to his feet he was pushed firmly back. Brackney's voice had a new ring of authority in it.

"You must not let yourself go to pieces," he said. "The mental attitude is of great importance. Will someone please telephone for a physician. Whom do you prefer, Mr. Dereham?"

"Send for old Ramsey," the boy said; "he'll keep it quiet. What can he do for me?"

"He will inject something into the eyes and examine them. I am going to put this bandage over them now. Please lie still. He will get here as soon as he possibly can. What medical science can do will be done. What relatives do you wish notified?"

"None!" Van cried, horrified. "If the old man knew he'd half kill me."

Never before in his care-free life had Van Dereham suffered. If thought at any time bothered him, he swept it aside. His motto had been, "Live for the day." He had two great ambitions. One was to marry Lona Warren and the other to become a ten-goal polo star. And he realized in this moment of agony that these ambitions never could be fulfilled. The fanatics at whom he had sneered had been right, after all.

The occasional notices of sudden blindness he had read in the papers had not been propaganda: they were not fictional but real. The image of Snooky Barnes came to him. Poor Snooky was gazing at this same wall of night, his athletic triumphs at an end, his future a nightmare.

More strongly than ever Van felt the certainty that the black barrier before him never would lift. And he was only twenty-three, strong, physically tireless, and happy only in the accomplishment of some sport or game.

He remembered how, just before he had fallen into the sleep that was to shut out the world from him, he had turned his head away, petulantly, from a ray of sunshine that had come through the window over Lona's golden head. That would be his last recollection of the blessed light of day.

This, then, was the end of active existence. He had been robbed at a blow of all his chances of physical predominance over other men. There was no scholarly or intellectual background for him. He was not quick or clever like Lona. He was a child in the perpetual gloom.

Often he had hugged the hope that Lona cared for him. That was another dream which must be forgotten. Never, never could he expect a girl of Lona's sort to care for a blind man.

Suddenly he laughed aloud, a laugh that grew in volume and became almost impossible to stop.

He heard Lona's agitated voice say, "Don't, don't, I can't bear it."

Then she knelt at his side and pressed her lips to his. She never had kissed him before and the wonder of it stilled the dreadful laughter. He remembered what Brackney had said about the mental attitude and he made a gallant effort to control himself.

"Don't worry, Lona," he said tenderly. "Old Ramsey may be able to do something. I wish he'd come."

Ramsey, entering the room within a few minutes, removed the bandages and dropped some liquid in Van's eyes. They were rebandaged. Brackney and the doctor talked about the affair in terms unintelligible to the victim. It was decided that he should remain secluded in Lona's suite, which had also a bedroom and bath. For the time being, nobody was to know what had happened.

Van was particularly anxious that his father, an irascible old cattleman, now by the grace of oil a millionaire, should not know until it was settled whether he had a blind son or not.

"Gee," Van wailed faintly, "the old boy'll give me gay Gehenna if he finds out. He used to be so proud of my riding. I wish they'd let me smoke, Lona. I just pine for the smell of tobacco."

"It's absolutely forbidden in this room," she said.

Gloomy silence followed. Then Van voiced something which was puzzling him. "I wonder how it is that your father and Effie didn't suffer when they had the same cocktails."

"That's what Doctor Ramsey said. He said poison acts differently with different people, and you had three."

The girl felt his hand suddenly grip hers hard. "Lona, I've got it!" he cried excitedly. "It wasn't those cocktails. It was the rum. I bought a quart from a man in San Diego. He said it was real Old Medford. I wondered what it was like. After lunch I ran my car into your garage and I remembered the rum and took a snorter."

"Oh, Van, what made you take that awful stuff after three big cocktails?"

"Three big cocktails," he said simply.

Doctor Brackney conducted the analysis himself. It was from this source that the poison came. On hearing the verdict Van felt that there was now no hope for him. He remained three days in the room, his eyes bandaged. He was not allowed to walk about. They required him to recline on the day bed.

"Lona," he said on the third day, "I was going to ask you to marry me today. It's my twenty-third birthday and I wanted the best present I'd ever had. I've never had time to think about things until now, and I've checked up on myself and the result wasn't so good. If I'd listened to you this dreadful thing wouldn't have happened." He laughed a little. "Me marry and be led around on a string like a dog? Not a hope." After a pause he said: "I'm dreading tomorrow. They say they'll know for certain. They can't fool me. Lona, I'm stone-blind and there's nothing in God's earth that can alter it."

It was on the afternoon of the fifth day that the bandages were removed and Van's tired eyes saw the light coming through the drawn green shades. The miracle had been accomplished. The blessed day was his again, and the beauty of earth and sky.

It warmed Van's heart to see the gratification of old Ramsey at his patient's recovery. The shadow of a doped cocktail which had hung over the physician was now forgotten.

And another elderly Scot never would cease to ponder on the affair. For what reason, he wondered, had he been told to board up every window in a two-room suite in this big house? Why had the sleeping man been robbed of his cigaret lighter and another substituted? Why had the lamp switch been removed? Mr. Moffatt, looking at his liberal pay, found that it was none of his business.

WHEN Doctor Ramsey had gone Lona entered the room. To Van's intense surprise she put her arms about his neck and cried and murmured that he never would know what she had been through.

Van felt himself a different man, purged of the boastfulness and vanity that had been his.

"Lona," he whispered, "this time I'm cured. Never again will I touch the stuff. Brackney says I've had the closest sort of call and the next time it will be lights out for keeps. I've been through hell and it was all my fault. You've all been perfectly wonderful to me." He hesitated a little. "I sort of feel fate did this just to stop me from fooling away my life. I'm going back to Sweetwater for a time. I haven't given the old man the squarest sort of deal. He's always at me to settle down and——" Van paused.

"And what?" she demanded.

"And marry," he said, flushing.

"Well, why don't you?" she whispered. "Aren't you ever going to ask me again?"

The Life of Lincoln *(Continued from page 73)*

something unparalleled since the stars and stripes first waved above Washington's head eighty years before.

At this moment, and only now, Lincoln has the country in his hands. An appeal for 75,000 volunteers is answered within a few days by 92,000; in June there will be 300,000. But they are enrolled for three months only, the longest period allowed by the law.

Immediately Virginia announces its withdrawal from the Union and thus the Potomac becomes the frontier. The enemy is only just across the water, within sight of the White House. Things have turned out as the new President had feared they might when he assumed office five weeks before.

The news of Virginia's secession has a paralyzing effect in Washington. Where are the troops? Not a solitary new soldier within sight! Lincoln, pacing his room, is asking himself: "Why don't they come?"

A kingdom for a military commander! The best would be Lee. He is over there in Virginia, but has always been loyal to the Union and has opposed secession. Lincoln appoints him Commander in Chief.

Lee refuses the post, saying that he cannot be a party to an invasion of the southern states. At the same time he sends in his papers to General Scott, his superior officer and a fellow Virginian, withdrawing from the United States army. "This is a more serious loss than would be the going over of twenty thousand men," says the veteran Scott, and he is right.

At the same time Baltimore demands of the President a pledge that he will cease from conveying troops through that town. All right, they can make a detour round it. "No," says Baltimore; "we are neutral, and the troops must not march round us either."

"We must have troops!" rejoins Lincoln. "As they can neither crawl under Maryland nor fly over it, they must come across it."

Thereupon the Marylanders break down the bridges, so that on three sides, now, Washington is cut off from reinforcements, while on the fourth side it lies open to the enemy. Then comes the first brush with the Southerners, and wounded are borne back on stretchers through the streets.

It is the blood of his brothers that Lincoln for the first time sees oozing through the hastily improvised bandages; the blood of innocent youngsters who have no interest in politics and are neither for slavery nor against it; men who have only rallied to the colors in response to the cry: "The Union has been broken."

This first blood gives the great lover of mankind proof of the soundness of his inward conviction that, so far as the popular imagination is concerned, the Civil War is not being waged on behalf of an abstract ideal. People are giving their blood, not for the freedom of African blacks but for the sake of their American fatherland.

Six o'clock in the morning and the streets are almost empty. Someone passing the White House sees a tall man in blue socks and big slippers standing in the doorway. This man, whom the passerby knows well by sight, calls to him in a friendly way: "Good morning, good morning. I am looking for a newsboy. When you get to the corner, I wish you would send one up this way."

Lincoln is still the same as he was in Springfield. Even if he does not stand like this at the house door every morning, the anecdote shows that restless curiosity from time to time revives old habits.

Of course, if he wants anything, he need only tug at the fine long bell pull that hangs close to the writing table. But as he sits in his armchair now, a ring, while it doubtless will bring a servant, will certainly not bring his secretary Nicolay at that hour, for the President is the earliest worker in the United States—a remarkable thing in a man not accustomed to regular hours either by disposition or by training.

The office is roomy, since there must be space in the middle for the oak table at which the sittings of the Cabinet are held. There are two sofas, both of horsehair; but the fact that there are two, and that he (who loves to stretch out his long legs and to lie reading at full length) is thus enabled to change from one to the other, is perhaps the only gain in the way of personal comfort accruing to Abraham Lincoln in compensation for the manifold burdens imposed on him by the Presidency.

There is nothing, however, to remind one of the war in the aspect of the men who begin to arrive toward nine o'clock; and the Cabinet, by whose appointment Lincoln has startled the country, would have been much the same in time of peace. As he takes his seat at the head of the gathering, partly to read his own report on current affairs and partly to hear what the ministers have to tell him, he shows a tranquil self-confidence, though up to now he never has taken the chair at such a meeting.

Yet those who sit around the table and regard him more or less mistrustfully are all men with a wealth of practical experience, and therefore inclined to believe in themselves rather than in him. Why does not this newcomer surround himself with personal friends? Instead, he sits among a phalanx of strangers, half of whom are members of an alien party, while the other half (though they belong to his own party) are personal adversaries.

When he is asked why he has appointed four Democrats and only three Republicans, he replies: "I am a Republican myself, and that makes things equal." Surely it is a sign of unusual tolerance and political wisdom that he should make a special effort to enlist the services of political opponents who regard themselves as his rivals.

Or is he merely out of humor and hypercritical, this man sitting beside Lincoln and scrutinizing him through half-closed lids? Even if Seward were less vain than he is, it would be natural enough that he, whose training and services, reputation and talents, would seem to have destined him for the highest office in the land, should now be disgruntled at having to serve another. He is a man of distinguished appearance, but the fine nose and mouth are marred by a sour expression, and the shrewd eyes are clouded by ambition and jealousy.

His vis-à-vis is likewise fuming with jealousy. He does not say anything against Lincoln, but his silence is eloquent—for he, too, was Lincoln's rival, and he considers that he has been cheated by the party. An unyielding opponent of slavery, of a more ardent temperament than Seward or even Lincoln, Chase as Secretary of the Treasury remains at once master and servant in

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the sober realm of figures, and though he is at times somewhat pompous, his self-conceit does not undermine his willingness to serve the man who in the end has become the chosen representative of the people.

The next man, no less honest and well informed, is equally uncomfortable. This is Gideon Welles, whose appearance instantly arouses thoughts of the sea; he has keen eyes, though the skin beneath them is baggy, a white spade beard, shaved round the mouth to leave the narrow lips free, and long gray hair; he is a veritable sea dog and looks more like the naval captain of those days than Secretary of the Navy. He will hold his office for four years and will prove the most successful of all Lincoln's ministers of state.

Blair, the Postmaster-General, member of an influential family with far-reaching connections, is as passionately opposed to the rebels as Fox, and no less practical. Bates, the Attorney-General, seems to be a man of cooler type; he is from Missouri, and is therefore likely to understand the South. As for Smith, the Secretary of the Interior, who hails from Indiana, he is a reputable citizen who probably will have a better understanding of things close at hand than of those distant perspectives that shade off into the unknown.

When Lincoln lets his discerning eyes roam around the table he cannot fail to be impressed by the uniqueness of the head of the seventh and last of these ministers of his—though all are individual types. Number seven is beardless, has grayish-white hair, a well-shaped forehead, a big nose, penetrating eyes and pinched lips, the mouth of a man with a bent for silence and reserve. He looks as if he were one little inclined to be accommodating; one who enjoys feeling contempt for his fellows and makes it his business to overreach others. This is Cameron, forced upon Lincoln by his party.

It is an amorphous Cabinet that assembles around this council table. The President's first and most difficult task is to unite these men of conflicting aims and temperaments, to convince them of his own capacity and thus to subject them in the spirit to a leadership which as yet he holds only in the letter. That is the crucial test applied to him as one able to know men and competent to manage them; that he stands this test is perhaps the greatest of Lincoln's victories.

Lincoln's Bête Noir

Lincoln is a match for anyone whom he can meet with the shafts of his humor. But place-hunters are really more than he can face. They are a heavier burden than the fate of the nation, for this he expects to cope with.

"It was bad enough before I left Springfield, but there it was child's play when compared with the barbarism of the present situation. They hardly give me time to eat and sleep. Every one of the hungry pack looks on me as his lawful quarry."

Only his sense of humor lifts him to the height of reflective detachment. His ability to make fun of such people, to outwit them by his superior brains without giving offense, provides him with moments of refreshment.

Meanwhile the press is urging a forward move to Richmond, for there is dread of European intervention and a general belief that the enemy, being equally ill prepared, can be forced back more readily by a prompt onslaught. Is it only arrogance that has made the Confederates establish their new capital so close to the old capital of the Union? Why do they not choose New Orleans, far to the south, instead of a place only a hundred miles from Washington?

Virginia is a powerful state, and one of the first importance, one from which pressure can be exercised most readily on the border states. Besides, the world shall see: "It is only a step to Washington and we shall soon be back!" Thus it is that the eastern theater of war is narrow, whereas the western is of almost boundless extent.

While the new regiments are streaming in, stronger than expected or demanded but untrained and almost unled; while the Union capital, so close to the frontier, becomes an armed camp and tens of thousands of soldiers are quartered in the environs; while the President consecrates banners, visits hospitals, holds reviews and sees the national will straining toward an advance —he cannot order this advance because he is short of generals.

"I have more pegs than holes to put them in," he says in a powerful metaphor; and when he appoints Buell to the command of the Army of the Ohio, McDowell to that of the Army of the East, neither he nor the country knows anything to speak of about either man. Only Frémont, who takes charge of the Army of the West, has a name likely to inspire confidence.

Thus Lincoln and Scott are driven onward by the vague hope of the country. Lincoln, indeed, warns against a general attack, points out the inadequacy of railway communication and advises that the initiative shall take the form of a feint attack which will lead to a dispersal of the enemy's forces and will obviate the possibility of a defeat. But Scott will hear nothing of this, orders a general onslaught by the Army of the East one Sunday in July, and sustains the first severe defeat at Bull Run.

There is a retreat upon the capital, the panic being intensified by senators and other sight-seers who have driven out toward the scene of action in the hope of enjoying the spectacle of a victory. Rumor seeks to outdo rumor, and there is certainly good reason to expect the Southerners to follow up their victory by an advance.

Amid the widespread confusion the President is notable for his composure. He orders the necessary measures in the capital and wires the defeated general: "Save Washington and save the Army."

Obviously, the immediate need is to find a new military chief. The country wants a youthful hero.

Since no man of ripe experience is forthcoming, the President asks himself who is most loved by the soldiers and best known to the people. Who has a name that can exercise the suggestive force indispensable at such a moment? Who will be able to extract some positive achievement out of the first three months of the war?

McClellan has quickly and successfully organized the new State of West Virginia (the part of old Virginia that has remained loyal to the Union), expelling the last southern elements from the region and thus securing public approval. Not much of a qualification for an army commander, but it is more than any of the others have.

Is he an officer on the active list? He has been. Now he is a railroad executive, but in the Mexican War he did good service as an engineer officer.

Is he a Republican? No; a Democrat. All the better! The country will realize that he has been appointed only because he is a man of genius. But is he? Who knows? Anyhow, people say that he is a second Napoleon.

The new commander considers it necessary to devote three months to the training of his quarter of a million soldiers. Lincoln is uneasy.

Eastern Tennessee, threatened by the South, is sending reiterated appeals for help, and he wants at any cost to retain this northern outpost thrust forward into the enemy land. But he is in thrall to the plans, nay, the whims, of his generals; he is a prisoner; public opinion swears by, the Cabinet believes in, the second Napoleon.

When, at this juncture, an old friend tells him that McClellan cherishes designs on the Presidency, Lincoln replies carelessly: "I am perfectly willing, if he will only put an end to this war." Meanwhile, for him and for us there is nothing to do but to leave the new commander busily drilling his troops beside the Potomac. What is going on in the West? There, perhaps, we can discern more encouraging prospects of victory.

General Frémont

Here in St. Louis, likewise, there is a handsome general mounted on a fine horse and attended by a brilliant retinue; but Frémont, at any rate, has a great past, or the legend of greatness. He is the western pioneer, the pathfinder, the man whom the newly formed Republican Party had nominated as its first Presidential candidate and for whom Lincoln had fought.

Glitter, the power of silence and the lack of experience as a commander in the field are qualities he shares with his colleague beside the Potomac; but in contrast with the eastern organizer, the western war lord is inactive in respect to the peaceful doings of the army as well, while his vanity makes him an easy prey to fraudulent army contractors (who perhaps are not unknown to the Secretary of War also), and his main industry is to appoint brigadiers on his own initiative and without consulting the President. Within a few weeks, materials for grave accusations against Frémont make their way to Washington!

The man who was formerly an unsuccessful candidate for the Presidency is said to aim at founding a northwestern union. The rumors lack foundation, and Lincoln does not credit them, but the fact that they are current serves to show what people regard as possible.

One morning in August, the President reads in a newspaper that General Frémont has issued a proclamation to the effect that the property of all Missourians who shall take up arms against the Union, or shall in any other way help the South, will be confiscated forthwith, and their slaves, if they have any, will be declared free.

What does Lincoln think and feel as he reads this? With the self-restraint of a statesman, with the sense of responsibility proper to a reigning sovereign, in defiance of his natural sentiments and wishes, since the beginning of the war he has refrained from opening the slavery question, being convinced that his first business is not to free the slaves but to save the Union.

Only if the preservation of the Union remains his war cry can he count upon a Democratic majority in the loyal states and upon the neutrality of the border states. If by any war measures on behalf of the slaves he shows that this is a war for abolition and not a war for the maintenance of the Union, he will lose ground and therewith lose the war; and even in the confiscation ordinances customary in war-time he has been careful to avoid mentioning slaves.

Now comes one of his generals thrusting clumsy fingers into this political

web, completely ignoring his subordination! Next day the dormant controversy reawakens all over the country. The radical press of the North applauds the bold soldier who has outdistanced the hesitating President.

The border states, on the other hand, and Kentucky first of all, are infuriated at what is now, they say, openly disclosed as the purpose of the war, and once more they threaten to secede. Will not the General be cashiered?

Not a bit of it. Lincoln writes him a friendly letter:

> I think there is great danger that the closing paragraph [of the proclamation] . . . will alarm our southern Union friends and turn them against us; perhaps ruin our rather fair prospect for Kentucky. Allow me, therefore, to ask that you will, as of your own motion, modify that paragraph so as to conform to the first and fourth sections of the act of Congress . . . This letter is written in a spirit of caution, and not of censure.

When, in the end, he finds it necessary to recall Frémont, his messengers cannot at first get access to the General, upon whom the letter has to be forced by a stratagem.

And McClellan? What is our handsome friend doing, meanwhile, beside the Potomac? During the last three months he has been training and grouping 170,000 men. Will he not attack now? Will the President order an advance, or discuss the matter with the General?

McClellan does not want advice from anyone, and least of all from Lincoln. He complains in private that the President's frequent visits to the camp are a nuisance. He writes:

> I am becoming daily more disgusted with this administration—perfectly sick of it . . . I was obliged to attend a meeting of the Cabinet, and was bored and annoyed. There are some of the greatest geese in the Cabinet I have ever seen.

The mood of the nation passes from uneasiness to anger, from anger to derision, from derision to mistrust. Does this Democrat cherish political ambitions; would he fain make his way to the highest office upon the field of inaction rather than with renown on the battlefield?

Impossible, for the President promotes him. When the veteran Scott is now dismissed into honorable retirement, young McClellan is appointed Commander in Chief. Why? Lincoln has no one else for the job! He even puts up with discourteous treatment from the General, allows himself to be kept waiting, so that the matter gets into the papers and arouses angry comment.

Is the President himself put out of humor? Not in the least! He does not trouble about personal dignity, for his sole concern is to win the war. "I will hold McClellan's stirrup for him, if he will only win us victories."

At length, one day on returning to his quarters the General finds that Lincoln and Seward are waiting for him; he goes up to his room and sends down a message saying he is sorry but is too tired to see them today. The Secretary of State is in a rage, but the President remains unmoved. He pays no more visits to the General, however, and thenceforward his orders are curter.

In this deadlock of depression, the scandal at the War Office has a certain ventilating effect. Cameron has unquestionably been too credulous in his dealings with army contractors, and many go so far as to say he is taking a share in the spoils. Socks that can be torn to pieces with a moderate pull, blankets that are too thin, knapsacks put together with glue instead of being stitched—all are laid to the Secretary of War's charge.

A committee of inquiry is appointed but Lincoln stands up for Cameron, declaring that he himself and the Cabinet are jointly responsible for anything that is amiss. Even in the case of this man of dubious character, this man who has been forced on him, he prefers, without any need for it, to stake his own much vilified name and to bear his share of the blame for questionable machinations rather than to sacrifice a colleague when the battle is raging.

How much importance he attaches to a cause and how little to personal concerns, how readily he overlooks a slight when he thinks an adversary may be useful to the imperiled nation, is strikingly proved at this juncture by his appointment of Stanton as Secretary of War.

Twice only had Lincoln seen this man, at one time a lawyer, then Attorney-General under Buchanan. For a moment only, nearly a year before, when he had himself assumed the Presidential office; and once again seven years before.

That had been in Cincinnati, on a day when Lincoln's self-esteem had been more gravely affronted than on any other occasion during the last twenty years. In an important trial, two noted eastern lawyers had been briefed on the side which, for political reasons, a Westerner, Lincoln, was also summoned to support. The latter was really the best informed of the three regarding the topic of dispute; it was the first time he had traveled so far afield in a law case; and he had for several days been only a silent participator.

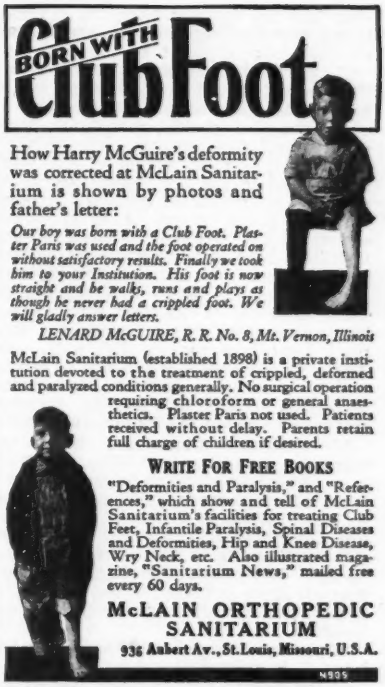
Stanton had prevented his taking part in the trial and had said to his friends that nothing would induce him to associate with "such a damned, gawky, long-armed ape as that." The two were staying in the same hotel, and for the whole week Stanton's manner toward his western colleague was insolent.

Yet now Lincoln summons Stanton to one of the most important posts in the administration, and one which will involve persistent contact between the two men. He does it because Stanton is inviolably faithful to the Union, and combines instinctive energy with knowledge, zeal with diligence.

Abraham Lincoln is learning strategy. During these winter months, when nothing happens, when each general in turn has something fresh to ask for and finds a new excuse for not marching against the enemy, when the war is dragging on and the differences between the commanders are growing, he realizes that it has become necessary for him to gain a personal understanding of the main business of his post.

Day and night that winter, and especially in December and January, the President is deep in the study of strategical works, maps and other documents relating to the leadership of armies, their provisioning, their march.

When illness now gives McClellan another pretext for postponing the advance, and when a series of questions sent him by the President are returned with nothing more than fugitive penciled comments, Lincoln begins to address inquiries to the General's senior officers, and in this way learns a good deal more than is agreeable to that commander. The new Secretary of War,



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who has up to now been on friendly terms with McClellan, has an unpleasant way of going straight to the goal.

He growls his discontent, and writes: "This army has got to fight or run away; and while men are fighting nobly in the West, the champagne and oysters on the Potomac must be stopped."

In this gloomiest period of the war, and indeed of his life, when Lincoln is exposed to political onslaughts from both sides, an object of derision for society people, despised by his generals, uncertain how and when the whole terrible business will end, groping his way forward toward light and knowledge amid a crowd of warring counselors—his two younger sons, infected at a hospital they had visited, fall sick, and Willie, the twelve-year-old boy to whom he is devotedly attached, succumbs within a few days. Lincoln watches with the nurse at the children's bedside.

He questions the nurse, a sincere Christian, as to her own situation. She is a widow; her husband and two children are in heaven; she is reconciled to her afflictions and has learned to love God more ardently than in happier days. How has that been brought about? By trusting in Him, believing that all He ordains is for the best.

"Did you submit fully under the first loss?"

"Only by degrees. As blow followed blow, I learned better how to submit."

"I am glad to hear you say that. Your experience will help me to bear my afflictions . . . This is the hardest trial of my life. Why is it? Why is it?"

When he is told that many Christians are praying for him, he says: "I am glad to hear that . . . I need their prayers . . . I wish I had that childlike faith you speak of, and I trust God will give it to me." He goes on to speak of his mother, buried so many years before in Indiana: "I remember her prayers, and they have always followed me."

Mrs. Lincoln's Problems

Great, indeed, is Mary's disappointment! She had dreamed of a goal, has striven toward it, has attained it in defiance of all reasonable expectation—and, having done so, at length mistress of the White House, really the first lady in the land, it is to find, what? War, which forbids her entertaining on a large scale. Once, when she gives a dance, there is acrimonious criticism in the newspapers; and any public entertainment she attempts entails embarrassing comment.

She has overlooked one thing in all these years of anticipation: that it is hard to pass in one leap from Springfield to Washington, from the social life of a western provincial town to that of a great capital; that the promotion (as she regarded it) will find her as unprepared as her husband, the only difference between them being that her ambition is mortified, whereas he is unruffled. Toward her, born in the South, the Washington ladies display a contempt which she has done nothing to warrant.

The most urgent and serious problem is that of dress. Between the election and the inauguration, she has been ordering clothes in New York; now she passes in review the dressmakers of all her Washington acquaintances, and decides upon a negress who is accounted the leading modiste in the capital.

The fact that the woman has made gowns for Mrs. Jefferson Davis (a rival she simultaneously despises and admires) may well have weighed with Mary. The only person of color with whom the wife of the liberator of the blacks is on friendly terms is this dressmaker, who for thirty years has been a slave; indeed, by degrees she becomes intimate with Mrs. Lincoln and remains a close friend in the days of misfortune. Now she makes eighteen dresses for the President's wife.

The first, about which there are tears and a scene because it arrives almost too late for the occasion, is a bright rose-colored moire antique with an immense train, cut low at the neck. It is suited to Mary's ample proportions, and she looks well in it.

Her husband, at first sight of it, walks all around her with long strides, emits a low whistle and exclaims: "Whew, what a long tail our cat has!" When she is inclined to take umbrage, he says: "No, no, it's very fine indeed; but it would look just as well if the head and the tail were a little closer together."

He speaks of such a rig-out as his wife's "full war paint." When she finds that the custom is for the President to go in first to dinner with the leading lady on his arm, and for the President's wife to bring up the rear on the arm of the leading gentleman, she declares that during her reign no other woman shall take precedence of her, and she insists on going arm in arm with her husband.

When the President's lady goes to visit regiments, she prefers those which flatter her the most. She is not invariably shrewd enough to see through the wiles of the southern ladies who dress themselves up as maidservants and seek employment at the White House, with the sole object of spying out the land. By her own family connections, moreover, she is linked to the South, her three brothers and the husbands of most of her half sisters being in the southern army.

No one can say that Mary is a coward. When the city is in danger, she refuses to betake herself and the children to some safe harborage and stays with Lincoln.

But her jealousy is so preposterous that she makes a black mark against any woman to whom her husband talks for more than five minutes at a time. Before a reception she admonishes him not to act like a beardless schoolboy and conduct flirtations with silly women.

And yet innocent flirtation is the only suitable way in which he can get from women that indefinable stimulus of which he has been in search all his life. Will he not lose his temper, and show himself to be master in his own house as well as master of the country? Not a bit of it! He is content to tease her by making out a long list of the names of women she cannot abide, and with whom, he says, he intends to have amusing conversations.

For the rest, she is the mother of his children, and his love for these children grows with the passing of years and the increasing gravity of the situation. Of the four, only two survive.

The eldest, a student, is almost always away. But Tad, now eight years old, a bright, gentle and lively boy, is the darling of the White House, comes into his father's room whenever he pleases, accompanies Lincoln everywhere, so that on visits to the camps one sees beside the lean tall-hatted giant on the big horse a little figure in a gray cape, mounted on a pony—a lad whose rosy, cheerful face cannot fail to put the soldiers in a good humor.

Evening visitors sometimes find Tad stretched on the carpet reading beside the writing table where his father is hard at work; or the two are busy over the same book, the little man learning and the big man relaxing his mind.

The political aim of the Civil War is slowly shifting. To begin with, it was the rescue of the Union; now it becomes the abolition of slavery. Inasmuch as the former problem is still far from being solved, and as the latter can be solved only by solving the former, there appear curious ironies and contradictions; but everything that happens and even everything that cannot happen for the moment depend upon the person of the President, are rooted in his heart and brain. Lincoln bears the brunt; to Lincoln accrues the merit.

When the war began as a fight against rebels, the North came together as one man; but when the affair was protracted, there was a revival of party dissensions, Democrat contending with Republican, and the moderate Republicans quarreling fiercely with the radicals.

What Can Lincoln Do?

A new outlook, which has been decades in course of formation and is now of a sudden being emphasized, cannot be codified all in a moment—perhaps cannot be codified at all in war-time. The vagueness of the transitional state, in which slavery is here and there beginning to abolish itself without any legal warrant for abolition, cannot but arouse dissatisfaction in all parties.

Why, ask the northern abolitionists, does the President not at least incorporate into the army all slaves that escape from the South, or are captured by the Union forces, seeing that under martial law his powers as Commander in Chief enable him to take far more drastic steps than this? Why, complain the negrophiles in the border states, do the troops treat the slaves that run away to them and the slaves that fall into their hands so badly? Why, exclaim the slave owners in these same border states, are the slaves between the lines protected in a way that infringes the legal rights of the masters?

Has not the South acted more wisely when, in its new constitution, it has prohibited the reopening of the African slave trade and has also forbidden the import of slaves from the North? Thereby the neutral states are saved from the dread that the price of slaves will fall, but are at the same time inspired with alarm lest they be unable to get more slaves from the South!

Amid these discordant voices, what is Lincoln to do? In any case he silences the voice of his own heart and is content to weigh pros and cons as a politician. So far as the North is concerned, it is perhaps unnecessary for him to decide the issue; for there, whence his soldiers come, are as many negrophobe Democrats as negrophile Republicans. An abolitionist decree, such as his commander in the West and his Secretary of War venture to promulgate on their own initiative, will alienate the border States and thus very likely turn the scale against the North.

Hoping to begin in Delaware by gradual abolition with compensation of the masters, he writes private letters to senators who are opposed to the idea, endeavoring to convince them and the press that the purchase of all the slaves in four of the border states will cost the Union as much as eighty-seven days of the war.

Suddenly, a week after his son's death and in the darkest period of inaction, he sends to Sumner asking him to come at once. "I want to read you my message to Congress. I want to know how you like it. I am going to send it in today." Thus does he overcome his own hesitation and spur himself on toward the goal.

Indeed, he seems to wish to commit himself to the plan he has conceived, for when Schurz returns from Europe and

gives him first-hand information regarding the state of feeling there, gets to work molding opinion in New York, undertakes the organization of an Emancipation Society and submits to Lincoln the draft of a speech he intends to make in March, the President says: "That's the right thing to say. And remember, you may hear from me on the same day."

The message to Congress, wired to New York, is delivered there to Schurz after he has made his speech. Amid general enthusiasm, he reads it aloud at midnight to the audience in the Cooper Union, the very place where, a few years before, Lincoln had first made an impression in the great city.

The message, which does not aim at more than a slow restriction of slavery, cautiously recommends that Congress adopt a resolution to the effect "that the United States ought to cooperate with any state which may adopt gradual abolishment of slavery, giving to such state pecuniary aid, to be used by such state, in its discretion, to compensate for the inconveniences, public and private, produced by such change of system." This gradual and partial liberation of the slaves is advocated by Lincoln only as a means to peace:

"In my judgment, gradual, and not sudden, emancipation is better for all. Such a proposition on the part of the general government sets up no claim of a right by Federal authority to interfere with slavery within state limits, referring, as it does, the absolute control of the subject in each case to the state and its people immediately interested."

This resolution is promptly adopted by Congress, and the sum of three hundred dollars is promised for every slave manumitted, but the resolution is ignored by the border states—is received with an icy silence. After four days of tense uneasiness, Lincoln invites the representatives of the five states to an interview and speaks to them in urgent terms, but achieves nothing.

Yet, after all, something has been achieved. As before a *coup d'état*, the supreme authority has shown a benevolent determination to proceed slowly, by Constitutional methods and with payment of compensation—but with the implication: "If you don't like this, we have other means at our disposal!"

Now the radicals and the moderates join forces, things begin to move, fresh ordinances forbid the army and the navy to aid in the return of runaway slaves, the negro republics of Haiti and Liberia are recognized as independent, and one of the newspapers declares: "The guns which fired on Fort Sumter destroyed three-fourths of our boundary lines; this message has made an end of the remaining fourth!"

By the first anniversary of the opening of the war only a little has been achieved in the West, and nothing at all against Richmond. McClellan is still postponing the advance. He insists that the whole army must be shipped to the peninsula between the York and the James rivers.

Why does he avoid action? Has the thought that this is a civil war aroused in him a sort of false chivalry? Or is he afraid to fight the master under whom he has studied the art of war, the glamour of whose authority still overwhelms him? Is he indirectly supporting the enemy, whom he cannot bring himself to hate? Are the warlike traditions of the fighting South too much for him, and would he secretly prefer to be a commander on the other side?

At the same time the Northerners'

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command of the sea, their most outstanding advantage, is being imperiled by bold deeds on the part of the Southerners. The first submarine ever made, a southern contraption, is so defective that its submersion will result in the death of the whole ship's complement. With full knowledge of this, a devoted crew goes down and destroys a valuable northern warship.

The Southerners, too, have the first armored cruiser, the Merrimac, which rams and sinks a number of ships off the east coast. The effect of this news is manifested in what Lincoln's secretary terms "perhaps the most excited and impressive Cabinet meeting of the whole war." Will not the entire fleet be destroyed and the blockade lifted, if this vessel is to continue on the rampage?

The Monitor and the Merrimac

But Lincoln, we are told, displays his wonted calm on this occasion, comparing the telegrams and cross-questioning the officers. When, next day, the Monitor, a lighter-built armored vessel recently constructed in New York, gives a good account of herself in a duel with the Merrimac, Lincoln, taking Chase and Seward with him, goes South to study on the spot the best line of attack upon Norfolk by land and sea, and when, in accordance with his plans, a successful move has been made, the enemy themselves destroy the Merrimac lest it fall into northern hands.

Chase, who has no love for the President, frankly admits later that but for him the successful advance on Norfolk would not have been achieved or the destruction of the southern warship brought to pass. Soon afterwards, by a bold coup from the landward side, the Northerners get possession of New Orleans, the largest city in the South.

But what about Richmond? Everything turns on Richmond! It is late in June; the incomprehensible procrastinator has at length begun the advance, has got within five miles of the enemy capital—to stop short once more. He leaves the adversary time to concentrate and is then defeated in the course of what becomes known as the Seven Days Battles. According to later critics, McClellan might have won an Austerlitz on this occasion.

What says the new Napoleon? "With ten thousand more men, I could gain the victory tomorrow," he wires in mingled rage and despair. "I am not responsible. The government did not keep my army supplied . . . If I save the army now, I tell you plainly that I owe no thanks to you nor to any other person in Washington. You have done your best to sacrifice this army."

Lincoln thinks the man must have taken leave of his senses, and that since he cannot yet be replaced he must be humored like a lunatic. Writing to McClellan, he says:

> Save your army, at all events. Will send reinforcements as fast as we can. Of course they cannot reach you today, tomorrow, or next day . . . I have not said you were ungenerous for saying you needed reinforcements. I thought you were ungenerous in assuming that I did not send them as fast as I could. I feel any misfortune to you and your army quite as keenly as you feel it yourself. If you have had a drawn battle, or a repulse, it is the price we pay for the enemy not being in Washington . . . Had we stripped Washington [such had been McClellan's wish], he would have been upon us before the troops could have gotten to you.

Now is the moment for Lincoln to take all the strings into his own hands. It is he who writes soft words to the governors, inducing them to call up the requisite troops and persuading them to send a moderate number promptly rather than more in the vague future.

It is he who smooths things over between governors and generals; and it is he who makes a point of seeing that there shall be rabbis with the armies to care for the spiritual comfort of Jewish soldiers. It is he who hastens to the front, to the battlefields first, and then to the war council on the Potomac, and interviews the subordinate leaders, since he no longer has confidence in the chiefs of this army.

Unceasingly the war presses for a decision of the slavery question; the worse things are for the North in the field, the better the chance for the slaves. They are needed to replace the men leaving for the front, to quiet the northern radicals, to influence Europe.

Letters and newspaper articles, threats and deportations, multiply. Garrison is urging the abolitionist case; a Swiss statesman has called attention to the danger that Napoleon III may intervene in favor of the Confederacy; Quakers and ministers of religion are coming to Lincoln about the matter. Even though emissaries from Kentucky turn up occasionally, to warn him against interference with slavery, the suggestive force of their admonitions is becoming less powerful.

He has to calculate instead of dream. In the South the slaves are tilling the land, so that all the able-bodied whites can go to the front. If they are declared free, many of them will run away; the enemy's ranks will be thinned, and ours will be better manned; and the North will gain the labor power that is being taken away from the South. Legislative methods have failed to induce the border states to accept this plan, so military authority must here supersede that of Congress.

Had not Adams prophesied a generation ago that if ever the South were to become the theater of a civil war or a war for the emancipation of the slaves, the Commander in Chief, in virtue of his supreme position, would be enabled to take independent action? If Lincoln were now to take this decisive step, he would make forever impossible the swearing of a sluggard's peace; a new moral platform would have been established, and thenceforward every victory in the field would be a victory over slavery.

Today, when the war has dragged on for fifteen months, it seems to Lincoln possible to take a step which, at the outset, would have rent the North in twain; for, since the North included four slave states, and the Democrats did not think the question worth so much bloodshed, he would not, at the outset, have felt himself backed up by his half of the nation. After the victory, the war measure might be made constitutional, and would then become law in the North as well. Meanwhile, there would be an inevitable contradiction, inasmuch as the North would free the southern slaves and not its own.

Lincoln has pondered deeply the obligations entailed by the oath of office; repeatedly he has disavowed the abolitionist activities of his collaborators; often and urgently he has recommended the middle course. It is, therefore, only by way of great moral perturbation that he comes to his great resolve.

Almost immediately, and without having discussed the matter, he summons his Cabinet. He has resolved on his course and has called his ministers together not to ask their advice but to lay the subject matter of his proclamation before them. He shows once more a self-confidence which may lead strangers who know nothing of him but this to regard him as dictatorial. There he sits at the green oval table, surrounded by his silent colleagues, and reads aloud:

"I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States of America, and Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy thereof, do hereby proclaim and declare that hereafter, as heretofore, the war will be prosecuted for the object of practically restoring the constitutional relations between the United States and each of the States, and the people thereof, in which States that relation is or may be suspended or disturbed.

"That it is my purpose, upon the next meeting of Congress, to again recommend the adoption of a practical measure tendering pecuniary aid to the free acceptance or rejection of all slave States, so called, the people whereof may not then be in rebellion against the United States, and which States may then have voluntarily adopted, or thereafter may voluntarily adopt, immediate or gradual abolishment of slavery within their respective limits; and that the efforts to colonize persons of African descent, with their consent, upon this continent or elsewhere, with the previously obtained consent of the governments existing there, will be continued.

"That on the first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, all persons held as slaves within any State, or designated part of a State, the people whereof shall then be in rebellion against the United States shall be then, thenceforward, and forever free . . . The executive will, on the first day of January aforesaid, designate the States and parts of States, if any, in which the people thereof, respectively, shall then be in rebellion against the United States . . ."

The Cabinet is astonished. "This measure," says Stanton, "goes beyond anything I have recommended." The President has already calculated on their objections.

Lincoln Waits for a Victory

Seward, however, has a suggestion to make: "I approve of the proclamation, but I question the expediency of issuing it at this juncture. The depression of the public mind consequent upon our repeated reverses is so great that I fear the effect of this important step. It may be viewed as the last measure of an exhausted government, a cry for help . . . I therefore suggest that you postpone its issue until you can give it to the country supported by military success, instead of issuing it, as would be the case now, immediately after the greatest disasters of the war."

Lincoln is quick to see the force of this consideration. He locks the document in his desk and waits for a victory.

But he waits in vain for the victory which is to free the Proclamation from its imprisonment in the drawer. The situation grows more and more critical. Pope, a new general, is defeated by Lee at the end of August, once more at Bull Run. His army retreats in disorder upon the capital, to arouse panic there, while Lee is enabled to invade Maryland, part of the blame for this falling on McClellan, since he does not march in accordance with the orders he receives.

This does not lead to McClellan's dismissal; in fact his position is strengthened in order to promote the reconstruction of the demoralized army, the change being made on Lincoln's wish and in

opposition to the advice of almost all the members of the Cabinet. Although McClellan indeed excels in such organization work and is still loved by the soldiers, and although, since he is a Democrat, political consideration may have made it inexpedient to cashier him, there can be little doubt that Lincoln retains him in his command too long; and it is soon to become apparent that the President is mistaken in his estimate of McClellan's moral worth.

At any rate, in these circumstances Lincoln makes a vow born of faith and superstition, and he discloses the full horror of his internal perplexities; he pledges himself before God to issue the Proclamation as soon as the enemy is driven out of Maryland.

Inclined by temperament to listen, to hesitate, to await developments, Lincoln is now for the second time in his life forced into an impatience uncongenial to his nature. The first time had been at Springfield when he was President-elect, but powerless to interfere. Now again, as Commander, powerless and hoping for a victory which will release the Proclamation from its drawer. All sorts of outside influences are at work, urging him more and more impetuously to utter, at length, the word of emancipation—and yet his judgment and his vow forbid him to declare this word that has long since been made ready!

Every morning, and often in the evening as well, he goes to the War Office and reads the latest telegrams. Then he writes his own dispatches slowly and thoughtfully, moving his lips and muttering each sentence over to himself before he commits it to paper—just as he used to in his young days.

It means a great deal to him, this little telegraph room at the War Department. It is a substitute for the store, where only a few years back he loved to sit on a keg of nails, listening and spinning yarns; it is a kind of hermitage with congenial company.

As of old, he sits on the edge of his chair, with his right knee dragged down to the floor, and in this curious position slowly reads one telegram after the other.

"Well, I guess I have got down to the raisins," he once says. The official looks at him wonderingly. "I used to know a little girl out West who sometimes was inclined to eat too much. One day she ate a good many more raisins than she ought to, and followed them up with a quantity of other goodies. It made her very sick. After a time the raisins began to come. She gasped and looked at her mother, and said: 'Well, I will be better now, I guess, for I have got down to the raisins.'"

At length, in the middle of September, comes the victory. McClellan, having finally made up his mind to advance, defeats General Lee at Antietam. Though the battle is not decisive, Lee is forced to withdraw, and in this restricted eastern theater of war a few miles are important, while more important still is the effect of the news upon the wearied North and upon a skeptical Europe.

"Please don't let him get off without being hurt," Lincoln wires to McClellan. But McClellan is inert and fails to follow up the enemy.

For the moment it is more important to turn the success to account in the political field, for England, which has been on the point of recognizing the South as an independent power, is now given cause to reconsider her attitude.

Lincoln's restlessness is intensified by the victory. His moment has come, and he must take action as he has vowed.

Five days after the victory of Antietam, he summons a Cabinet council without acquainting his ministers with its specific purpose. Lincoln, who after the loss of a battle, and when the safety of the capital is threatened, has always remained calm, however agitated his advisers might be, is today, when there is no danger, greatly excited. What does he do? He picks up the latest issue of a comic paper and reads them a satirical effusion by Artemus Ward, a man whose wit he admires. But at length he lays down the paper and says:

"I have, as you are aware, thought a great deal about the relation of this war to slavery . . . When the rebel army was at Frederick, I determined, as soon as it should be driven out of Maryland, to issue a proclamation of emancipation . . . I made the promise to myself and" —hesitating a little—"to my Maker. The rebel army is now driven out, and I am going to fulfill that promise . . .

"I do not wish your advice about the main matter, for that I have determined for myself. This I say without intending anything but respect for any one of you. But I already know the views of each on this question . . . If there is anything in the expressions I use or in any minor matter which any of you think had best be changed, I shall be glad to receive the suggestions . . .

"I know very well that many others might, in this matter as in others, do better than I can; and if I was satisfied that the public confidence was more fully possessed by any one of them than by me, and knew of any constitutional way in which he could be put in my place, he should have it. I would gladly yield it to him.

"But though I believe I have not so much of the confidence of the people as I had some time since, I do not know that, all things considered, any other person has more; and, however this may be, there is no way in which I can have any other man put where I am. I am here; I must do the best I can, and bear the responsibility of taking the course which I feel I ought to take."

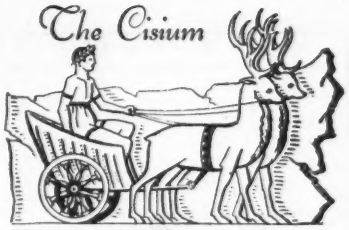
And as if wishing to commit himself beyond the possibility of recall, that self-same day Abraham Lincoln makes the Emancipation Proclamation known to the world.

The effect is catastrophic. Confusion is widespread throughout the North; there is a slump on the stock exchange; the elections are adverse; the Democrats declare that thousands of whites are being forced to give their blood in order that their fellow countrymen may be illegally deprived of property.

In the South, no one moves a finger; not a soldier has to be withdrawn from the front in order to keep watch on the freed slaves; these latter go on quietly toiling in the fields; and the southern newspapers point triumphantly to the fact, declaring the slaves to be so happy that none of them wants freedom. From Europe come threats in plenty, and only one congratulatory voice to break the chorus of disapprobation.

Thousands of Lancashire workers, unemployed and starving because the spinning mills are closed for lack of cotton, thank Lincoln for his services to the cause of humanity. They alone understand this man who says: "Wealth is a superfluity of things we do not need."

But once again the victory has not been followed up by an advance against the enemy capital, now so close at hand, as Lincoln urges in his peremptory telegram, and as the nation expects. In vain McClellan, when Lincoln comes to re-



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view the troops, provides a fiery steed for the President. Being a good rider, he hopes that the lanky civilian will discredit himself before the soldiers.

When the General, attended by his glittering staff officers, gallops along the front to the accompaniment of rattling drums, blaring bugles and mortar fire, the civilian President makes as good a showing as he.

But by this time the purport of McClellan's obscure machinations becomes plainer. On the peninsula, even before the Battle of Antietam, he receives an emissary from the Democratic Party, the mayor of New York, who comes to offer him the Presidential nomination for 1864. In return, he is "only" to pledge himself to carry on the war in such a way as to conciliate the South.

After thinking the matter over, McClellan accepts the offer in writing, but, acting on the advice of one of his generals, destroys this document. After the battle, when the compromising visitor returns and succeeds in getting a letter of acceptance, several of the generals get wind of the matter and throw up their commissions.

How far McClellan's behavior is to be regarded as high treason is not easy to decide in a case of civil war. At any rate Lincoln makes up his mind to get rid of this Napoleon if Lee is allowed to escape from the trap.

At length, in November, he comes to a belated resolution, removes McClellan, the Democrat, from command, and replaces him by Burnside, a Republican, though at rather an unlucky moment, for the enemy has been strengthening his position, and in December Burnside sustains a defeat at Fredericksburg.

But time presses, and while the war stagnates, the sands of this agitated year are running out. Many declare that the President will not dare to enforce the Proclamation. In actual fact he is preparing the details of its enforcement.

Naturally, he is well aware of the paradoxical character of the Proclamation. It must have been bitter to him to read the mocking comments of the British press, to the effect that Lincoln is abolishing slavery in the states where his writ does not run, while leaving the institution untouched in those he can effectively rule.

No one sees the dangers more plainly than he, who has hesitated so long before facing them, and he says, with one of his expressive similes: "We are like whalers who have been long on a chase; we have at last got the harpoon into the monster, but we must now look how we steer, or with one flop of his tail he will send us all into eternity."

Thus skeptical is Lincoln, who, when New Year's Day comes, is keenly alive to the far-reaching import of his signature. His Proclamation reads:

"Whereas on the twenty-second day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, a proclamation was issued . . . containing, among other things, the following . . . Now I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, by virtue of the power in me vested as Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States, in time of actual armed rebellion against the authority and government of the United States, and as a fit and necessary measure for suppressing said rebellion, do, on this first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three . . . designate as the States and parts of States . . . in rebellion . . . [The list follows.]

"All persons held as slaves within said designated States and parts of States are, and henceforward shall be free; and . . . the Executive Government of the United States, including the military and naval authorities thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of said persons.

"And I hereby enjoin upon the people so declared to be free to abstain from all violence, unless in necessary self-defence; and I recommend to them that, in all cases when allowed, they labor faithfully for reasonable wages.

"And I further declare and make known that such persons, of suitable condition, will be received into the armed service of the United States, to garrison forts, positions, stations, and other places, and to man vessels of all sorts in said service.

"And upon this act, sincerely believed to be an act of justice, warranted by the Constitution, upon military necessity, I invoke the considerate judgment of mankind and the gracious favor of Almighty God.

"In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

"Done at the City of Washington, this first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, and of the independence of the United States of America the eighty-seventh."

When Lincoln reads this document drafted by himself, with the exception of the paragraph invoking the Deity, to his Cabinet on New Year's Eve, the suggested emendations are, in general, matters of little moment. Chase, however, points out that on such an occasion a reference to the Deity is appropriate.

"Yes, I had forgotten that," assents Lincoln, adding the paragraph.

That afternoon, and on New Year's morning, he makes a fair copy of the document. Then he has to leave his writing table because hundreds of visitors are flocking to the White House to wish him a happy New Year. Not until the middle of the afternoon does he get back to his study, and he says to Seward's son, who is waiting for his signature:

"I never in my life felt more certain that I was doing right, than I do in signing this paper. But I have been receiving calls and shaking hands since eleven o'clock this morning, till my arm is stiff and numb. Now, this signature is one that will be closely examined, and if they find my hand trembled, they will say, 'He had some compunctions.' But anyway, it is going to be done!"

Thus at the very last moment does his farmer shrewdness blend with the conviction of his historical mission but he knows that the former is transitory, whereas the latter is eternal. He foresees that out of this war measure there soon will emerge a new general formula of equality, as a complement to the basic ideas of the fathers.

He feels that these strokes of the pen will bring freedom to the last among innocent men who suffer under the curse of slavery; that it will break the chains from the feet of all the negroes suffering like the young mulatto woman he had seen long ago in the southern slave market. And so, slowly and firmly, he writes at the foot of the Proclamation:

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

In Emil Ludwig's Final Installment Next Month you will read of the events that brought the Civil War to a close, Lincoln's plans for Reconstruction, and the plot that resulted in his assassination